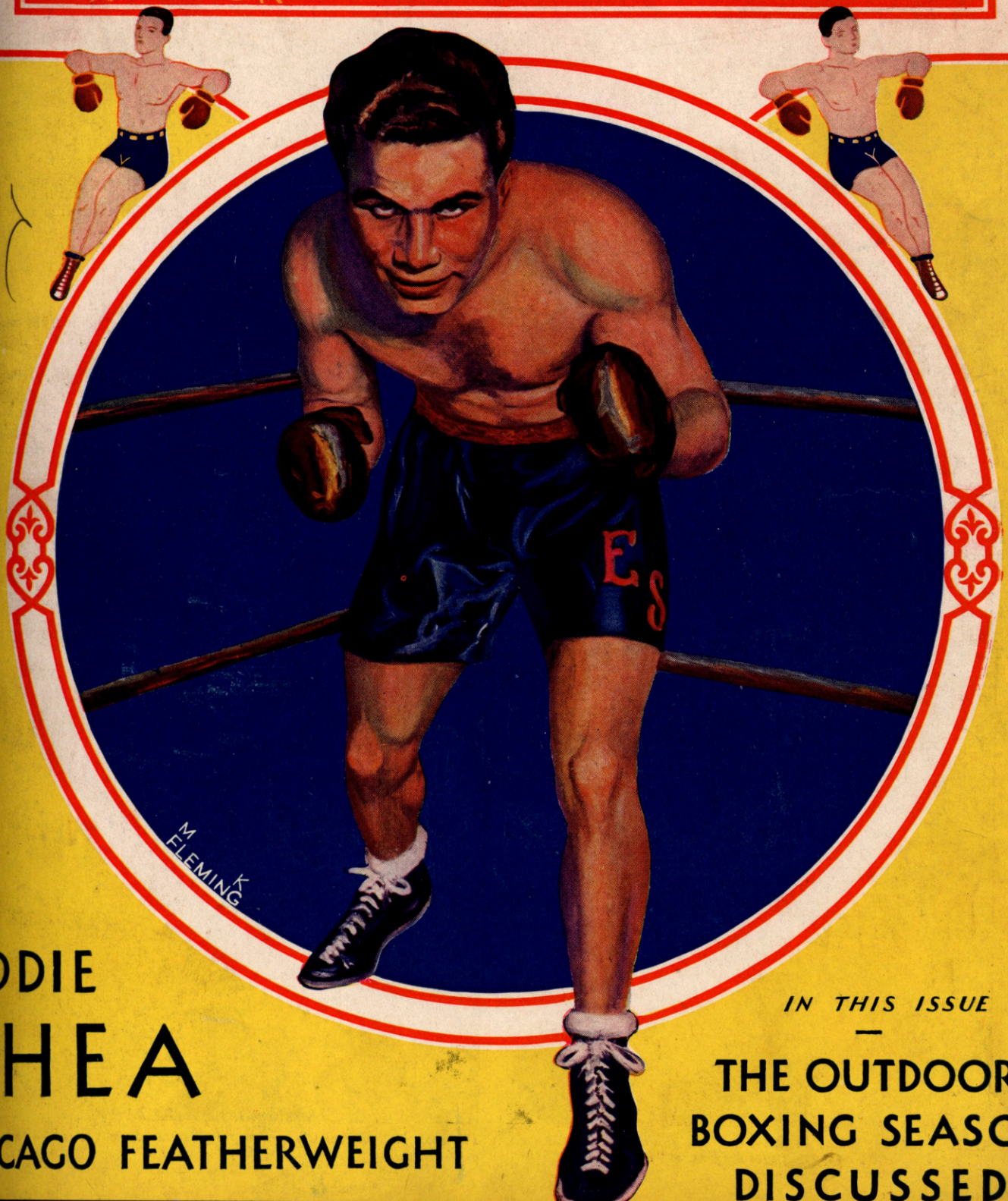
25 CENTS

MAY

The RING



EDDIE SHEA

CHICAGO FEATHERWEIGHT

IN THIS ISSUE

—

THE OUTDOOR BOXING SEASON DISCUSSED

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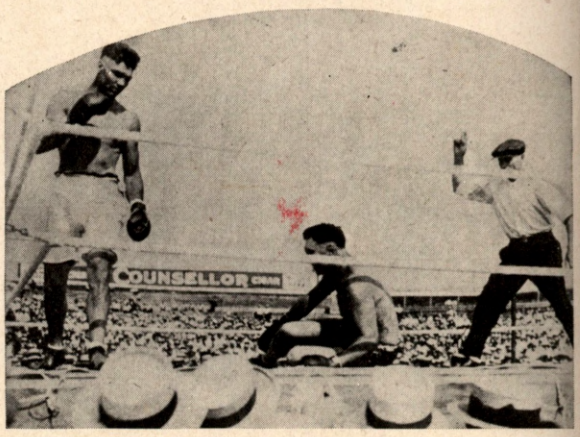
The Greatest Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

324 Pages
142 Photos



who knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

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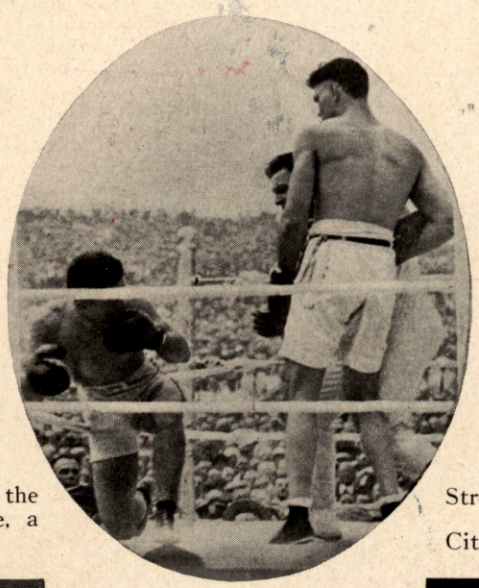

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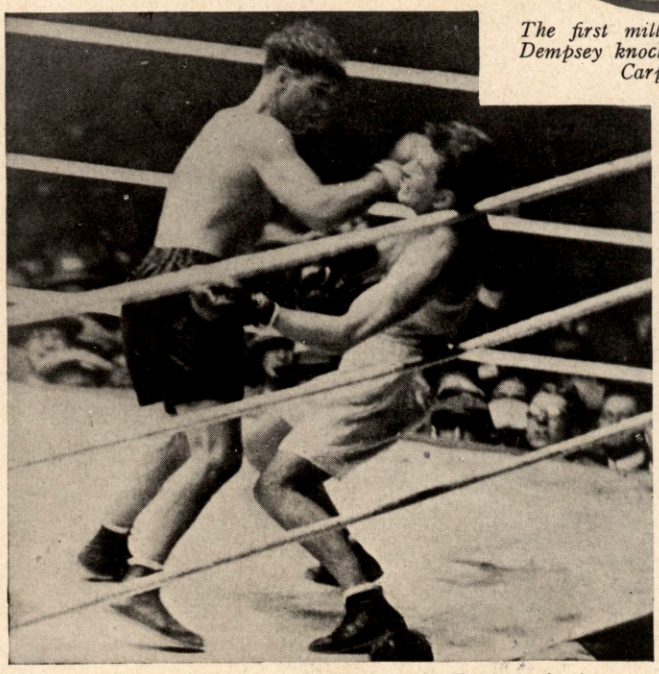
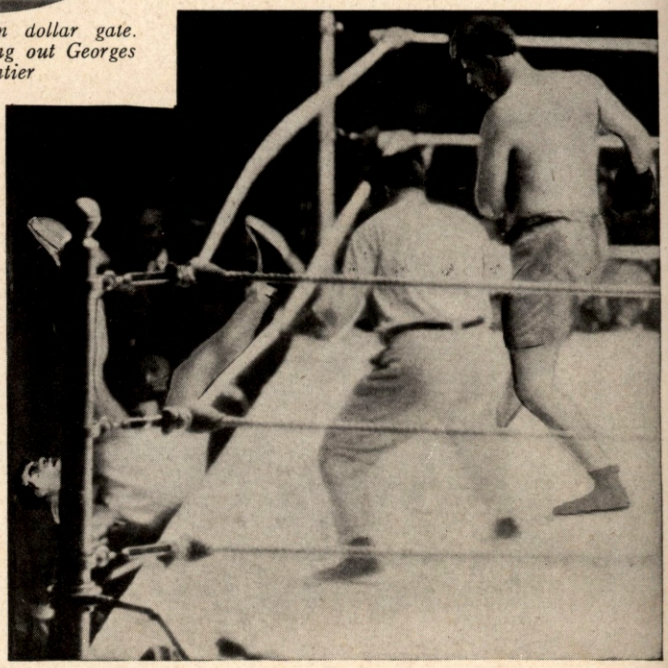


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



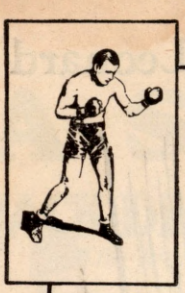
The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops

Fistic Cartoonettes

By "Lank" Leonard

NOT MUCH OF AN ACT BUT STILL THE HIT OF THE SHOW.

LANK LEONARD



The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X MAY, 1931 No. 4

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In Our Next Issue

How George Dixon, Little Chocolate, took the advice of Cal McCarthy and won the world's featherweight championship. An inside story by Joe Humphreys, world famous sportsman.

What is in store for the fight fans this summer? Who are the outstanding figures who can bring boxing back into its own. Read what Hype Igoe, fistic specialist, has to say on this all-important topic.

Have you ever spent an afternoon in a gymnasium where the boxers are tuning up for future battles? The three ring circus of a Barnum and Bailey show has nothing on the training quarters of the tin-ear brigade. Wilbur Wood, in his inimitable style, tells you all about this in his article, "A day with the fighters in the gymnasium."

These, in addition to six pages of wrestling pictures and stories, the usual features by Nat Fleischer, Frank Graham, and Charles F. Mathison and all the latest news of boxing and wrestling gathered from the four corners of the world.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

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OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

THE FIGHTING MARVEL OF THE AGE

GUS MARTEL

Famous developer of champions and K. O. record holder of the world

Read about Gus Martel, AMATEUR WORLD'S CHAMPION, KNOCKOUT RECORD HOLDER, and DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS. Gus tells the world how he did it. A secret punch, adopted by Police Departments throughout the country, as a police weapon, to battle criminals, is revealed, for the first time, by the world's greatest fighter. Gus stopped Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil in 2½ rounds, it took Bob Fitz 13 rounds.

"Strange As It Seems" (*same as believe it or not*) has Gus among the wonders of the World with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, and a light-heavy.

With Gus's system you can't foul, and every punch is a K. O.

A few of the hundreds Gus has on record with two or more knockouts first round with his secret punch. If you write to any of his pupils please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

D. Danny Dunn, Springfield, Colo.; 9 K. O's. with Secret Punch first round.

Mr. J. F. Pierson, Box 162, Bayshore, N. Y.; 8 knockouts first round.

William Mulvihill, 413 Smith Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; boy 16 knocked out two men, first round with Secret Punch.

Spurgeon Watson, 338 Newport St., N. W., Atlanta, Ga.; first fight knocked his man out first round with Secret Punch.

Richard Ott, Alpena Pass, Ark.; K. O. 17 seconds with Secret Punch.

Robert D. Matthews, R. F. D. No. 2, Fulton, Ky.; boy of 17 says knocked out every man I fought. Don't say how many.

O. V. Ottie, 51 Menahan St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; two K. O. first round.

Read Following Original Reproduction of Letters Received:

Mr. Gus Martel:— Greenville, Tex., Dec. 15.
I was a middle weight and your course made me beat the heavyweight champ of Boise City in one round with Secret Punch.
(Signed) Jack Sinclair Potter, 2828 Logan St.

Gus Martel:— Puerto Cabezos, Nicaragua, C. A., Nov. 10, 1930.
Your course reached me yesterday and please don't ask if I am satisfied. Nothing that I have paid money for even to my meals which are quite palatable has ever pleased me or done me more good than your course. I now have an insight on your scientific art that I never expected was possible. You give such reasons for everything and so plain that any child could not go wrong. (Signed) Willie Kid Green,
Lacus Comsy, B.B.B.L. Co., Mdse. Dept.

My Dear Trainer Gus:— St. Joseph, Mo., January 12, 1931.
I have every Boxing course before me including ———— and they are all baby stories in comparison with yours. But all my attention and practice is on your Secret Punch. I could K. O. any man in the dark with that wonderful Punch and can't see how a man could help knocking out the world of fighters one at a time. No wonder you hold the K. O. record of the World. (Signed) L. O. Pettet, 422 Thompson Ave.

Dear Gus:— Mineral Wells, W. Va., Jan. 5, 1931.
Have I learned anything from your course? That Secret Punch sure is a K. O. in big letters. Since receiving your course I have won two one round K. O.'s and each over 20 lbs. heavier.
(Signed) Jonus Cooper.

Dear Gus:— Sudbury, Ont., Canada, Dec. 17, 1930.
I got your Secret Punch and it's a WOW.
Your way of training stopped my dizziness immediately and won my fight in 12 seconds with your Secret Punch.
(Signed) Roy Elgbocka, 673 Cooper Cliff Rd.

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GUS MARTEL, Training Quarters, New Fairfield, Conn.
P. O., Danbury, Dept. 111

Enclosed is $2.98 (or will send C.O.D. in U. S. only) in full payment for your SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH. You are to send me the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, fully illustrated, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. Also free—How to eat anything from soup to green apples and gain strength at one half the cost. The SECRET PUNCH is to come at the same time on a separate sheet and will be put away and kept to myself.

Should I find your SECRET PUNCH not easily delivered or that it is not a sure K. O. or that it can be parried, blocked or guarded, I am to get back my $2.98, plus postage. This K. O. PUNCH is to enable me to K. O. any man in ring or self defense. I having both right and left to hit him at will and he being so tied up that he cannot hit me with either hand till I have him knocked out, thus making me a fighter almost at once.

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Mr. Gus Martel:— Honolulu, T. H., Dec. 8, 1930.
Received your wonderful course and was surprised to find out what a heap of wonderful information it gave me.
Certainly everything you said about it was true and above all it shows how a fellow no matter how puny he is can be respected by any roughneck, simply because he has confidence in your Secret Punch and will depend solely on it for his safety in the matter of self-defense.
(Signed) Thomas H. Lum, 1307 Liliha St.

Dear Sir:— 571 New Lots Ave., Dec. 30, 1930.
Received your course and it's great. Never seen anything like it. It beats all others by a mile and I have all the others that advertise so I know what I am talking about.
Thanking you from the bottom of my heart.
(Signed) Tom Sliwicki, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gus Martel:— Dallas, Tex., Dec. 11, 1930.
I received your boxing course and Secret K. O. Punch. I have some 10 or 12 Boxing books and I must frankly admit that yours is the most complete and sensible one I have ever read or seen.
Very sincerely, Frankie Mahon.

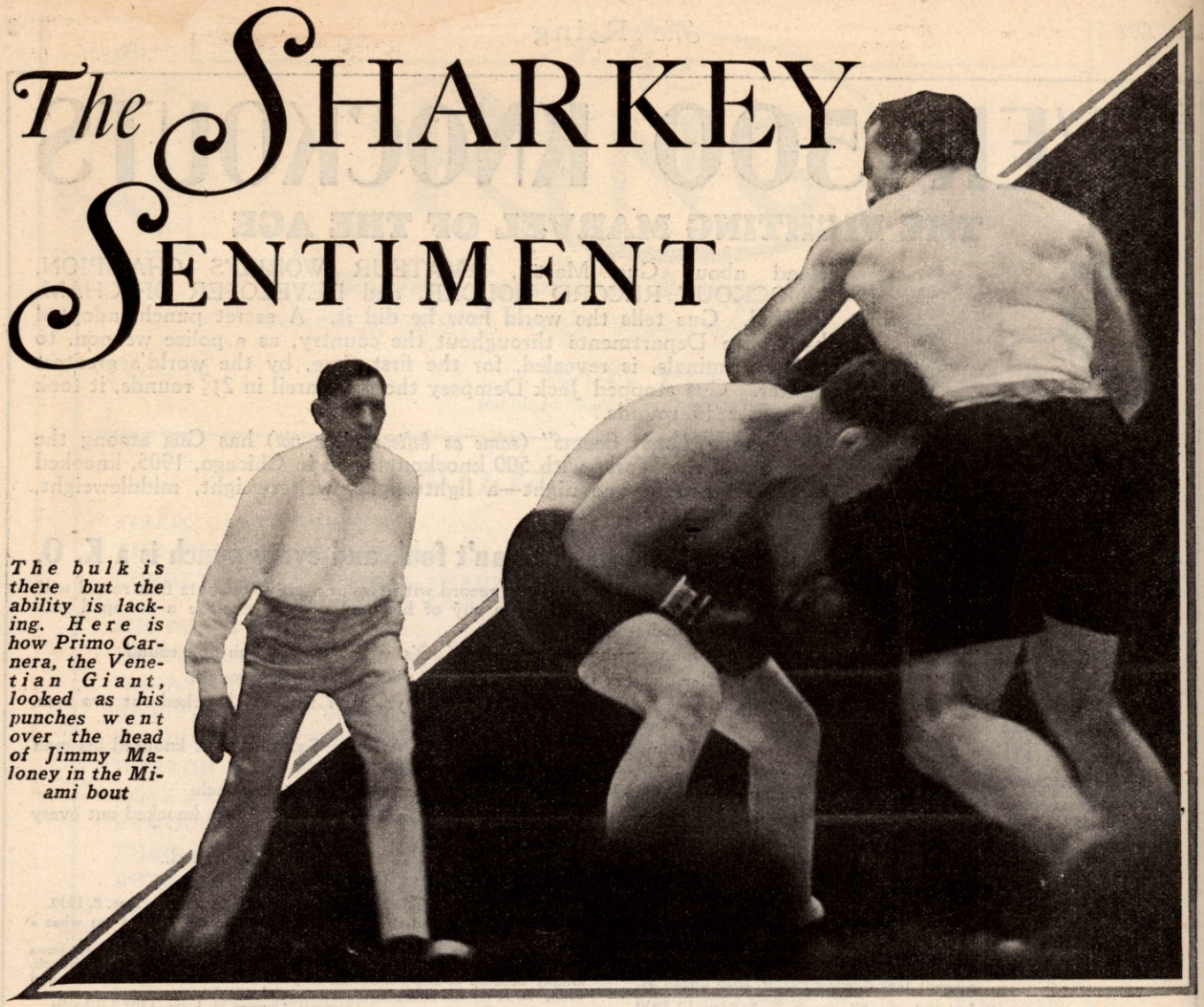
Dear Gus:— Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1931.
I want to thank you for all the benefits I derived from your course. Am feeling 100% better physically and mentally, sleep better, eat till I am full and only at ½ the cost. You should say your course is more than free because I am sure I saved more than its cost the first week.
Your friend to the last,
(Signed) Murray Schachter, 1919 Rockaway Ave.

Another letter from one of his pupils to RING MAGAZINE:
Feb. 5, 1931.
Albert D. Kent, 84 Washington Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
I have read ads. in local papers and in the RING concerning Gus Martel, and have also read different stories appearing in different publications on the same subject and would like to ask a couple of questions.
Q. Who in your estimation piled up the largest string of K.O.'s. Was it Gus Martel? A. Yes, as an amateur.
Q. Why isn't Gus Martel listed in the record book. Is it because he was an amateur? A. Yes.
(Signed) Nat Fleischer, Editor RING MAGAZINE.
"World's Authority on Fighters."

Another from QUESTION BOX OF RING MAGAZINE, Feb. 1931.
Q. Who would win a Gus Martel-Al Singer Contest, and how many rounds? A. Martel likely to win. Very unwise to predict number of rounds. Martel was a great fighter in his days.

Gus speaks from an experience of over five hundred knockouts, and carries a punch that floors them all. His course will carry you to the top, boys, as it carried him. His fully illustrated secret punch, copyrighted, if good enough for five hundred knockouts, and good enough for the police to adopt as a police weapon to battle criminals, HOW ABOUT YOU?

The SHARKEY SENTIMENT



The bulk is there but the ability is lacking. Here is how Primo Carnera, the Venetian Giant, looked as his punches went over the head of Jimmy Maloney in the Miami bout

It Follows the Path of the Schmeling Tour—the Worst Flop in the History of the Heavyweight Division

BIG JIM JEFFRIES has learned that good heavyweights are as scarce as hens' teeth. Jeffries has just experienced his second setback in his desire to bring forth a heavyweight contender. Les Kennedy, Long Beach, California, "phenom" has failed him as did Al Morro, previously. When Jeff took Morro under his wing, he felt he had unearthed a fighter who would soon be riding the crest of the pugilistic waves, but the former heavyweight champion was sadly disappointed when Morro did not meet up to expectations.

Then along came Kennedy, the conqueror of Max Baer. So fine a judge of boxing as Frank Moran of "Mary Ann" fame, praised Les sky-high and predicted that in this Californian, the division had the next champion. He even induced Jeffries to take the boy in tow in an effort to lead him from obscurity to fame. But, as so often happens, took a pugilistic trial horse, Paulino Uzcudun, who long has passed the meritorous stage, to put the newcomer out of the limelight.

Before taking Kennedy East for his first "big shot," his mentors decided to pit him against the Basque in a build-up process—a rather distressing procedure, for poor Les heard the birdies sing when a left swing to the jaw sent him into dreamland in the fourth round. And so burst another California championship bubble and with it, the probable retirement of Jeffries as a trainer of prospective heavyweight "phenoms."

Too bad, for the division could well use one or more high-calibred lads to revive the interest in the class.

WHILE on the subject of heavyweights, it is interesting to note that the Goliaths of the ring had tough sledding the past month. What, with the lack of patronage at the Schmeling exhibitions—the most distressing flop of a heavyweight championship exhibition tour on record—the knockout of Jose Santa by Salvatore Ruggirello in the second round; the knockout of Kennedy; the mediocre showing of Primo Carnera in his Miami bout with the glass-jawed Jim Maloney; the defeat of Tom O'Rourke's Irish heavyweight, Pat Redmond, by Ernest Guhring in Brooklyn, and the knockout of Tom Heeney by Young Charley Retzlaff, there was little over which to enthuse in the division made

By

Max Fleischer

famous by such great fighters as Corbett, Jeffries, Johnson, Fitz, Dempsey and other stars of the past

In fact, so mediocre is the field of present heavyweights, that in the entire lot the name of only one stands out—Jack Sharkey, and he is being kept idle because the ranking men keep out of his range. 'Tis truly a pity that the present champion, Max Schmeling, a good fighter, cannot be made to see that his best interests and those of boxing, make it incumbent on him to give Sharkey the chance he is rightfully entitled to—a return match for the title.

* * *

THE American public is too wise to be fooled by ballyhoo — by flowing, flowery publicity in re the merits of the German. Lank Leonard, THE RING's able cartoonist, aptly presented the case of the American fight fan in last month's issue, in the splendid cartoon, "The Sharkey Sentiment."

One cannot ride roughshod over the dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, for in the long run such tactics as have been employed by Max Schmeling and his mentor, Joe Jacobs, don't pay. Max's tour has proved that and his fight with Stribling will do likewise. That bout will be far from the success for which the promoters hope. In fact, it is my prediction that the fight won't draw more than $380,000, and will be as big a flop financially as was the Tunney-Heeney fight.

THE RING is in a position to guage most accurately the sentiment of the American public through its staff of sixty-two correspondents, all capable, well-informed men on things pugilistic in their locality, and from them I learn that the public demands a fight between the German champion and Sharkey. If Schmeling still persists, then a Sharkey-Carnera bout should be staged. This would outdraw the other, almost two to one.

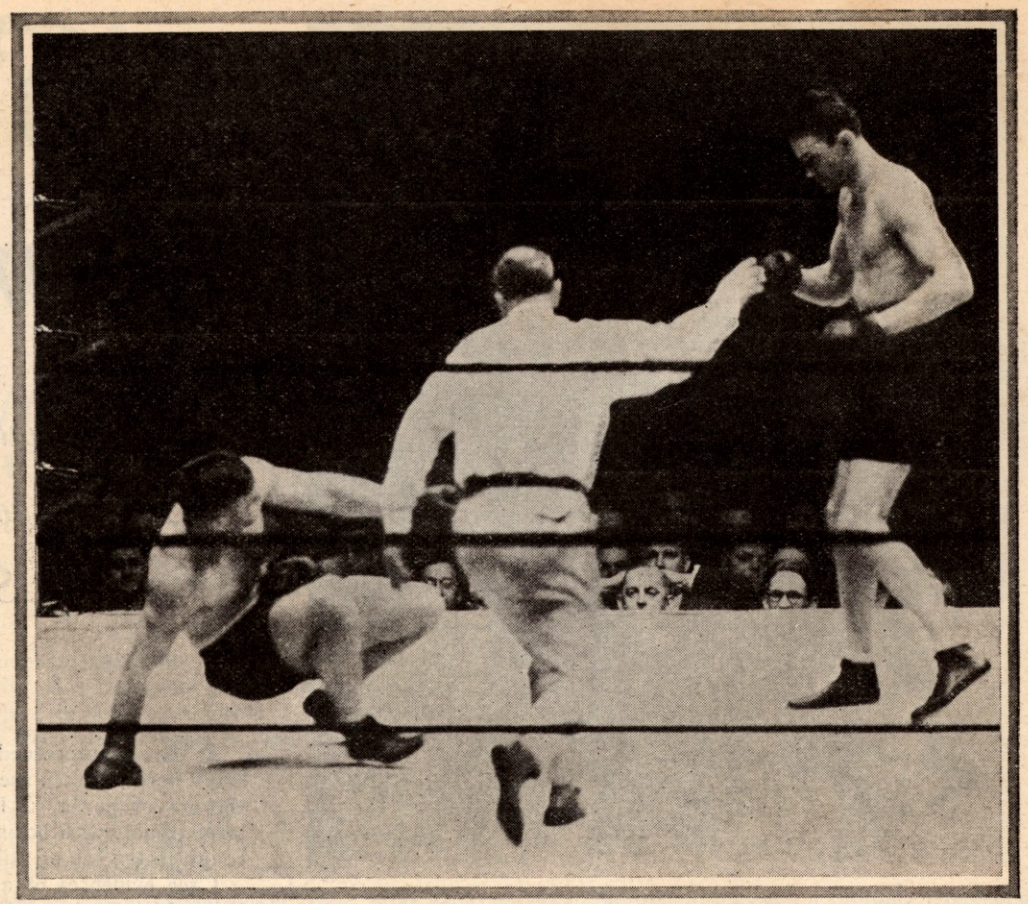
* * *

More States Come into the Fold

BOXING may be suffering a depression, but that does not seem to halt legislation in favor of the sport. Within a period of seven weeks, four states have been added to those that have legalized boxing—Delaware, South Carolina and Indiana being the latest. That is as it should be. Every state in the union should have a state boxing commission.

Boxing is the red-blooded man's sport. It is now part of the curriculum at all the leading colleges and there is scarcely a preparatory school of note that hasn't boxing among its athletic activities.

If boxing is good enough to teach to our school boys, it should be good enough to warrant the full protection offered by its legalization in the various states. True, there are some unscrupulous within the ranks—the racketeers, the fixers, the crooked gamblers—but the easiest way to rid the sport of that element is through the channels of the boxing commissions.



Out in the middle west, there is a promising heavyweight, Charley Retzlaff. Tom Heeney, who is shown here being counted out, can give evidence in Retzlaff's favor

Show me where boxing is being conducted without the aid of commission rule and I'll prove that in that territory there is 100 per cent more fixing and conniving than in all the other states where the sport is under commission control. That is why we welcome the addition of Delaware, South Carolina and Indiana to the fold.

* * *

Royalty and Boxing

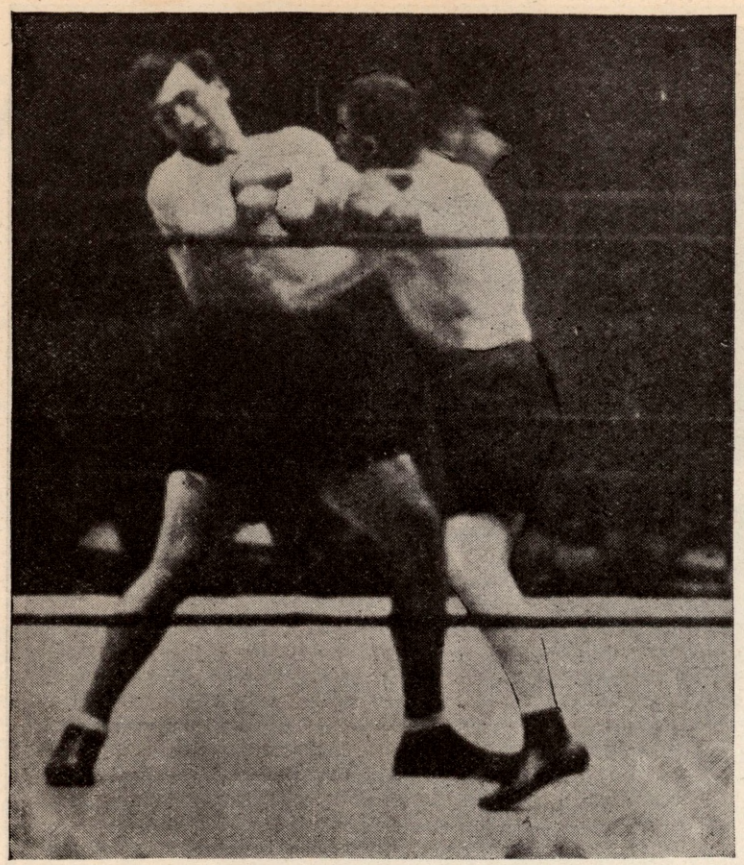
IF boxing were not a sport worthy of the attention of the best, we wouldn't find such sportsmen as the Prince of Wales and his brother sitting in at the ringside whenever time permitted. The royal family of England, staunch followers of healthy sports since time immemorial, evinces a keen interest in boxing. Even King George, according to reports following the Len Harvey-Vince Dundee fight, was so eager for first-hand information that he asked Captain Malcolm Campbell, auto speed demon, who was among the Garden spectators, to give him his opinion on the tilt.

When Stanislaus Loayza was knocked out in the third round by Justo Suarez at Buenos Aires, the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George, were at the ringside. Perhaps it was their presence that attracted the largest gathering that ever saw a fight in South America.

Incidentally, Suarez, who in his six weeks campaign in America beat Joe Glick, Herman Perlick, Ray Miller and Kid Kaplan and knocked out Bruce Flowers, will soon return to campaign for a title shot with Tony Canzoneri. In Suarez, his countrymen feel they have the next lightweight king, and here in America there are many sportsmen who don't see how he can miss if he ever gets the chance to perform in a championship match. Not that he is a clever fighter or knows much about the art of self-defense, but because of his terrific hitting power and iron, Joe Grim jaw, which makes him immune to punishment.

Corbett Sharkey as

Carnera Bout with Maloney Added to Difficulties of Situation



A scene in the recent Maloney-Carnera battle at Miami Beach.

IT seems to me that the difficulties of boxing keep multiplying themselves. Of course, when everything is ironed out we will have our old prosperity and our old interest, and perhaps a great champion whose abilities will fit right into the traditions of the heavyweight title. But right now we are making progress rather slowly, and treading uncertain paths.

You know, I figured the Carnera-Maloney engagement in Miami to clarify things a little. But with the big Italian getting a hair-line decision, and many experts figuring the Bostonian the winner, it looks as if we slid backward in that fight.

Maloney cannot be counted a contender. He had his chance, and he blew it. But there may be possibilities in Carnera, after all. You must admit that he is comparatively inexperienced, and that considering his background, he has done pretty well. It seems impossible to hurt the giant, and a man of that type may be the answer to the 1931 prayer among the heavyweights.

Naturally, I am not overjoyed at the development of conditions which made it possible for a Schmeling to become champion, and for a Carnera to be spoken of seriously. I come of a school that demanded high skill in its title holders. They had to fight their way through a tough campaign, and accidental champions were almost unheard of. We had upsets. But not freaks.

However, I am not living in the past and I am not blind to the fact that times have changed, and with them the public taste has changed.

* * *

NO one sport moves along its own peculiar lines. We travel in cycles, in trends. Years back we were strong for science. The sporting writers stressed that point. We had scientific fighters, scientific ball players, scientific jockeys. In every sport skill was the chief asset.

But man does not live and thrive by skill alone. Thousands of years ago—say in the Stone Age—we had no skill. It was all brute strength. A man lived by strength. He got his meat by strength. He got his wife that way.

As the ages proceeded we became more refined. But every now and then the race goes back for a while to the era of power. I like to think that this is the chief trouble with boxing right now, and that we will return to the age of skill within the next few years.

I see evidences of a revulsion of feeling in baseball, which I always have followed very closely. I was a pretty good player, and could have gone into the National League, in which my brother Joe was a famous pitcher for the great Baltimore Orioles. During the Summer, when I am in New York, I attend the games of the Giants religiously, as in addition to my intense interest in baseball, I am a John J. McGraw fan.

With the development of Babe Ruth in 1920 we went from the finer points of baseball into slugging. Science was dropped, the ball was changed to cater to the new trend.

Now the ball is being experimented with to cut down the hitting, and managers are turning to the more subtle specialties of baseball.

That's the way it is going to be in boxing. You tire of a steady steak diet, just as you tire of cream puffs. We must strike the happy medium.

* * *

THAT medium, it seems to me, ought to be arrived at through Jack Sharkey. Now, there's a heavyweight who should be champion. He has skill, he can hit, he has ambition, he lives cleanly, he stresses his position as a citizen and his debt to his family. He embodies, to me, all the points that go to make the real title holder, and yet he isn't the champion.

If I were younger, and I were welcome in that camp, I would take hold of Sharkey and make a champion out of him.

Jack is of the emotional type. That has produced many great fighters, but they must be kept within emotional bounds. They must be guided every minute, in and out of the ring.

Sharkey is the one boxer now before the public eye who comes within the old-fashioned requirements. He is shifty and he boxes with some of that craftiness and style that marked out the school that was pushed into the background by the rise of the White Hopes.

I think the White Hopes hurt boxing more than any other class of any other period. Incidentally, I managed one of those White Hopes myself, Tom Cowler, the Australian. Now, there was a boxer. But the rising tide of power engulfed him and his style.

Sharkey marks a return of old precepts in the ring, and it would do the game a lot of good if a man of that type came back among the champions.

Still Visions Champion

As told by

JAMES J. CORBETT

(former heavyweight champion)

to DANIEL M. DANIEL

Jack Sharkey, who, according to Corbett, is the one boxer who comes within the old-fashioned requirements of heavyweight fighters.

Sharkey should have beaten Schmeling. But the Bostonian let his emotion run riot. I think that experience will eradicate that fault. In fact, I am inclined to believe, and predict, that it has done this already, and that another Sharkey fight will show us a new fighter.

* * *

THE contest with Maloney in Miami left Carnera's true abilities and position very much up in the air. Some experts tell me that the Venetian has tremendous possibilities. Others say he is a pusher and is so muscled that he never will be anything but that.

Some say he is fast, others decry his ungainliness. I don't remember when there was so much conflicting opinion on an outstanding heavyweight, that is, outstanding in so far as public attention is concerned.

Back in the old days we never took those big boys too seriously. The clever, skillful fighter never had to fear the big, lumbering man, who most often lacked experience, and was eliminated from public interest before he could develop know-how.

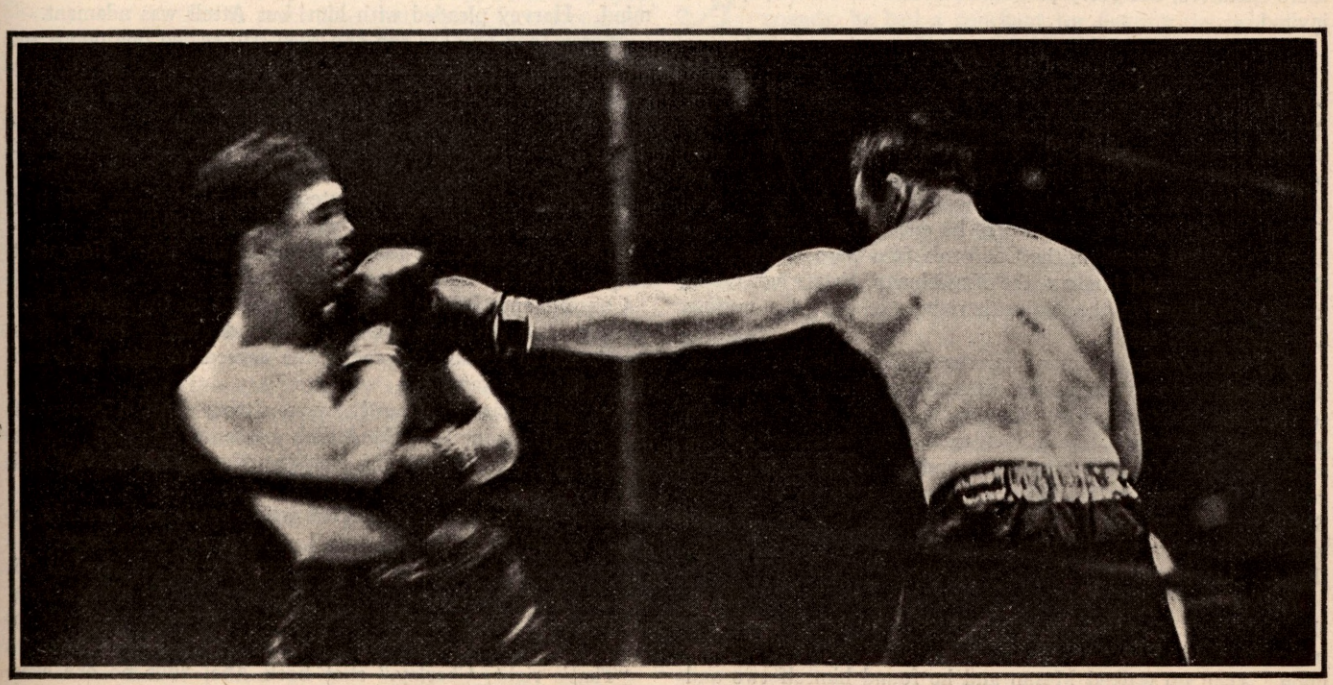
Take Ed Dunkhorst, for example. He was something of a Carnera about a generation ago. The Syracuse Freight Car, I think they called him. Well, Fitzsimmons mingled with this giant and what Bob did to him was a caution. Dunkhorst almost was killed by the wily Fitz.

Then there was Plaacke, the Dutch giant. Another Carnera type. It was Kid McCoy who finished this foreign "threat" in Philadelphia. Plaacke was a joke. McCoy was up to all the tricks in the game and he pointed to Plaacke's shoe string, indicating that it was untied. Plaacke stopped to see what was the trouble, and then they carried him out.

I fancy that men of the Fitzsimmons and McCoy type, if around now, would have no trouble at all in punching the Carneras and the Schmelings right out of the ring.

However, do not get the impression that this is the wail of the old timer, crying for the "good old days."

The situation surely is muddled to-day. But, as we know, it's always darkest before the dawn.



When Sharkey lost his big chance—the fight with Max Schmeling for the world's crown.

$250 Per Ounce

When Abe Attell Played Shylock Before Fighting Owen Moran

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

BACK in 1907, Charley Harvey, who still is doing business managing pugilists, brought back from England one of the greatest fighters that nation has sent to this country in the last forty years. His name was Owen Moran, a featherweight. Charley was so certain that he had a world beater in tow that he induced Tom O'Rourke, then New York's leading promoter, to put Owen on in a private go.

Moran and Attell posing just before they started their famous 25-round draw in San Francisco, January 1, 1908. Left to right: Charley Harvey, Moran's manager; Kreiling, a California handler of fighters; Alf Wicks, who came over from England with Moran; Owen Moran; Jim Jeffries, referee; Abe Attell; Monte Attell (head just showing); Al Kaufman and Caeser Attell

Tom agreed. He arranged a private mill between Moran and Monte Attell, brother of the featherweight champion; an affair to which admission was by special invitation. And to make it more exclusive, not every person who could afford to pay, was invited.

* * *

MORAN was a classy fellow and he made a great impression on the members of the elite present that night. Later he went to Philadelphia where he won another contest and then returned home but didn't remain long. He journeyed back to the states, but this time he went with Harvey direct to the Coast, where he engaged Frankie Neil in a mill. On that occasion, the California fans were so confident that Frankie would lambast the Englishman, that when Owen knocked Neil out in the sixteenth round, he caused a wailing and gnashing of teeth.

That victory was too much for the Californians to stomach. They decided to avenge Neil's defeat and figured the fighter to turn the trick would be Abe Attell. They didn't have to use much persuasion. Abe was ready for business and he agreed to fight Moran twenty-five rounds provided Owen would consent to a weight limit of 120 pounds, place a forfeit of $1,500 and accept Jim Jeffries as the referee. Charley Harvey was willing to accept all these terms because he felt confident that no featherweight in America could whip Moran.

On the morning of January 1, 1908, precisely at 11 o'clock, the weighing in time, Attell got on the scales and the indicator showed he was one pound under the weight agreed upon. Then up walked Moran and he found himself two and a half pounds too heavy.

"There'll be no fight," snapped out Attell, unless you meet the terms of our agreement."

Whereupon Harvey, all het up, his big flowing moustache giving him the appearand of a wild man, urged Abe to wait while Moran ran around the Golden Gate Park and then took a good rub down, to wash away the surplus weight.

This completed, again Moran went on the scales and now he found himself just a fraction of a pound over the limit — to be exact, just seven ounces.

"That won't do," again snapped Abe. "The fight is off. We agreed on 120 pounds and 120 it will be.

No amount of argument could persuade Abe to change his mind. Harvey pleaded with him, but Attell was adamant.

Moran took another run and then still scaled one ounce and a quarter over the limit but Abe refused to give in. Harvey and Attell went at each other like cat and dog, but Abe held his ground. Promoter Coffroth, Jeffries, Harvey and friends of both tried to get Abe to change his mind but he stuck fast.

"Give me the $1,500 forfeit and I'll fight," finally said Attell.

"Over my dead body," shouted Harvey. "What, you take $1,500 for an ounce! You're worse than Shylock!"

"That's my price, or there'll be no fight. See? Now what do you think of that?" sneered Abe.

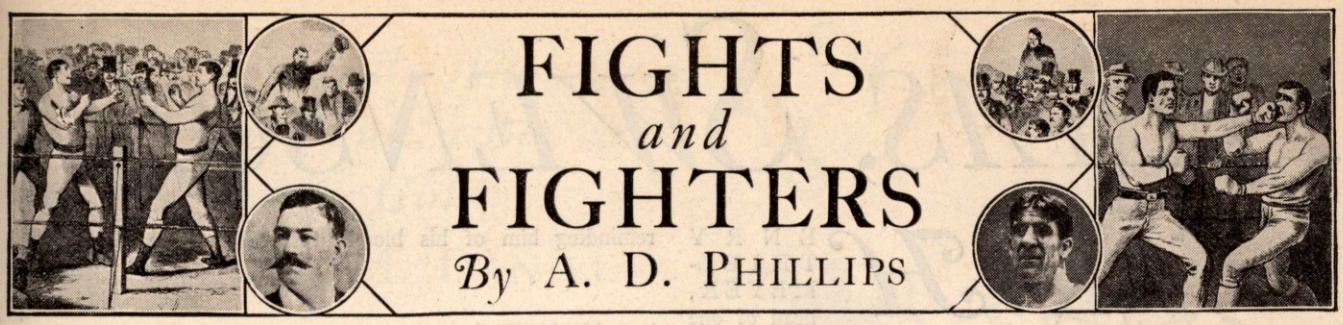
Coffroth and Jeffries then took a hand in the proceedings. They coaxed Attell to change his mind and at last Jeffries got Attell to reduce the fee. Abe agreed to take $250 and the fight was staged.

Abe and Harvey recently were sitting with a group of boxing writers in Tom McArdle's office in Madison Square Garden when another British fighter arrived, Len Harvey, and Abe, speaking of Harvey's debut, said:

"Well, Charley, if he puts up as stiff a battle as Owen Moran and I had in 'Frisco, I guess he'll make some money here."

"Yes," answered Charley, "that was one of the greatest 25 round draws I've ever seen and I've been in the game a long time. You got the $250, Abe, but you'll admit that Owen made you pay some for taking that money from him."

"That's right, Charley," shot back Abe, "but no one ever accused me of being a poor business man."



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THEY say that commercialism will eventually kill baseball. I doubt it, but I do know that commercialism is hurting boxing. Old time baseball managers bemoan the fact that there is no more of the bitter rivalry on the diamond that existed when Christy Mathewson, Mordecai Brown, Big Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, Rube Waddell and other great diamond stars of twenty years ago were in their prime. But if that is true of baseball, it is doubly true of boxing.

The boys today won't fight as they used to twenty years ago. Nowadays, all they think about is the dough, and when they have accumulated a healthy bankroll, they retire. Sentiment? What's that to a boxer during these days of commercialized sport?

The only champion we have who is willing to take on all comers and doesn't ask for a fortune for his bit, is little Tony Canzoneri, as honest and willing a lad as ever donned the mitts. The nearest approach to Tony in recent years, was Paul Berlenbach.

While other champions are either ducking the issue with legitimate challengers or asking a fabulous sum for their services, Canzoneri is willing to take the champion's end against any fighter who has a real claim to recognition. That's how it should be and the sooner other title holders get down to level ground, the sooner boxing will get back into the good graces of the fight fans.

* * *

Schmeling's Crouching Style

DOWN in Miami, where I have enjoyed a four months' vacation, I had an opportunity to see Max Schmeling, the heavyweight king, in training and also in several exhibitions. I was particularly interested in the change of style which Herr Max has adopted since his last appearance against Sharkey, a style that is much like that which Jack Dempsey employed when he won the heavyweight crown from Jess Willard at Toledo.

But, while Dempsey's weaving, bobbing tactics were accomplished with a grace, there is a clumsiness in that employed by the present title holder, which, from the point of view of efficiency, is not conducive to hard hitting. The Dempsey crouch, copied from the famous Jeffries crouch, was the acme of perfection. It carried proper leverage and enabled the Manassa Mauler to hit with full force while on the go.

Not so, however, with Schmeling. He finds it necessary to halt momentarily before delivering the blow, whereas Dempsey's hitting was done while in full motion. Whether Schmeling will be able to perfect the Dempsey crouch before he tackles Stribling remains to be seen, but from an expert's point of view, I should abandon the crouch entirely, for I don't think it aids Schmeling or any other fighter, in the least.

The crouching position is an improper one in boxing because, to get the full, telling blow across, one should have a full, easy swing of the body and that is possible only by standing up.

Only a small percentage of fighters can deliver a telling wallop when the body is bent, and the only two I know of in recent years who could do so, were Jeffries and Dempsey. The crouch was one of Jeffries' greatest assets, and that, plus the weave, made Dempsey famous.

Crouching Cramps Muscles

WHEN a boxer is crouching, his muscles are cramped and therefore his body is cramped. Under these conditions he can only become a slugger, and that is exactly what Jeffries and Dempsey were. A heavyweight champion should not only possess hitting power, but should be the possessor of cleverness, as well. A fighter who crouches is purely a swinger, and if he can manoeuvre properly, and can get in close enough, he is a sure knockerout.

But what about the cleverness of an opponent, if such a man is the one the crouching style fighter faces? Jim Corbett, in my opinion, and I saw Corbett in most of his fights, would have cut Dempsey to ribbons. Dempsey would never have been able to use that style effectively on Gentleman Jim, or on the great and clever Peter Jackson or Jack Johnson.

The old Jem Mace style was the straight punch. The only swinging punch he taught his boys, was the swing into the body. And Jem was a master instructor. When he went to Australia, that country began to produce great fighters. When he passed, a slump started which is now down to its lowest ebb.

Jim Corbett was a master of footwork. Max Schmeling, in his appearance in the South, showed just the reverse. He doesn't know how to move about the ring and, facing a clever boxer who also can hit, he should prove a mark for such opponent. That is why I would favor Sharkey to win a return match by a knockout.

* * *

Kid McCoy's Ring Strategy

ALTHOUGH Kid McCoy never weighed more than 175 pounds, he had a penchant for fighting the behemoth type of heavyweight. He was matched to fight Herr Plaacke, a German with a poundage approaching the 300 pound limit. It was suggested that if Herr Plaacke fell on McCoy, the nimble Kid would be smashed flat, but McCoy simply smiled the cold smile for which he was noted.

The combat was staged in Philadelphia on April 5, 1904, and was scheduled for six rounds. The first round was devoted to sprinting on the part of McCoy, with Plaacke in clumsy pursuit. Evidently the Kid had no intention of fighting the huge German at close range and the latter therefore had no trouble scoring the most points in the opening round, due to his aggressiveness.

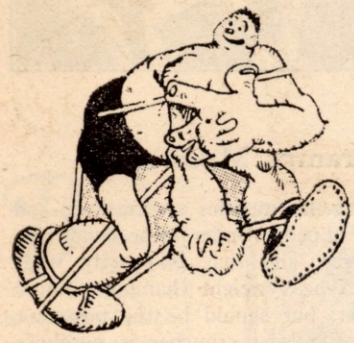
The second round started out very much like the first, the German crowding the Kid, who used all his skill and speed in an effort to keep out of danger. Suddenly McCoy stopped running and held up his hand as a signal that he had something of importance to say.

"Wait a minute," he ejaculated, "Your shoe is untied."

The German glanced down at his capacious underpinning, saw that his shoe was not untied and prepared to continue the fight. But in the few seconds that his attention was distracted, he lost the fight, for McCoy sent a right to the jaw that battered the big chap down with a crash.

McCoy was that kind of a fighter. If he could not outbox an opponent, he would resort to ring strategy and there never was a more tricky fighter in all pugilism than Kid McCoy.

"ALIAS, SWENSON!"



HENRY THIELMEYER, head of one of the leading independent packing houses of Chicago, was perturbed. In fact, he walked up and down the roccoco salon of the Thielmeyer estancia on the North Shore, sputtering, biting off ends of cigars, achieving a crescendo of rage which was shading his expansive face like a Meerschaum. Especially in his own family, Henry was not accustomed to being balked. He was attaining a gorgeous purple, in defiance of all his dozen doctors, whom he consulted and discarded in relays.

Close by, in one of her expensive Aubusson chairs—"we imported it from Paris, you know,"—sat Mrs. Thielmeyer, deploring the situation in her customary state of resignation and complacency. "Now, now, papa, think of your blood pressure," Mrs. Thielmeyer from time to time essayed.

Snuggled on a divan was Cassie Starner, affianced of Charley, lone son of the Thielmeyers, scion of a clan of pork and beans, next in line in an opulent dynasty of lard and ham, and "Thielmeyer's Sausages—From Contented Pigs."

"I sent you to Yale to make a real gentleman out of you, I put you into the business because I am getting tired," the paterfamilias stormed and fumed. "You are a Thielmeyer, but you don't seem to understand. A Thielmeyer! And now you come here and announce that you are becoming a wrestler——a professional wrestler. I'm ashamed—ashamed of my own boy."

* * *

"POP, I've set my mind on this thing, and you'll have to call off all your plans for a year until I succeed—or fail. Very likely I'll not make the grade," Charley smiled. "This wrestling game is tough. But I want to make a try at it anyway.

"I have bet Joe Lucas, down at the Chicago A. A. that in one year I will get a match with the champion in New York. I must earn it through my own efforts. No subsidizing, no skullduggery. $50,000 that in twelve months I become good enough to wrestle for the title.

"I'm young and strong, and Cassie says it's okeh with her, and I know mother won't mind. As for being a Thielmeyer, I know all about it. For four years at Yale I was called 'Sausages'. No, I'm not quitting on you, pop. I'm all for pork and beans and the rest of our inimitable line. But you've got to let me try this out for a year."

"Very well, then, you make your own bed and you sleep in it," shouted Henry Thielmeyer, as he banged his fist on a costly table, sending a shudder down Mama Thielmeyer's spine. "Papa, your blood pressure!" she protested.

"If my son wants to be a wrestler, let him be. Ashamed of my business—that's what you are. I see it all now. Going to quit me when I need you most. Well, there will be no $50,000 from me. If you lose that crazy bet, and you'll lose it as sure as Henry Thielmeyer makes the best sausages, you'll have to work out your own salvation.

"And what's more, Mama and I are not going to stay around here swallowing the disgrace. We are going to travel. As for you, Cassie, I am disappointed. This young man has too great a hold on your affections. You should have dissuaded him. Well, I'll leave you two to your own problems."

And Henry Thielmeyer lunged out, followed by Mama, still reminding him of his blood pressure and the dire results.

* * *

"I SUPPOSE I should have been firmer with you, Charley, but you know what's best," Cassie said as the affianced pair discussed the proposition some minutes later.

"I've got to make it, Cassie," Charley insisted. "Ever since Joe Lucas lost you, and we became engaged, he has been going out of his way to make things uncomfortable for me. As you know, I do a lot of wrestling down at the club. Why, Tom Jennert, who was a great wrestler in his day, can't stay with me for fifteen minutes. He says I am better than most of the professionals right now. I was the intercollegiate champion while at Yale, and I don't think I am kidding myself.

"Anyway, we were sitting in the lounge, talking about Gotch and Hackenschmidt and the rest of them, when Lucas got mean. 'Jennert tells me you are a wow, Charley,' Joe sneered. 'Well, I've seen those wows before. Any fifth rate professional can throw a college champion in five minutes.

" 'Jennert says you could last half an hour with the best of them. I don't believe it. I have a hunch he's playing you for a sucker. Anyhow, I'll wager you $50,000 that within a year you cannot make enough headway to get a match for the title in New York. I respect you as a gentleman and sportsman, and depend on your honor not to purchase this match. Is it a go?'

"Well, sweetheart, I was cornered. By that time about twenty of the members had surrounded us, and they all looked eagerly at me. It was an intriguing proposition. Fred Stanten felt like letting Lucas have it on the nose then and there, but he whispered, 'Take the bet, Charley! You can't very well back out of this. Go to it.' And here I am.

"Lucas may have his reasons for wanting to see me hurt. But I'm going through with it."

"And I'm with you right to the finish, win, lose or draw," Cassie smiled, and they sealed the bargain in the customary osculatory way.

* * *

THAT night Charley, Jennert and Jack Marley sat in conference in Jennert's quarters at the athletic club.

"You see how it is, Jack, it isn't so much the dough as a little affair of the heart that is involved," Tom explained. "Charley has got to win this bet, but it's got to be done strictly on the level. Not that I doubt your tactics, but if there were the faintest suspicion that money had been used in landing the big match, Charley would have to admit defeat.

"Mr. Thielmeyer, I watched you while you were in college, and if you hadn't been the son of a millionaire I would have gone after you," Jack said. "But you must realize what it means to make your way into a title bout in one year. It's difficult to get matches when a wrestler doesn't belong to a stable. Right now there are two rival combinations and they are jealous of each other, and more than suspicious of newcomers."

Marley had been a great wrestling promoter for many years but had quit the mat game to pilot opera singers, motion picture actors, divas and diseuses, and a French boxing contender.

But now the old call of battle resounded in Jack's ears. Here was a truly great sporting proposition. There was a lot of sentiment in Jack, plenty of romance in his makeup. The drama of the setup as outlined by Jennert and Charley made him thrill with the zest of battle and the golden opportunity.

"Mind, I am promising nothing, but I do like your grit and it's a go," said Marley, as he extended his hand to Charley Thielmeyer.

Charley from Yale Wins the Wrestling Title, a Bet, and the Girl

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"A GOOD way to get into New York is to start out in St. Louis," Marley said the next day, as they laid their plan of campaign. "Remember, you are not Thielmeyer. If the newspapers ever got the truth of this, we'd be stopped right away. Thielmeyer is a fine name, and Thielmeyer's Sausages are famous, but neither the name nor the product can be anything but a handicap to us. From now on you are Gus Swenson, and you come from Minneapolis."

A week later they landed in St. Louis, and Marley began to get the lay of the land. Wrestling bouts were being staged every week in the Rotunda Theatre, with Tom Swert as the promoter.

Marley attempted to get another theatre to set up a rival enterprise, but discovered that Rudy Tover, the political boss, was the real man behind the Rotunda shows. Marley was stopped. Swert represented a local monopoly.

For a week they hung around St. Louis, scheming, hoping. And then the Watkins Beef Trust was billed for the Rotunda, with Attila, Champion of France, meeting all comers on the mat at all afternoon and night performances.

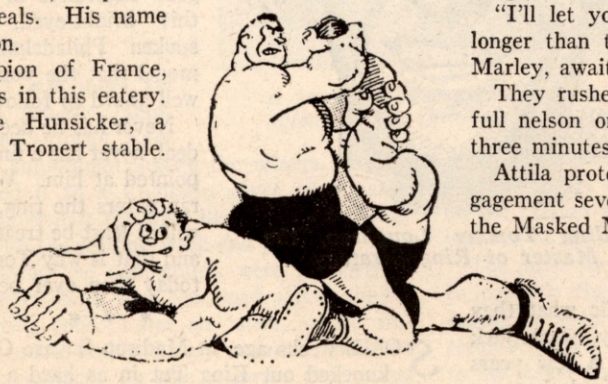
"Great!" Marley exulted. "This gives us our chance. Remember now, the least break on your part, and your $50,000 won't be worth a plugged dime."

They sat for hours concocting the scheme. "And I don't know you," Marley reminded him. "If you see me, don't recognize me. Get some old clothes, move into the Transit Hotel, where you will pay fifty cents a day, and become Charley Swenson."

* * *

THE following week Attila arrived at the Rotunda and began to toss the boys around afternoon and night. The bouts averaged from ten to fifteen minutes in duration, and were made to look good enough to bring shouts from the customers.

In the basement of the theatre there was a restaurant. A big blond fellow, with run-down shoes, a week's growth of beard and shabby clothes, swept out the place for his meals. His name was Charley Swenson.



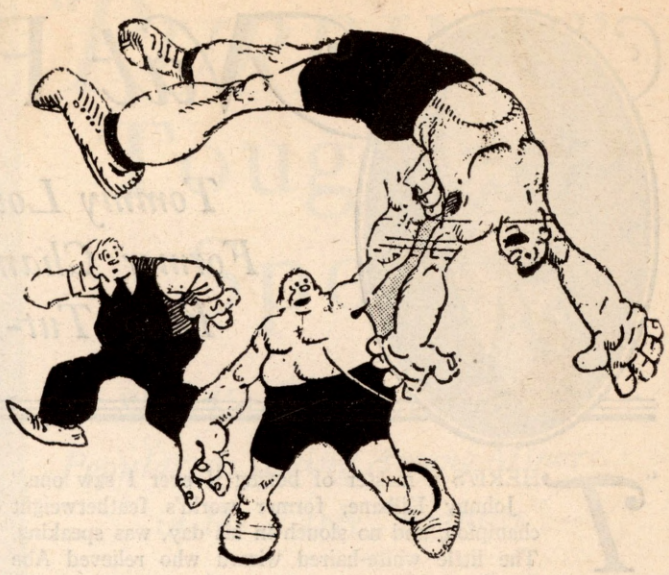
Attila, the Champion of France, inhaled his luncheons in this eatery. He really was Joe Hunsicker, a second rater of the Tronert stable.

One afternoon Swenson, the sweeper, sidled up to the wrestler as he labored in a ferocious process of masticating a steak and asked: "Do you think I could get a match with you, Mr. Attila? I need the money bad. You can see that. How about it?"

Charley used a rather thick Scandinavian accent, and put on enough dramatic touches to make Attila-Hunsicker believe that he was talking to one of that all too familiar type seen around eating houses of the Rotunda class, washing dishes, sweeping, doing odd chores.

"You're big enough," Attila said as he looked him over. "Know anything about wrestling?"

"Well, I see you in two matches and I think I can do something which looks like wrestling," laughed Swenson. "I sure need that money."



"We'll try it day after to-morrow," Attila laughed. "I'll test you out in the afternoon. Three bucks. If you look good enough I'll toss you at the night performance for five dollars. That's eight in all, and more than I usually pay.

"But you're big enough to make it look good. Most of the yokels I toss are too light and the boys are getting suspicious. Okeh, Thursday, at half past three!"

* * *

AT the appointed time Charley Swenson appeared in the dressing room of Attila. The sweeper began to strip.

"Got any tights?" Attila asked.

"No, these pants ain't too tight," said Charley.

"No, I mean tights for wrestling, you boob," Attila replied. "You can't go on in your pants. Here, put these on," and he tossed one of his own suits to Swenson.

The manager of the theatre, Ross Luders, standing by, laughing himself sick at the difficulties experienced by Charley, the sweeper, in getting into the tights, achieved an inspiration.

"Listen, Joe, this guy's dead pan will give the show away," Ross said. "Let's call him the Masked Marvel. I'll get a mask and nobody will know who he is. Some of the boys may have seen Charley down in the restaurant and we'd be queered."

And so it was arranged. Swenson lumbered from the wings, announced as the Masked Marvel.

"I'll let you go ten minutes because it would look awful longer than that," said Attila to Charley. Out in front sat Marley, awaiting the critical move in his scheme.

They rushed at each other, Swenson-Thielmeyer clamped a full nelson on Attila, Champion of France, and in less than three minutes the bout was over. The house was a Bedlam.

Attila protested. He had slipped. They had a return engagement several days later and again Swenson, the sweeper—the Masked Marvel—gained a fall. This time Attila was cagy. It took twelve minutes, and a bar and chancery hold turned the trick.

As Attila lay with his shoulders pinned to the mat, he snarled, "Who are you, anyway?"

"Charley Swenson, from Minneapolis," chuckled Mr. Thielmeyer of Yale.

* * *

THE story about the Masked Marvel was carried in press dispatches to the New York papers, and caught the eye of Herman Kampfer. Herman was running a wrestling tournament at the old Manhattan Opera House, and the receipts were beginning to fall off. He had a few good grapplers, but the show lacked the dramatic touch.

"Ja, this is the stuff. I telegraph to this Masked Marvel in St. Louis," Herman said to himself, scalding his tongue with the hot coffee as he became excited with the possibilities of his idea. "My friend Marley is in (*Continued on page* 43)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Tommy Loughran Is the Wizard of Boxing
Former Champion More Popular Than Ever
King Tut-Petrolle Mill an Honest Battle

"THERE'S a master of boxing if ever I saw one." Johnny Kilbane, former world's featherweight champion, and no slouch in his day, was speaking. The little white-haired wizard who relieved Abe Attell of his crown, sat at the ringside at the Loughran-Schaaf fight in Madison Square Garden, looking at the scowling Bostonian as he tried desperately round after round, to pound his heavy fists into Loughran's body. Then, turning to me, he uttered the words which lead off this page.

"I've read many books on the art of self-defense, have lectured to schoolboys and professional fighters under my care on the "hit and get away" tactics, but never have I seen such a beautiful, rhythmic exhibition of great boxing as Tommy gave here to-night," continued Kilbane. "Nothing I've ever watched, and I'll own I've been through the mill, equalled that performance," he added.

And the 12,000 persons who gave Tommy a two minute ovation when he entered the ring, showed their appreciation, as did Kilbane, with rounds of applause when Joe Humphreys announced Tommy the winner. It was a pretty performance that Loughran gave, one of the best in his long, honorable career.

He jabbed cruelly, crossed his right with accuracy and worked with such ease and grace as to keep even the gallery gods, the hardest fight fans to please, in good humor throughout the thirty minutes of fighting. He selected his best foil to turn the trick and like the master boxer he is, the Philadelphian outgeneralled his heavier and hard hitting opponent in all but the last two sessions.

The ovation was spontaneous. Only one other fighter in a Garden ring ever received such applause as greeted Tommy, that man being the popular Jack Dempsey.

What was it that brought on this acclaim? The answer is that in Loughran and his manager, Joe Smith, the fans have come to know an honest pair, who shun all gangster association and can always be depended upon to give the public what they are paying to see. Tommy is to boxing to-day, what Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney were to the sport a few years back and as such, the fans see in Tommy idealized the type of boxer that is a novelty these days.

Smiling Tommy Loughran, the Master of Ring Strategy

* * *

WITH every trick of the trade at his disposal, every move of his opponent anticipated, Loughran gave a remarkable exhibition of cleverness. If he can continue to keep up the pace he has set in the last two months, Tommy will not be wanting for work when the outdoor season opens.

He has returned to the heavyweight fold with a bang and unless the unforeseen happens, Loughran will be right up close to the top among the championship contenders this summer.

In speaking of his remarkable and wonderful come-back, Loughran, in a statement to THE RING after the fight, said:

"Now that I've beaten Schaaf so conclusively, my next objective is Jack Sharkey. I know that I can defeat him. When he knocked me out, it was a chance blow that turned the trick. He'll never be able to repeat that.

"I made the mistake when I last fought him, of trying to put on too much weight after repeatedly reducing to the light-heavyweight limit, but now I've come to the conclusion that 182 is my best fighting weight and since learning that, I've had six hard fights and have come through triumphantly. I hadn't lost a fight in four years when I met Sharkey, and naturally I felt like the "cock-of-the-walk." There was only one fighter I could see, and he was Tommy Loughran. Sharkey meant nothing to me and there's where I made my second grave error.

"Things have changed since then, however. I've grown stronger, I've learned more and I've added to my boxing technique and with this change, I know I can turn the tables on the Boston Gob."

Whether he can or not, remains to be seen if ever they meet again, but one thing is certain, Tommy Loughran has well earned the plaudits of the fight fans by his remarkable exhibition against two powerful hitters, Max Baer and Ernie Schaaf.

In these days when the fingers of suspicion are cast on almost every fight, and the racketeers, the cheap-skate gamblers, try to pull a great sport down to their own level, it is indeed gratifying to have a Tommy Loughran in the field. His popularity will continue to grow regardless of reverses, because in this bright-eyed, gentlemanly, soft-spoken Philadelphian, boxing has a model that the youth of the land could well afford to follow.

Never has he been mixed in a crooked deal, never has a finger of suspicion been pointed at him. When Tommy Loughran enters the ring, the fans know they will at least be treated to an honest fight and that is why Tommy is more popular today than ever before.

* * *

SOME weeks ago, in Madison Square Garden, Billy Petrolle knocked out King Tut in as hard a punching contest as has been seen in New York in many moons, yet because the under-dog in the betting—Petrolle—came through with a victory, the cry of "fake" was raised. And all because the sharps had been fleeced through the fists of a good fighter.

By what mode of reasoning the members of the New York Boxing Commission and those of Minnesota had reached the conclusion that the fight was framed, I do not know other than that the suspicion of General Phelan, one of New York's members, was aroused by two delayed knockdowns which Tut explained, were caused by an attack of appendicitis.

The operation for appendicitis to which King Tut submitted should settle for all time the wild reports about a "frame-up."

"PURRING," Toughest Sport

Shin-Kicking Contests As Popular As Boxing Among Miners in the Early "Eighties"

By THOMAS F. ERWIN

A shin-kicking contest between miners.

EVER hear of a purring match? Don't know what it is!

No, it's not a game in which two cats purr away at each other to see which can keep it up the longest, but by far the roughest sport that mankind ever devised.

Never heard of it, or saw it, eh!

Well, that's no surprise, for many years have elapsed since one last took place in this country, although every now and then one hears of a purring match in the mining sections of England but minus the deadly spikes. In the old days of bare-knuckle fighting, purring matches divided attention with fist fights in England, and later, this sport became popular in the western mining reservations of this country where any sport on which a wager could be placed, was welcomed.

* * *

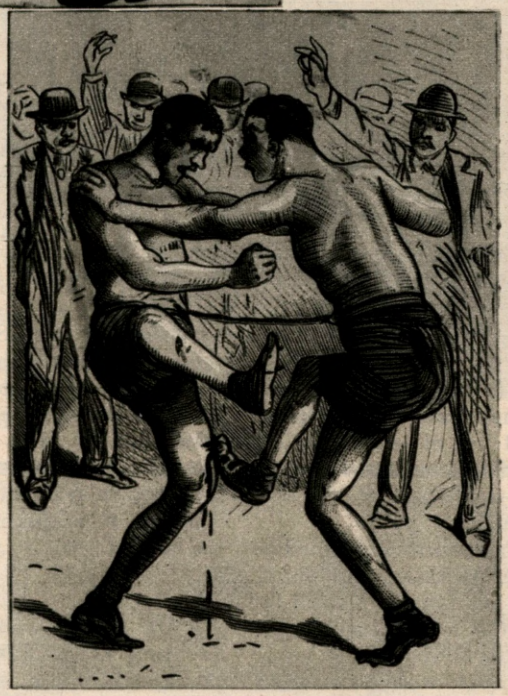
PURRING, or as it was more familiarly known in America, shin-kicking, had its origin in Cornwall, England. It was the chief amusement among the miners. It was a miner who introduced it to a Colorado silver mine camp where it made such a hit that it travelled like wildfire to other sections and soon became the leading week-end pastime.

In the sport of purring, the contestants were stripped as for fighting and each wore shoes that contained spikes similar to the spurs of a fighting cock. Later on, when, as too frequently happened, so much bodily injury resulted that the contestants became fit subjects for the morgue, the spiked shoes were done away with and the sport became purely a shin-kicking affair. An artist's illustration, made at the ringside of both types of purring matches, is here displayed to give our readers an opportunity to see how these matches, which took the place of boxing, were fought.

* * *

IN this country, the leading exponents of the "art" were Tom Leeds and Bill Boody. Their greatest battle was a finish contest which lasted more than an hour.

The rules were simple. A side bet of $10 was made, a referee chosen, and a ring, usually roped off, was selected as the battleground. The men agreed not to purr when an opponent was down and a kick above the knees constituted a foul and entitled the victim to the match and the stakes.



A purring bout, showing the sharp spikes on the shoes of the contestants.

Nothing covered the leg but breeches. The men wore only stockings and the hands could not be used either to grapple or to punch an opponent. The fellow who first cried, "Hold, enough!" was declared the loser.

The experts in purring were clever dancers. They could shift as fast as could a Corbett while boxing. The battle usually was a most gruelling one, with bruises suffered by the contestants such as seldom are met with in a boxing match. Oftimes the legs were bruised and blackened from blows, and frequently one of the contestants suffered from broken bones.

In the struggle between Leeds and Boody, the sight at the finish of the mill was revolting. I saw that contest back in the eighties, and I shall never forget the sight. There was Leeds on the ground with his flesh torn, and bleeding freely; yet he was full of fight. His opponent, likewise, was in a terrible plight.

The purse for which they fought was probably just sufficient to pay for the doctoring of their respective wounds. The crowd, to show its appreciation for the gameness and the extreme courage of the contestants, gathered an amount equal to the stakes and presented each with half of it.

I remember on one occasion out in the silver fields of Colorado the boys struck a rich vein and to celebrate, they spent the week-end in a series of sports. One of the men, a Cornishman with a reputation as an expert in purring, suggested a match, and to oblige, it was necessary for us to bring in a fellow from a camp sixty miles out. On the day of the match the visiting miner brought with him about one hundred of his followers who carried bags of silver for their betting.

The match was fiercely contested with our fellow the winner. So badly cut up was his opponent, that four days later he died. The sheriff, being friendly, simply passed the killing on as a "death from blood poisoning."

Horton Law Was

Harry Hill's Old Concert Hall at Houston and Crosby Streets, New York City, the rendezvous of America's leading sportsmen and boxers in the Horton Law days

DURING the period ante-dating the Horton Law, which went into effect in 1898, and was blotted out in 1900, the question as to where an important contest should take place and where the articles of agreement should be signed was of serious import. For in the benighted days when pugilism was rated by the purists as only a step behind second-story work, it was also a felony to arrange the details of a match.

For that reason the Sullivan-Kilrain agreement was signed in Toronto, Ont., and fought in Richburg, Mississippi on July 8, 1889. This was the contest for which Sullivan was trained by William Muldoon, and it was only the second time in his career that Sullivan entered the ring in fit condition.

The first time he was in proper form was when he defeated Paddy Ryan for the American title on February 7, 1882. This was previous to the long period of fast stepping by the Boston Strong Boy. Therefore, as Muldoon took charge of Sullivan's training at a time when the title holder was in rundown condition, it is apparent that the trainer assumed a difficult task and that he was responsible for the form that enabled Sulivan to beat Kilrain.

The conditions were different when Sullivan met Ryan, as the Bostonian had the American title to gain and little to lose. The match was made in New York City, and Sullivan's backers deposited $500 with Harry Hill, who conducted a resort that seemed immune from police interference.

Hill not only held stakes and made matches, but he also staged short bouts between more or less famous persons in a ring pitched in the center of his place. The articles of agreement for the Sullivan-Ryan contest called for a fight to a finish for $2,500 a side, and the championship of America, which was the only title that Sullivan ever won.

The fight did not take place in a club house. The ring was pitched in front of Barnes' Hotel in Missippi City, and Ryan who was outclassed in all respects, was knocked out in the ninth round. Two referees handled the fight, as the principals were unable to agree on one man. The "third" men in the ring were Col. Alex Brewster and Jack Hardy. Sullivan's umpire was John Moran, of Cincinnati, and his seconds were Joe Goss and Billy Madden, the latter at that time being Sullivan's manager.

Joe Goss, who was in Sullivan's corner, was the ancient battler from whom Paddy Ryan won the American title after a struggle lasting 87 rounds. Ryan's seconds were John Roche, of New York, and Tom Kelly, of St. Louis.

The most noted boxing club in the South was the Olympic, of New Orleans. Charles Noel was the president of this club, and he was the man who staged the Sullivan-Corbett fight on September 7, 1892.

A month after the battle in which Corbett wrested the American championship from Sullivan, a heated argument arose as to the weights of the fighters. In order to definitely settle the question, Nelse Innes, a Boston writer on boxing, and the father of pugilistic records, wrote to the president of the club asking for the facts. In reply, Secretary Rossi replied that President Noel, who attended the weighing in of the battlers, said that Sullivan scaled 212 pounds and Corbett 178 pounds. This was in conformity with the training and appearance of the men previous to their departure for the southern city.

* * *

THE Sullivan-Kilrain fight took place in the open air, the same as the Sullivan-Ryan fight. The ring was pitched close to the town of Richburg, Miss., and the rules called for a fight to a finish with bare knuckles for $5,000 a side. The referee was John Fitzpatrick of New Orleans, and Sullivan's seconds were William Muldoon and Mike Cleary, a middleweight boxer. Sullivan's bottle holder was "Handsome Dan" Murphy.

Kilrain's seconds were Charley Mitchell, of England, and Mike Donovan, of New York. The timekeeper was Tom Costello, of Cleveland.

The Sullivan-Corbett bout was the first glove fight for the heavyweight title, five-ounce gloves being used. The club purse was $25,000, and the side bet $10,000 each. Corbett had the greatest difficulty in getting his side stake assembled in time for the signature of the articles.

The referee was John Duffy, of New Orleans. In Sullivan's corner were his backer, Johnson; Jack McAuliffe, lightweight champion; Joe Lannan, sparring partner; and Phil Casey, the handball expert, who had made a determined but futile effort to train the Bostonian for the combat.

Billy Brady was Corbett's chief second, and the timekeeper was Frank Moran. The closing betting made Sullivan favorite at 3 and 4 to 1. Corbett got first blood in the fifth round, and battered Sullivan down and out in the twenty-first round.

It was also at the Olympic Club that Bob Fitzsimmons took the title of middleweight champion from Nonpareil Jack

Boom to New York

Shifted Centre of Boxing Interest from Clubs in the South

By CHARLES WEBSTER

Dempsey, on January 14, 1891. Five-ounce gloves were used in this battle. Dempsey was the favorite in the betting for the reason that Fitz had not then been completely extended. Dempsey and his backers were of the opinion that Fitz would be unable to make the stipulated weight of 154 pounds ringside.

* * *

THE scales were carried into the ring five minutes before the bout started, and Fitz weighed 150½ pounds to 147½ by Dempsey.

Dempsey was completely outclassed. He was knocked out in the thirteenth round.

Fitz also fought Peter Maher at the Olympic Club, and had a narrow escape from defeat although he managed to last the limit. Maher was so far gone in the twelfth round that his seconds tossed in the sponge.

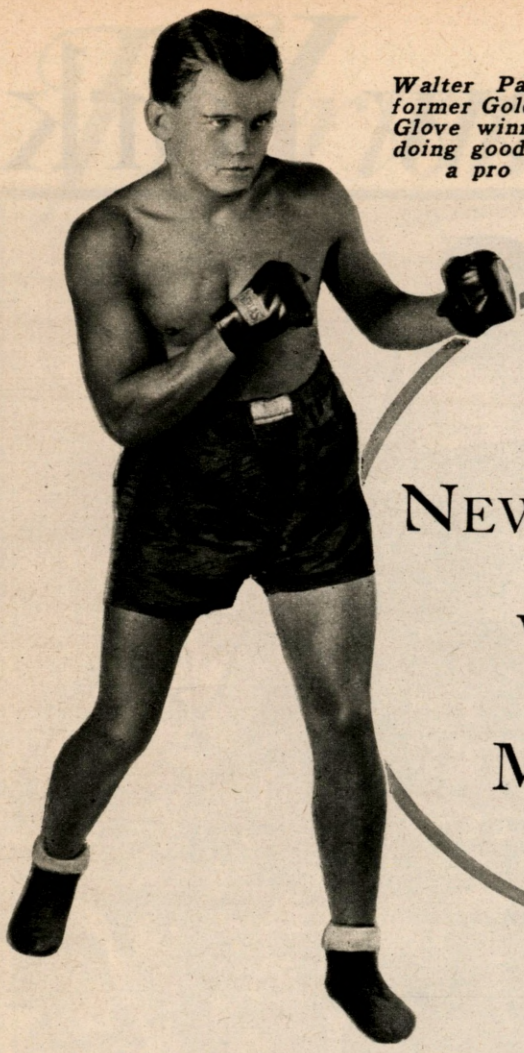
Fitz scored first knockdown and first blood in the first round, but in the fifth round Maher landed on Fitz's jaw and sent him down for a count. It is claimed that one of Fitz's seconds managed to hit the gong and end the round before the count of ten was completed. Fitz recovered during the minute's rest and Maher never had a chance thereafter. Fitz's seconds in that bout were Jimmy Carroll, Joe Choynski and Alex Greggains.

(*Continued on page* 42)

Principals and scene of the John L. Sullivan-Paddy Ryan battle at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882. Upper left insert, "John L." and to his right, his backer, Jim Keenan. Upper right, Richard K. Fox, Ryan's backer and below him, Paddy Ryan

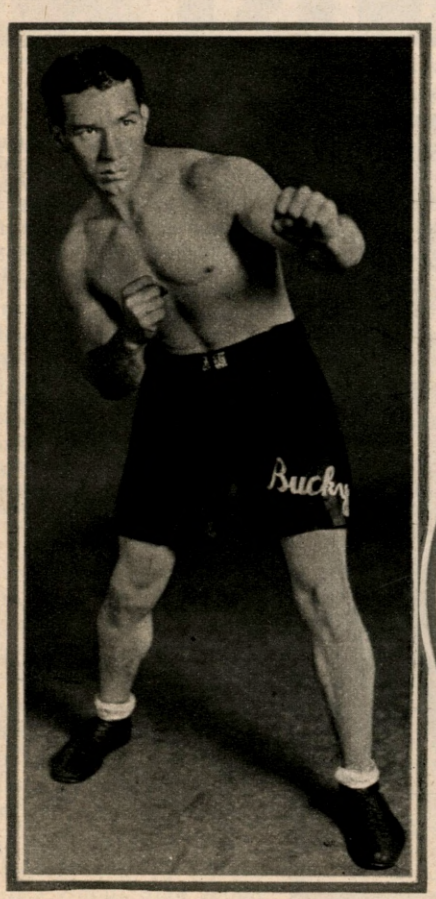
The biggest fistic carnival ever staged in this country was that at new Orleans during the week of the Sullivan-Corbett bout. Here is a scene in front of the Pelican A. C. of New Orleans and the principals in that carnival. No. 1—John L. Sullivan; 2—James J. Corbett; 3—Jack McAuliffe; 4—Billy Meyer; 5—George Dixon: 6—Jack Skelly

BOYS *from* NEW YORK STATE WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

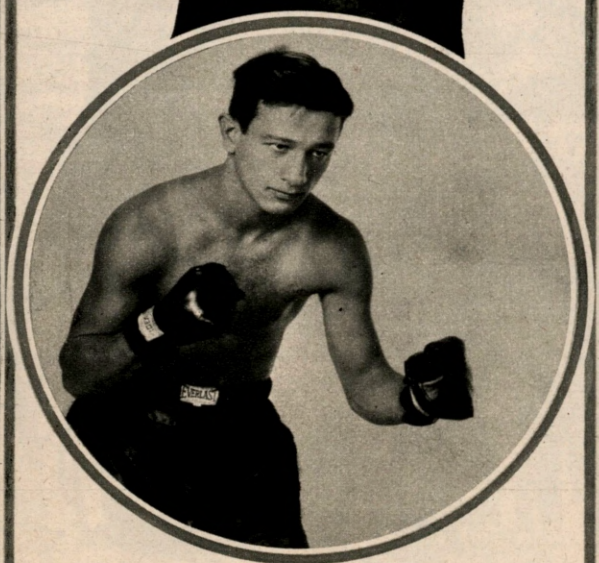


Walter Palm, former Golden Glove winner, doing good as a pro

Yamie Katz. Buffalo's fast-rising 130 pounder

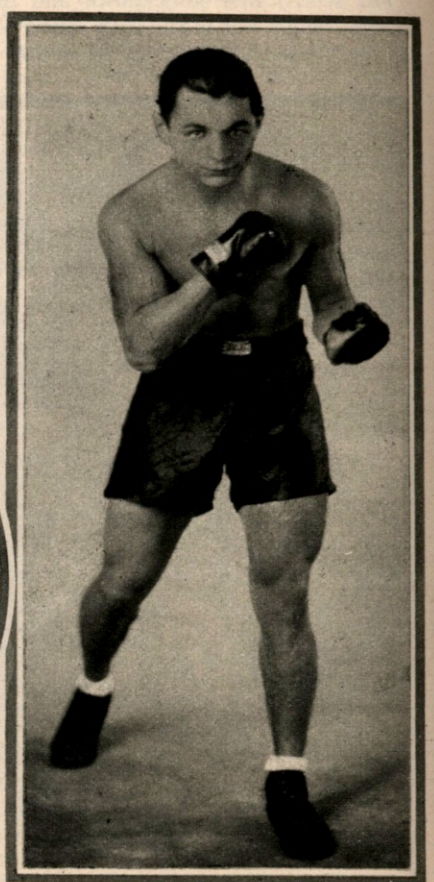


Bucky Lawless, welterweight star from Auburn

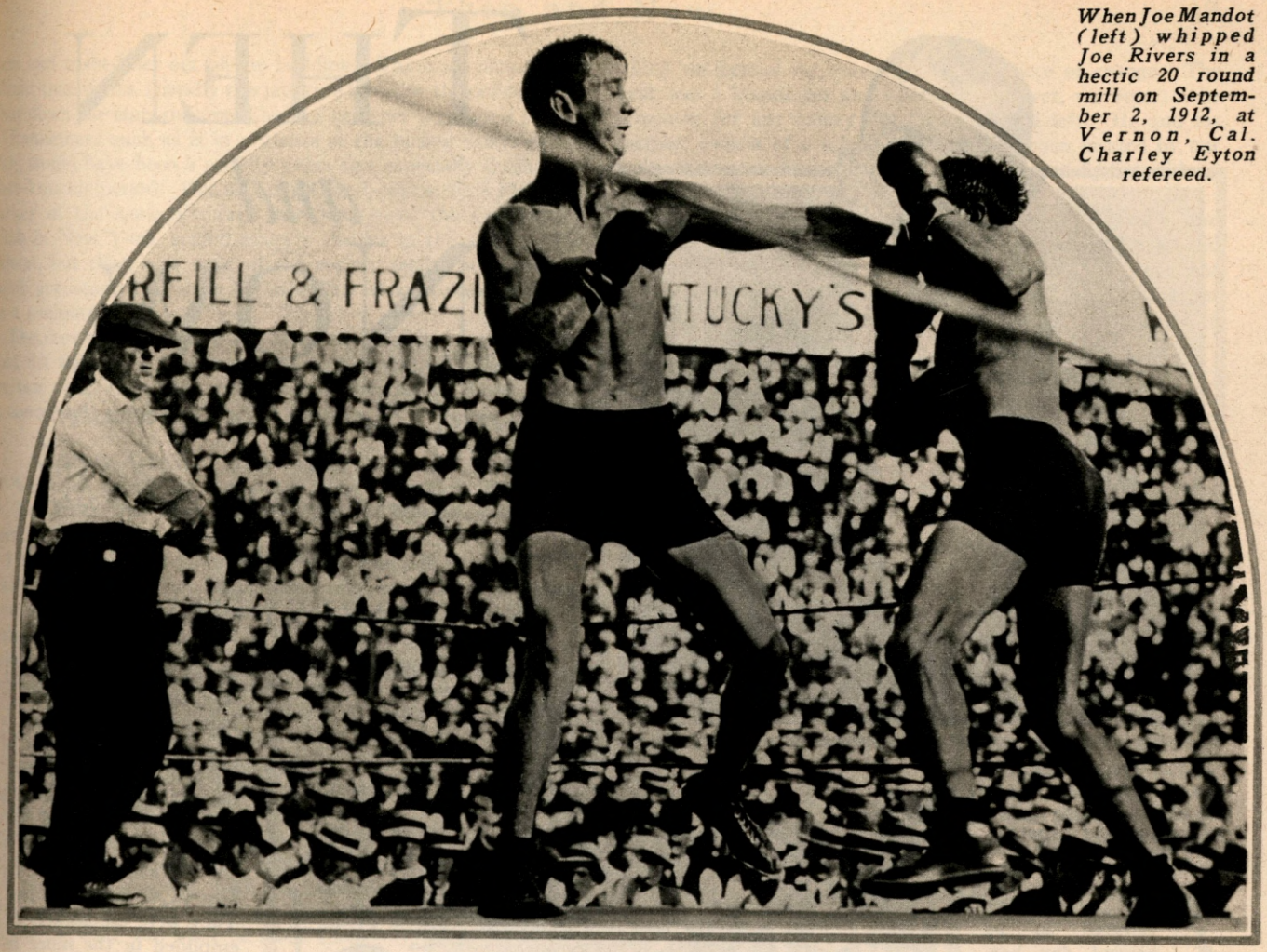


Top—Lew Scozza, Buffalo's good light-heavyweight

In Circle—Lew Farber, Brooklyn's crack bantamweight



Johnny Gaito, former amateur star from Yonkers



When Joe Mandot (left) whipped Joe Rivers in a hectic 20 round mill on September 2, 1912, at Vernon, Cal. Charley Eyton refereed.

Famous Fights Recalled

SERIES
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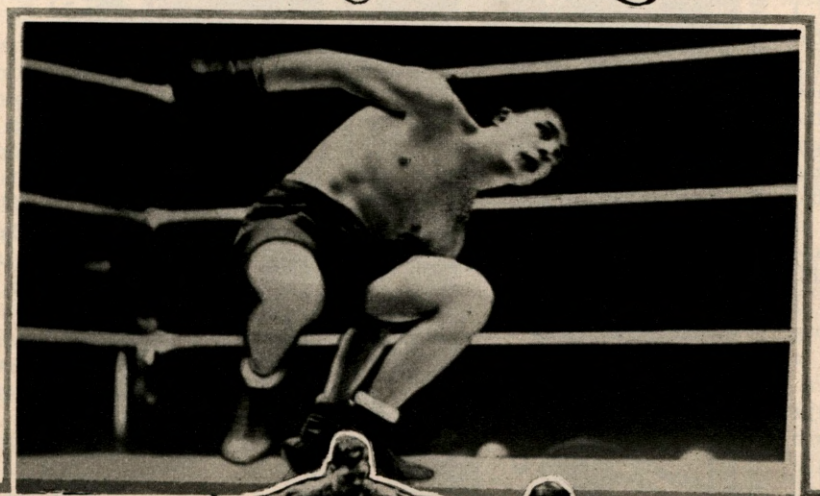
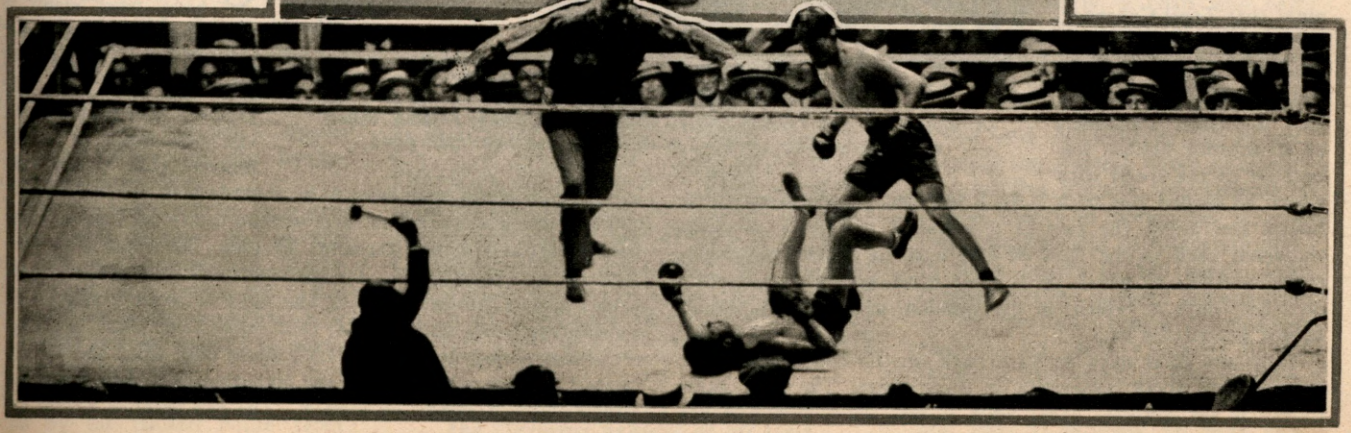


Right: Just before a freak K. O. This photo shows Earl Mastro going down in the ninth round of his bout with Bud Taylor in Chicago, December 27, 1929. In the following round both fell to the mat and Bud wrenched his back. Earl won the decision when Taylor couldn't continue.

Below: Jimmy Slattery received a setback at the hands of Dave Shade on July 2, 1925, at the Polo Grounds, the Buffalo lad being knocked out in the third.



THEN *and* NOW

Charley Harvey, in reminiscent mood, delves into the "long ago". Calls Jem Driscoll, the master boxer

By CHARLEY HARVEY

Charley Harvey as he looked when he was one of the leading fight managers and sports announcers

I HAVE often been referred to by present day boxing writers as the dean of the fight managers, but I refuse to accept this honor for I honestly believe that silver-haired Tom O'Rourke in the East and Biddy Bishop in the northwest, both of whom, like myself, are still doing business at the old stand of handling the reins of promising boxers, take precedence. But I'm willing to concede that I should have a place among the oldest five from a point of view of service.

I was sitting at the ringside in Madison Square Garden on the night that Tony Canzoneri knocked out Al Singer and I was somewhat jolted by the result. Not that I regard Canzoneri as an inferior fighter, but because of the speed with which he turned the trick. As I watched the dethroned title holder reel about the ring in a stupified state, my thoughts wandered back to the days of long ago, to lightweight championship fights in which thrill after thrill kept the spectators on edge; days in which, in my opinion, a superior brand of fighter graced the ring.

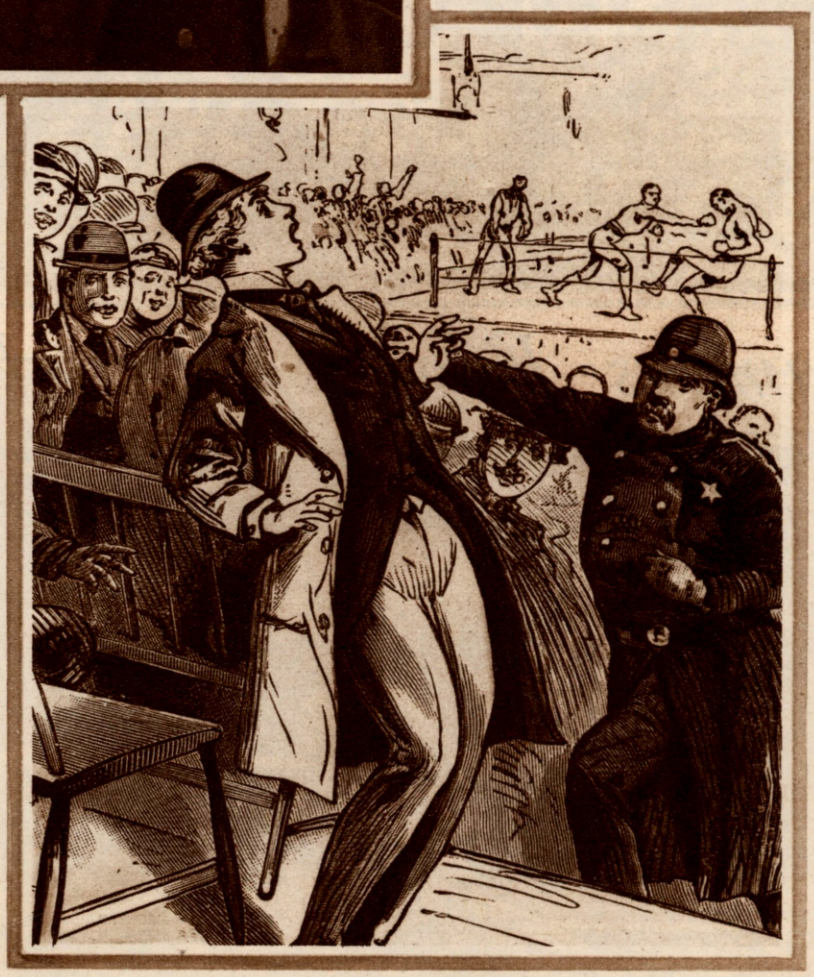
They are good days to look back on, to laugh about and even to talk about, especially in these times. The fight game to-day is far different from what it was when I was in my youth and early manhood. The sport as a whole is better regulated, has a finer, more refined lot of boys in it, is more commercialized and has a more scientific lot of boxers, but when it comes to the hitters, give me the fellows of days long past. They were the sockers exemplified in the more recent period by such men as Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Charley White and our own Jimmy McLarnin.

The greatest blessing the sport ever got, was in being legalized in twenty-nine states. The institution of boxing commissions is what saved boxing from passing out, just as the support of the commissions throughout the country now will overpower the racketeering element and save the sport again.

* * *

CHANGES? Yes, there have been many in the past forty years and all for the betterment of boxing. One of the greatest assets the sport can now boast of, is the interest that women take in fights, a game that was once regarded as for men only.

Years ago it was a crime for a woman to attend a show. Some came disguised in the garments of men, but when they were spotted, out they went. I remember well an incident at the Coney Island Athletic Club at the fight between Young Griffo and Horace Leeds on March 4, 1895, when Ellen Clark, a character of that period, got into the club house and, when she became excited, her screech attracted the attention of a policeman, and immediately there was an uproar. The cop grabbed her by the



A scene at the Griffo-Leeds battle in Coney Island when the police discovered a woman among the fight fans

arm and rushed her out of the building. The management was afraid that if this friendly cop reported the case, the police might shut down the club and urged him to keep her presence a secret.

Refinement such as is in evidence at the boxing shows of to-day, would have been a novelty years ago, especially during the bare-knuckle period. Out on Long Island, where Sime Flaherty, father of the same Flaherty who now owns the Queensboro Club in New York, staged many a thriller in the arbor of his saloon, but there was none of the society setting we have become accustomed to since the late Tex Rickard took the helm as a promoter.

The crowds were rough and often the gambling was so tense that fist fights and shootings were of frequent occurance. But we saw fights then that seldom are duplicated, so far as action is concerned, nowadays.

* * *

I'VE been asked by my friend, Nat Fleischer, The RING Editor, to give RING readers a little of my history, so here goes:

I started dabbling in boxing when I was still a youth. Professional boxing wasn't legal, hence any one who had a good amateur, could keep his charge quite busy by entering him in the legal, A. A. U. tournaments for valuable prizes. I started with a fellow named Johnny Gorman, a 126 pounder and such success did I have with him, that at the age of sixteen I found myself the head of the famous Star A. C. over in Long Island, a famous club.

It was in a place that to-day would be called a dump, for there were no accommodations for proper training, everything being of the crudest. When a fellow wanted a shower bath, he would climb out of a window into an alley adjoining the club, and while he stood there, four of us would take a tub of water and pour it out of the window over his body.

Later I took over the management of another featherweight, an amateur called Percy McIntyre, a New York truck driver who carried a hefty wallop. Every time I entered him in a tournament, he insisted that he be entered in every class, so confident was he, and I did. On one occasion he won the 125, 135 and 145 pound prizes and lost the heavyweight decision by a hairline. He turned pro later but couldn't make good.

In those days, a good fighter was the hero of the sports world and it wasn't unusual to pick up good men, tough 'uns. It certainly was much easier to find them then than now. Martin Flaherty was the first professional fighter to come under my wings and since then I've handled several hundred, among them some of the world's best.

Flaherty was a corker. Wish I had one in tow like him to-day! I'd reap a fortune and retire. I also had Marty McCue, present New York Assemblyman.

Here is an illustration of the conditions which prevailed in many sections at the time, but don't happen any longer because of the boxing commission supervision.

I took Flaherty up to Hartford to fight Oscar Gardner and on the same card, in the semi-final, Marty McCue took on a tough one. We had heard about the usual free-gate at the club and we decided to force everyone to fork up.

We kept a close watch and were elated by the packed house from which we figured we would get a good piece of change. The fight was a humdinger and when all was over, we went to the promoter for our money but found he had left. He and his partner, owners of a saloon in town, were soon located by our group and we made our demands quite emphatically but without success.

Flaherty and McCue then threatened to start trouble and aided by myself and the fourth member of our party, we did get started and it ended disastrously for the promoters, but still we went home that night without as much as getting our carfare. This came under the head of the gamble we had to take in the old days.

* * *

IT was back in 1905 that I first became interested in British boys and from then to the present day, I have handled more famous English fighters than any other manager in this country. I went to London to show the Britt-Nelson fight pictures and remained five months during which time I made fine connections and as soon as I returned and settled down to business, I began to send over for the British stars.

The first fellow I had was Johnny Summers, then lightweight champion of England. That was back in 1907. How times have changed!

There was I with the best fighter at his weight in Europe, and yet I could not obtain a fight for him in New York and had to carry on in the sticks!

To get our expenses, we arranged for fights in Poughkeepsie, Passaic and other small sections, yet a fellow of Summers' ability to-day would reap a fortune. We were glad to draw down $200 for our end then, but to-day, a Johnny Summers would be worth a minimum of $5,000 anywhere he went and would carry off from $10,000 to $15,000 in a Garden battle.

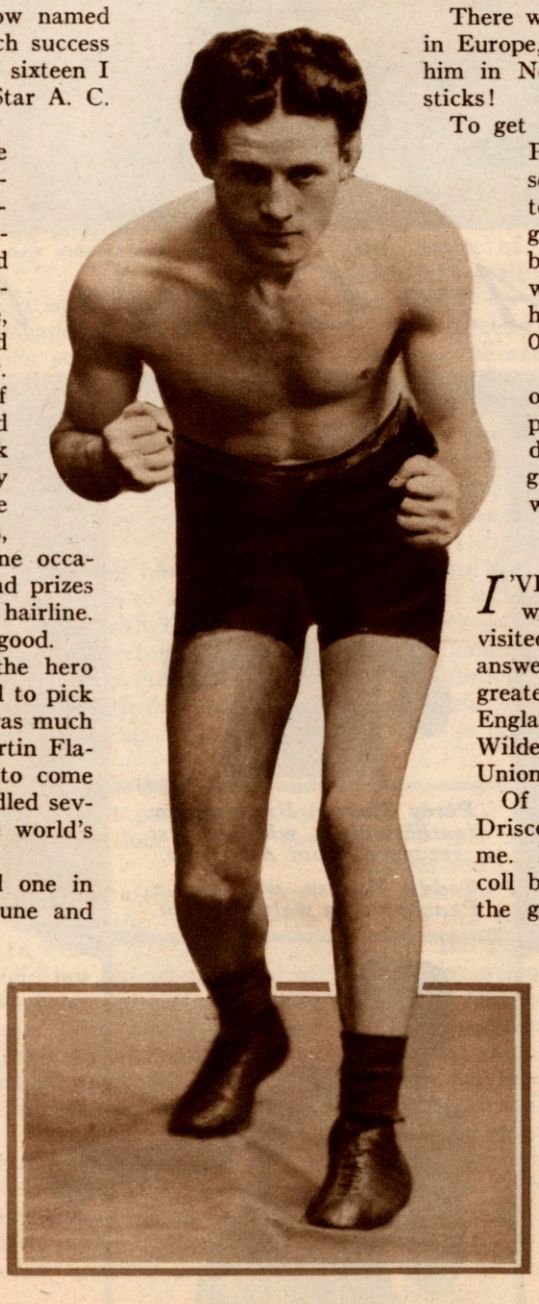
I later brought on Owen Moran, another great English fighter who would be packing 'em in were he in his prime to-day. Jack Harrison, Matt Wells, the great Jem Driscoll and later Tom Henney, were among by best bets.

* * *

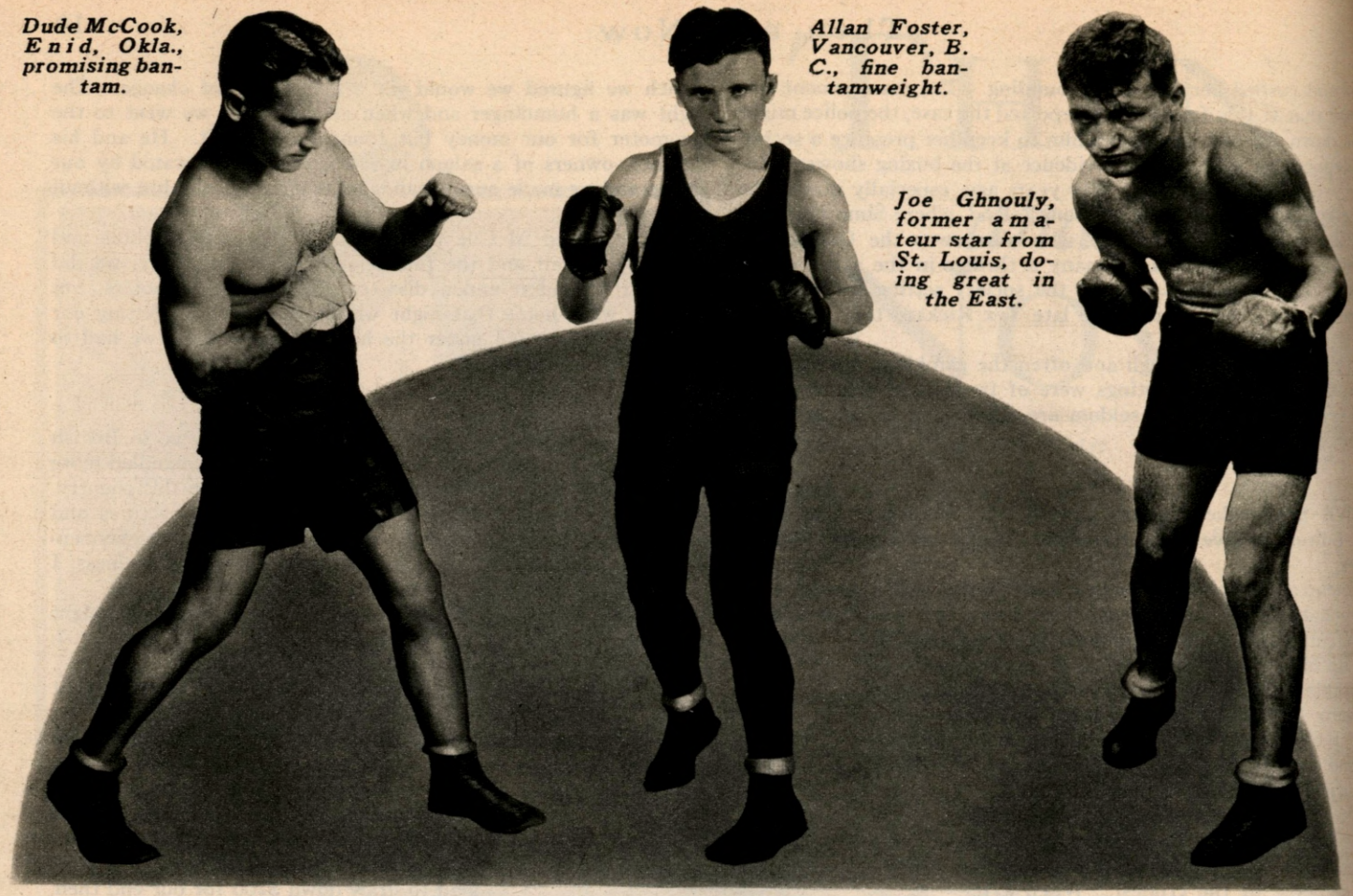
I'VE often been asked who in my opinion was the greatest English fighter that ever visited these shores and I never hesitated to answer, "Driscoll". He and Moran were the greatest little ring men ever developed in England and with Freddy Welsh and Jimmy Wilde, they brought fame and glory to the Union Jack.

Of all the fighters I've managed, I liked Driscoll best. It was a personal matter with me. I took a deep, fatherly interest in Driscoll because he was a gentleman who played the game honestly, fairly, a chap who had such a lovable character that you only had to meet him once to like him. As a boxer, I've often heard it said that Freddy Welsh and Jimmy Wilde were his masters, but in my opinion, the greatest boxer since the days of Jim Corbett, was Driscoll.

The science of boxing lies in hitting, stopping and getting away and in these phases of the sport, Jem Driscoll was the master. He was one of the prettiest boxers in modern times. All that Jimmy Wilde showed in cleverness, he learned from Driscoll, whom Wilde adored. When one con- (*Continued on page* 44)



Jem Driscoll, rated by Harvey one of the cleverest fighters of all time

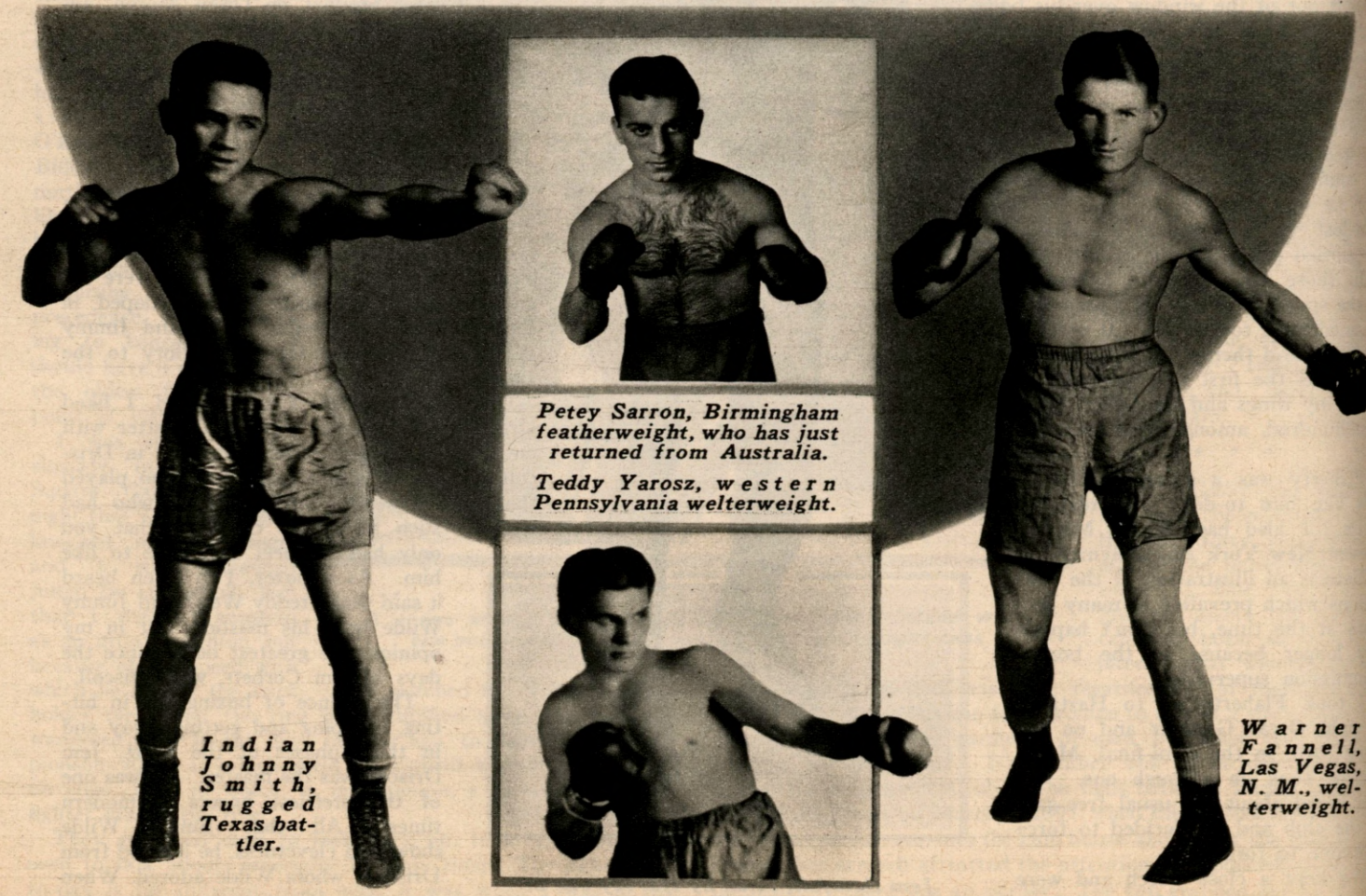


Dude McCook, Enid, Okla., promising bantam.

Allan Foster, Vancouver, B. C., fine bantamweight.

Joe Ghnouly, former amateur star from St. Louis, doing great in the East.

Boys Who Are Coming to the Fore

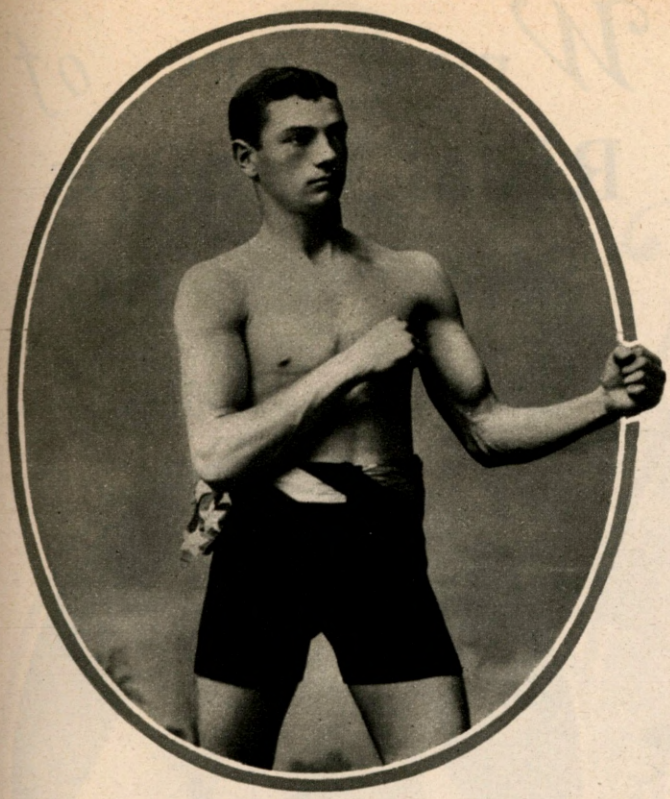


Petey Sarron, Birmingham featherweight, who has just returned from Australia.

Teddy Yarosz, western Pennsylvania welterweight.

Indian Johnny Smith, rugged Texas battler.

Warner Fannell, Las Vegas, N. M., welterweight.



Kid McCoy, the inventor of the "corkscrew" punch

KID McCOY'S "BENEFIT"

How "Unknown," Accepting Challenge, Trimmed Selby in His Own Home Town

By EARL McKEE

(This is the second instalment of a series of reminiscences on great old-time fighters whom Mr. McKee has seen, not necessarily in action in the ring, but in exhibitions, as "actors" in stage dramas and in their daily life.)

IT was just thirty-six years ago last December, at English's Opera House in Indianapolis, that a "benefit" was given for an Indianapolis youngster who had acquired a measure of local fame through cleverness with the padded mitts. Norman Selby was the boy's name according to an inscription in the family Bible, but the young fighter had adopted as a nom de guerre the name of Kid McCoy. This choice of a ring name was indeed a strange one, for at that very time one Kid McCoy was the country's most notorious bank robber.

Selby, or McCoy as we shall hereafter call him, was in no immediate need of funds, but he craved a trip to South Africa, which at that time was enjoying a boom with the discovery of the diamond mines and had drawn prospectors, soldiers of fortune, gamblers and other such gentry from the four corners of the globe. Fighting was a popular sport with this crowd, and the few fighters on the scene were cleaning up fat purses for those days.

It was the idea of McCoy's friends to raise the railroad and boat fare to South Africa through a benefit performance, of which the Kid's great pal, Sack Grace, the Globe Trotter, was to be in charge.

The affair was a huge success, for shortly after McCoy and Grace left for South Africa. But it is of the climax of the "benefit" performance that I want to write.

The promoters of the "benefit" did not put on the kind of program that would be staged nowadays. Instead vaudeville, or specialty acts as they then were called, featured. There were some professional acts and some by amateurs, the entire being topped with a four-round glove exhibition between McCoy and one Joe Foppiano, a local Italian boxer of some promise.

A packed house greeted the performers. I sat up in the top gallery, called "nigger heaven" in those days. Everything went along fine, and when the time came for the evening's feature a drop was pulled, disclosing a flimsy ring, a board floor, four posts and some clothesline fastened around these posts.

The hero of the evening, resplendent in full white silk tights and with an American flag for a belt, came out from the wings and stepped through the frail ropes into the ring amid the wild cheers of the audience. McCoy bowed graciously. The master of ceremonies stepped to the footlights, raised his hand for silence and delivered the bad news that Foppiano had injured his right hand during the day and would be unable to meet McCoy. As the audience began to murmur its displeasure, the announcer hurriedly conferred with McCoy and then again came to the footlights to bellow:

"Ladies and Gents—Thanking you one and all for your presence here tonight, Mr. McCoy says he will meet anyone from the audience, and, furthermore, will give fifty dollars to any man who stays four rounds with him."

There was a moment's silence. The spectators seemed to scan the entire house. About three minutes lapsed when suddenly from down in the center of the "family circle," a man arose and called out: "I'll fight him!"

All eyes were concentrated on the challenger as the master of ceremonies invited him on the stage. The stranger went around through a stage box and presently appeared in the glare of the stage lights.

"Who is he?" was the query pressed by all.

* * *

A FEW words with the new comer, and the announcer then stepped in front near the orchestra pit and said: "Ladies and Gentleman, John Smith, of Chicago, has consented to tackle the Kid."

This was greeted with a laugh, as there was no such fighter before the public by that name. And he didn't look like a fighter by a long shot. However, the spectators settled back to watch McCoy murder this upstart.

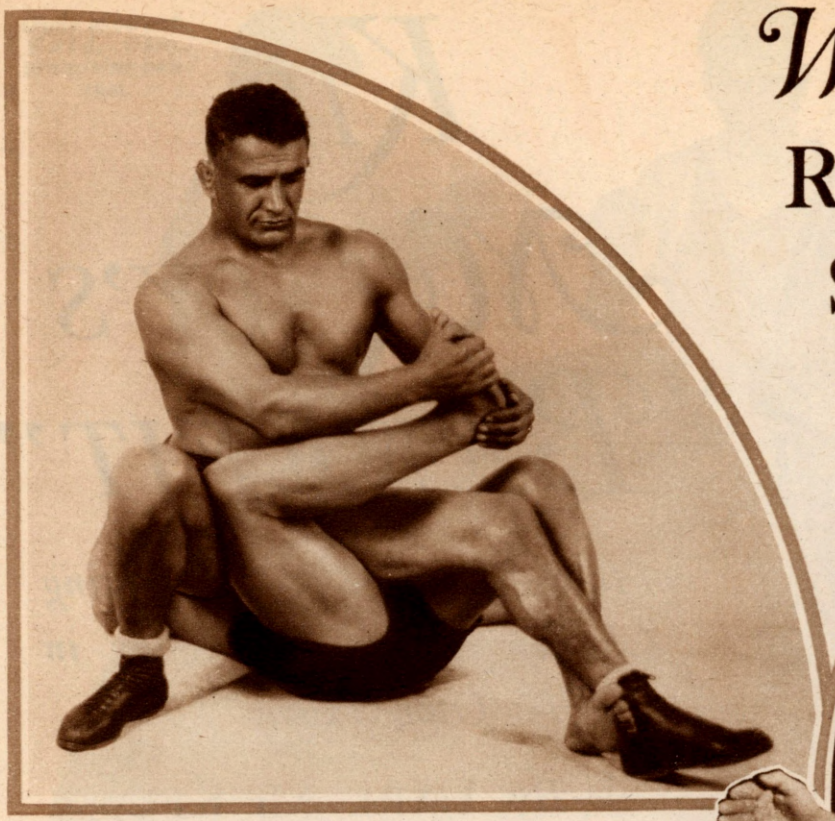
The challenger, this fellow with iron nerve, was taken to a dressing room and fitted out with trunks, shoes and gloves, and on his return to the stage he was hustled into the ring with McCoy. The referee appeared, gave them their instructions and loudly called "Time."

They stepped to the center of the ring, and the stranger didn't look scared as he squared off. McCoy immediately let loose a couple of terriffic swings, which "Smith" cleverly ducked.

"Come on and fight; I won't hit you hard," said McCoy, laughingly.

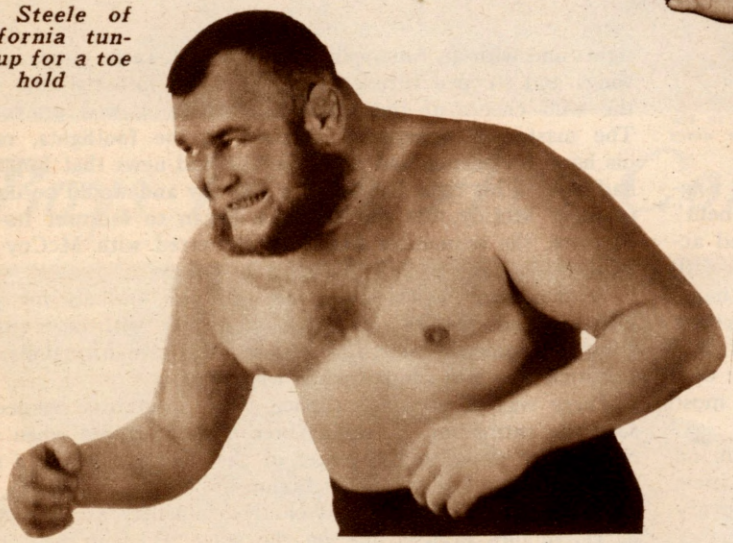
Hardly had the words left McCoy's (*Continued on page* 45)

Wrestlers of Rival Groups Showing in New York

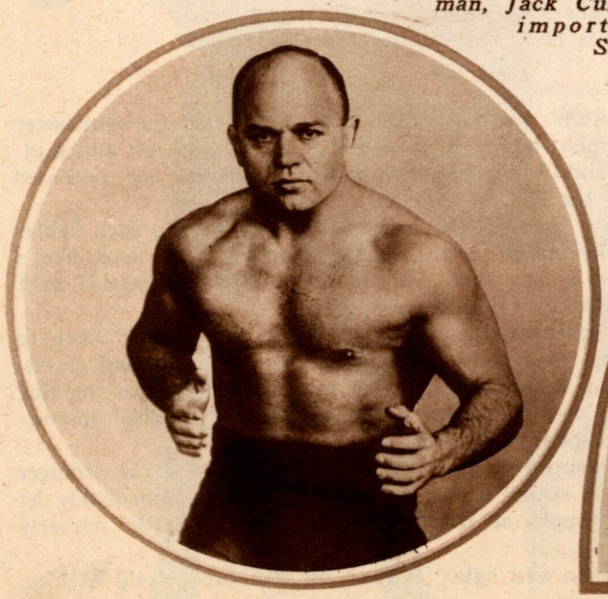


Ray Steele of California tuning up for a toe hold

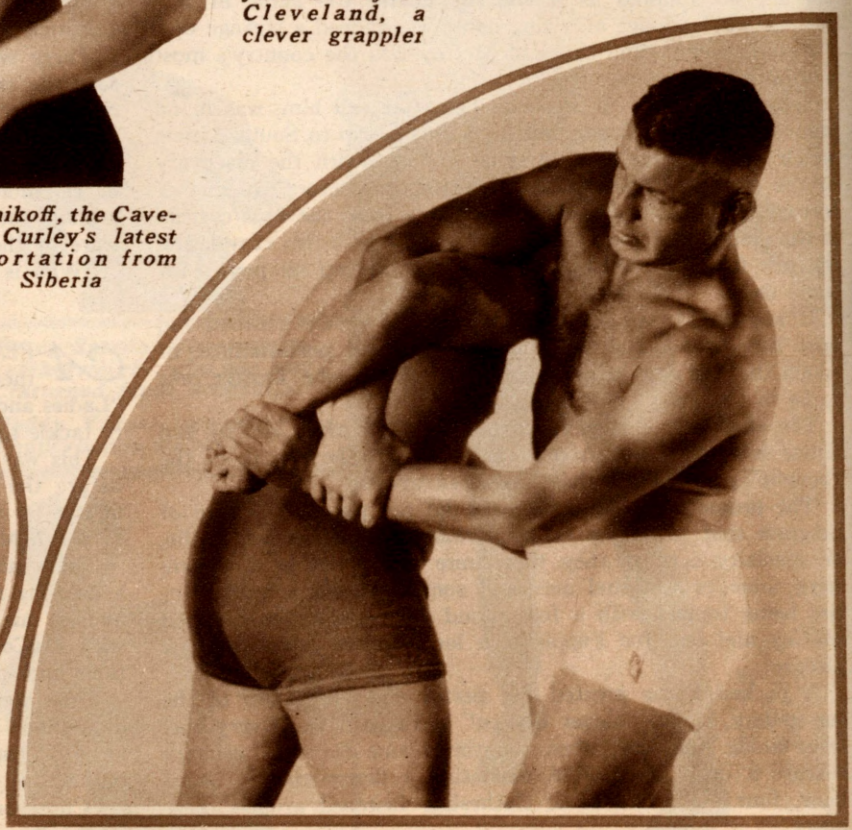
Jack Sherry of Cleveland, a clever grappler



Sergei Kalmikoff, the Caveman, Jack Curley's latest importation from Siberia



Count George Zarynoff of Ukrania



Jim McMillen, one of America's greatest mat artists, who recently was downed by Jim Londos

JEWISH WRESTLING STAR

Herb Freeman First of His Race to Gain National Prominence in Mat Sport

By JACK CURLEY

America's Leading Wrestling Promoter

Herb Freeman, king of Jewish wrestlers, using a headlock on an opponent.

Here we see Freeman preparing his man for a finishing toss.

"GIVE me a Jewish fighter who can be built up into a challenger for the heavyweight championship and I'll show you the man who will bring back the million dollar gate."

The late Tex Rickard was talking.

The time—following a message from Jack Dempsey that he would not attempt another comeback.

The place—Madison Square Garden's spacious executive office of the world's greatest promoter.

Tex had been trying to get Dempsey to lay claim to the title abdicated by Gene Tunney, so that the garden wizard could then bring the erstwhile Manassa Mauler back in the role of the defender of the heavyweight crown against all comers. The newspaper boys, having seen an Associated Press dispatch to this effect from Los Angeles, flocked to Tex's office to get the "low-down".

"Yes, it's true," remarked Rickard. "He turned me down and I'll now have to lay plans for a special heavyweight elimination tourney to decide Tunney's successor."

Several names were mentioned of those who would be eligible, and among them was that of Armand Emanuel. A few weeks previous to Dempsey's decision, the newspapers were full of glowing reports of a great Jewish light-heavyweight of Los Angeles, who, at Dempsey's suggestion, had been matched with George La Rocco on the Tunney-Dempsey preliminary card at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, but didn't show much. Dempsey had an interest in this young college lad who was finishing a law course and so had Jim Corbett, because the boy was a Native Son, and when Emanuel began to climb, they broadcast the statement that, in him, boxing would soon have a champion.

"That's the man I'd like to see come through. We must build him up and I'll get him to show for the Garden," said Tex. "If Emanuel comes through my dream will come true. We've never had a Jewish heavyweight world champion and the only one of note in twenty-five years was Joe Choynski. A Jewish heavyweight king will bring back the million dollar gate.

And there is no doubt that Tex was right. Such a champion would be a magnate. He would supply the missing link for a return of fistic prosperity.

* * *

AND so it is with wrestling. Jack Curley, king of American promoters knows what a tremendous asset a Jewish wrestling star is. In wrestling, more so than in any other sport, there is exceptionally keen racial rivalry. When Jim Londos, the present champion, is on a New York programme, it seems that every Greek lover of the sport is out in force, to see him in action.

The Russians have their Kirilerko, (*Continued on page* 42)

The CHAMPION

A scene in Madison Square Garden, New York City, McMillen in their return engagement. The photo was New York

The champion applying a painful headlock

To Be the Jack Dempsey of of Jim Londos—Dreams

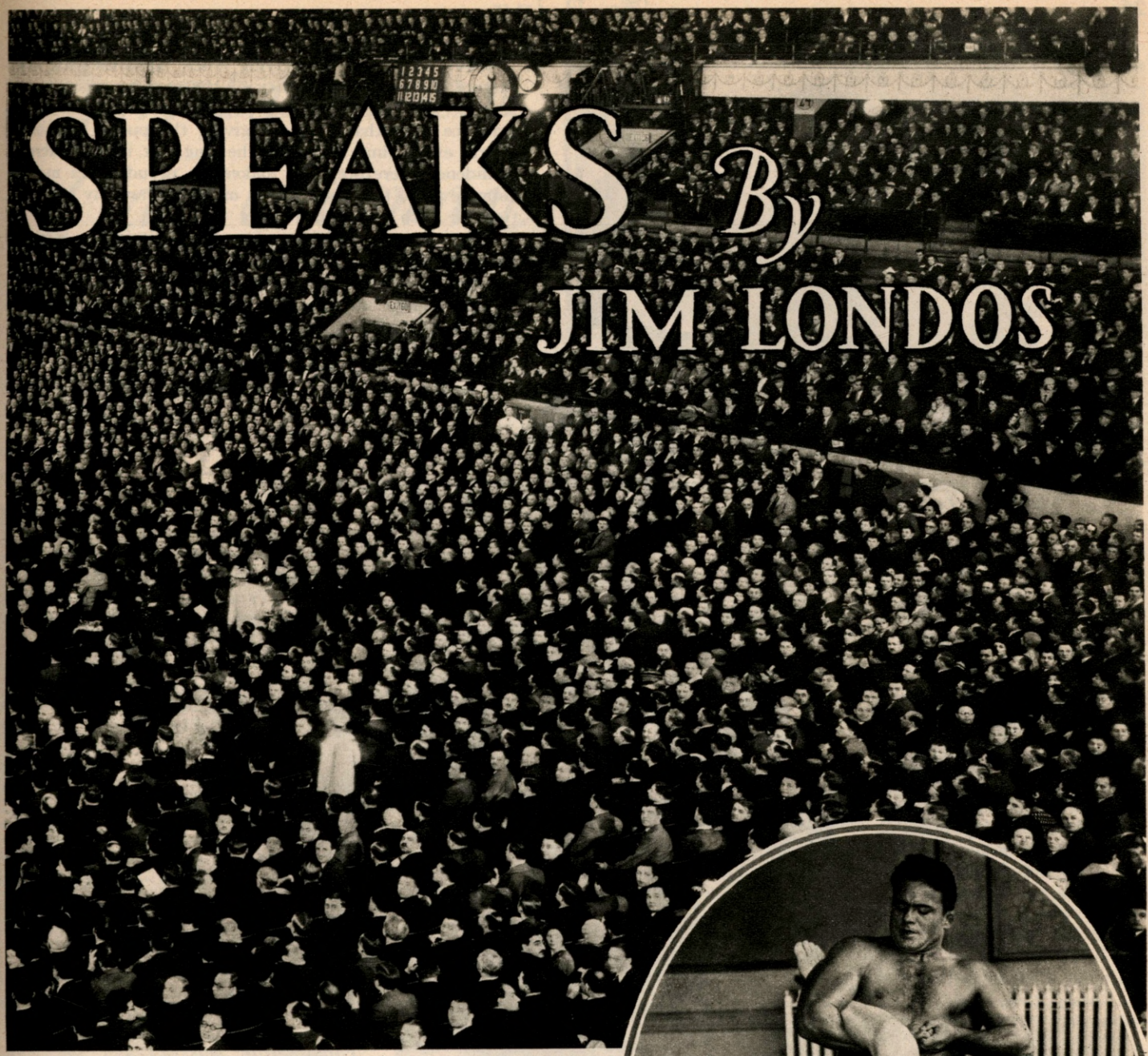
I WAS recently approached by the Editor of THE RING, the finest magazine on boxing and wrestling that has ever appeared in this country, and was asked to write a story for his readers on the sport which I love so dearly.

"Tell them about the thrills you get out of wrestling—how you feel when you hear the 'roar of the crowd'—what your reactions are when you find yourself butted in the stomach with a flying tackle or tossed over the ropes into the lap of the newspapermen," said the Editor.

Well, this is quite an assignment and since my vocation is wrestling and not writing, the task is doubly difficult. However, I might as well dig in right from the start and say to my legion of followers that I am mighty proud to be the heavyweight champion wrestler of the world. I am exceedingly happy to be able to fill the shoes occupied by such famous mat stars as Muldoon, Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Bauer, Whistler, Jenkins, Roeber, Mahmout, Yussiff, Dr. Roller, Americus, Stanislaus Zbyszko and others, not to mention the ancient Grecian immortals—Theseus and Milo of Crotona.

I wouldn't change places with the dictator of Greece, my

SPEAKS By JIM LONDOS



where 21,885 persons paid $60,000 to see Londos and taken by the Century Photographers, E. J. Kelty, City

the Mat Sport, is the Ambition of a Million Dollar Gate

Here Londos is showing a variation of the leg split

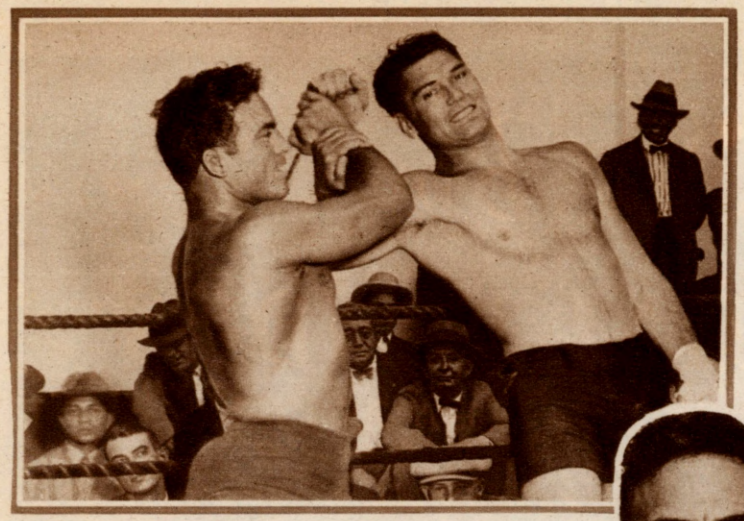
beloved country, nor Premier Mussolini, and, although I hate to say it, I wouldn't change places even with President Hoover. Of course, being born in far-off Argos, near Patros, Greece, I couldn't qualify for the post now occupied by Hoover, but being world wrestling king gives me sufficient glory.

* * *

THERE is only one more ambition which I cherish—to become in my field, what Jack Dempsey is to the sport of boxing—the popular hero, the idol of wrestling—and with that the hope that some day I may realize my dream to be the means for bringing to wrestling the million-dollar gate.

There is no getting away from the fact that the sport is going over with a bang these days and that thousands of persons who hitherto had been regarding us as clowns, have come to realize that we professional wrestlers are artists who strive to please by giving the public the thrills which cannot be obtained in any other sport.

What is the reason for this sudden rise in wrestling interest? There are several. First and foremost is the fact that the promoters, especially Jack Curley, the leader, have come to



Illustrating on Jack Dempsey the bone-crushing Japanese arm-lock

realize that the hippodromes which took place under the guise of wrestling and were staged by unscrupulous persons who were more eager to gather in the shekels than to protect the game, is a thing of the past.

They may still be practiced in some centers, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time, and the failure of such shows to click, is sufficient evidence that to carry on, the wrestling promoter must arrange his cards with top-notch talent and the grapplers must give their best. That, in my opinion, is one of the primary reasons why Jack Curley and his efficient aids, Rudy Miller and Jack Pfeffer, have brought order out of chaos in the sport and have gained the public confidence.

* * *

I'VE been told by my manager, Ed White, that the sudden popularity of wrestling may also be explained by the popularity of the champion. Of course, I do not want to extol myself, yet to be honest about it, I do believe that my ability, my character, my personal magnetism, have aided considerably. At least so I am told by the newspapermen and the promoters, and I'm willing to give them the benefit of the doubt and agree. I know my friends won't consider me egotistic on this account.

How do I feel when I face a gathering of 22,000 persons such as watched me successfully defend my crown against Jim McMillen in Madison Square Garden recently? Well, how would you feel if you were cheered to the echo as I was? A pleasant sensation? What a query! I wouldn't give that up for all the money in the world.

Why? Because underlying such applause are two factors: first—the popularity of the man so greeted; and second, the fact that such popularity would not be in evidence were that man not giving the public his honest efforts every time he enters the ring. It is that extreme confidence therefore, that makes me proud, gives me the courage to go forth and win in order to show my appreciation for such unbounded faith.

What are my reactions when I get hit in the stomach with the force of a tornado? A rather sickening one. To realize the effort of such a blow, imagine that Jack Dempsey has sunk his fist as only he can, into your mid-section and then double the force and you'll get what I mean. When a fellow like McMillen, well versed in football tackling, takes a flying start and comes in, head-on, he strikes with greater force than any fighter would obtain through the use of his fist at close range because of the additional momentum.

* * *

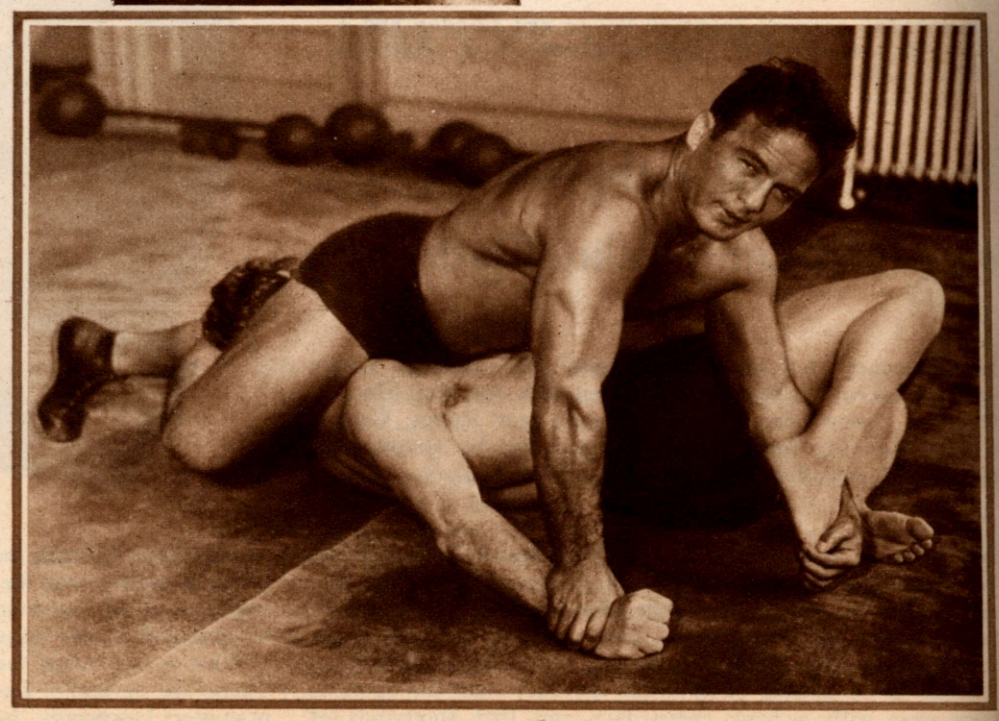
YET, that is all part of the game and to be a top-notch wrestler, we must take the good with the bad without letting out a squirm.

I have often been hurled over the ropes prior to the enactment of the New York State Commission rules which now prevent one wrestler from tossing another outside the ring. On two occasions I landed on the concrete floor of the arena.

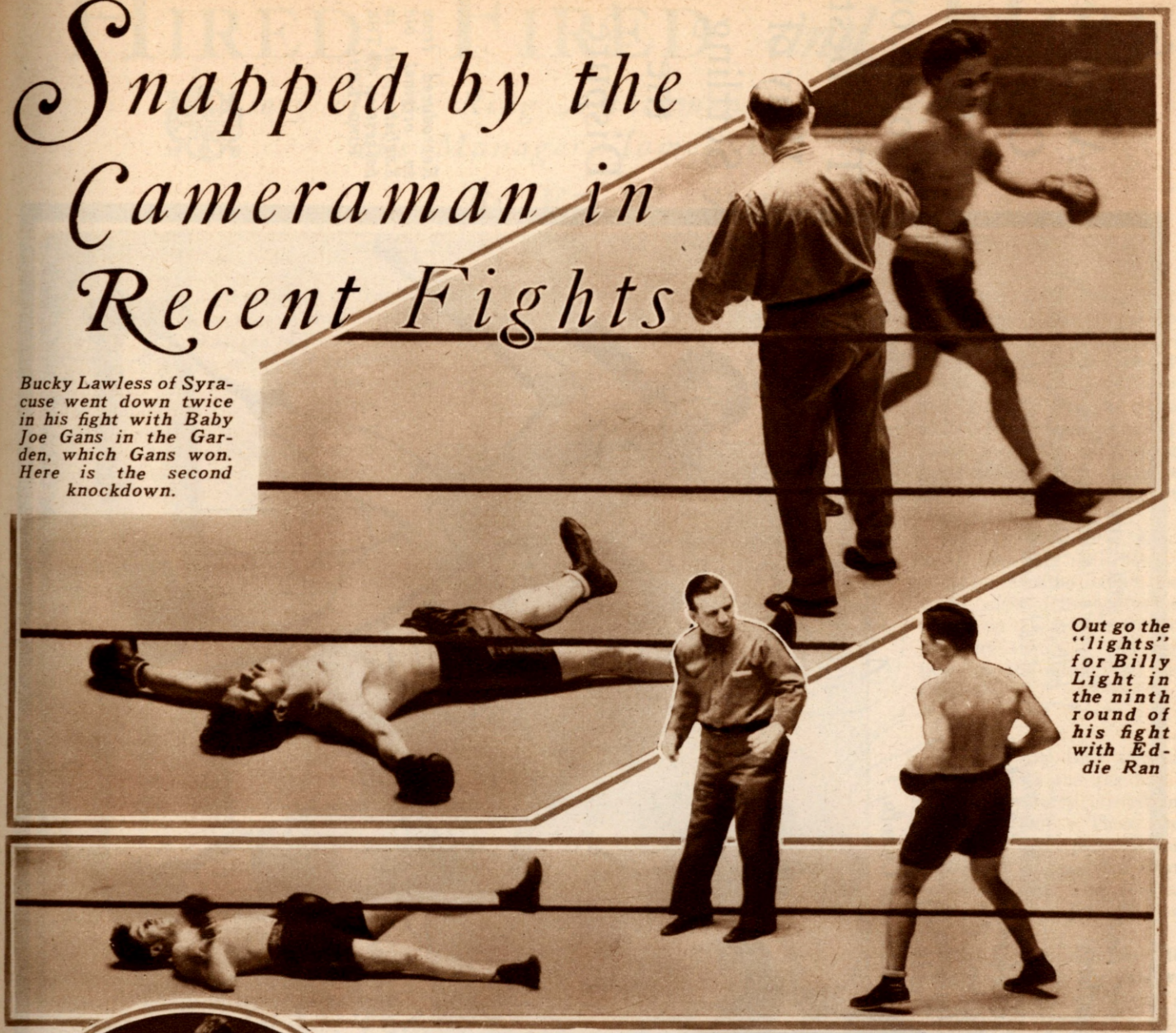
Naturally, the sensation was not a pleasant one, but by means of quick thinking, I always avoided injury. Incidentally, in my opinion, there is no sport I know of that requires such quick thinking, if one is to be successful, as wrestling. To that I attribute much of the success of myself and my colleagues, most of them (*Continued on page* 44)

Left: Wearing the belt awarded him when he won the world's championship

Below: Jim Londos illustrating a combination scissors and toe hold



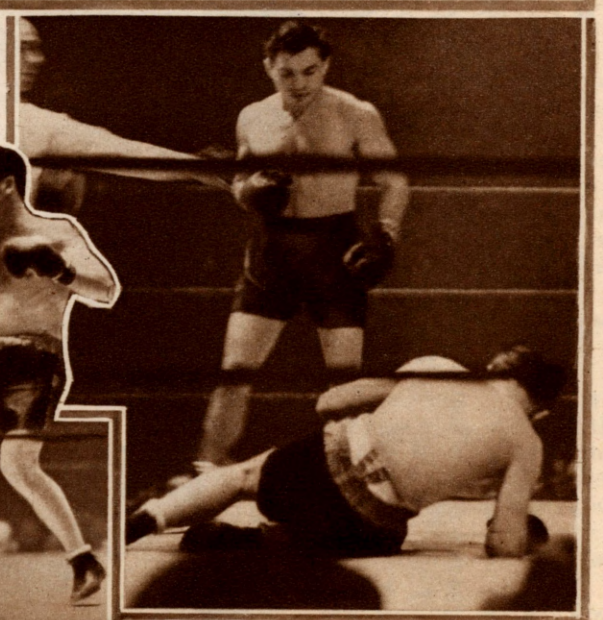
Snapped by the Cameraman in Recent Fights



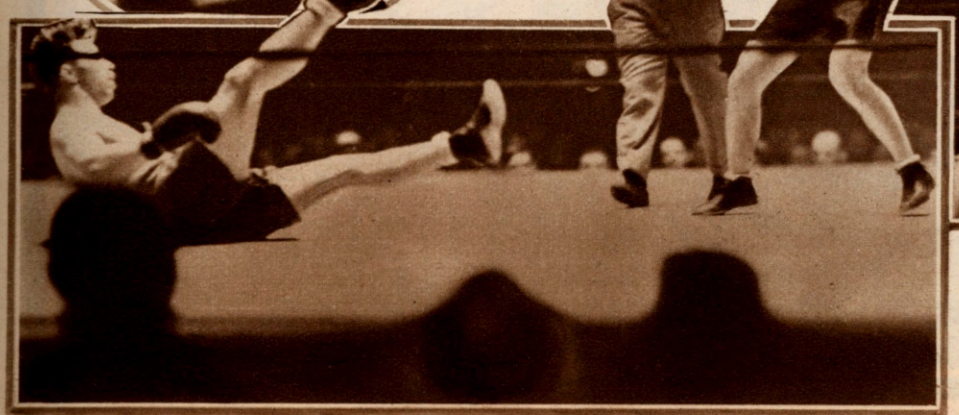
Bucky Lawless of Syracuse went down twice in his fight with Baby Joe Gans in the Garden, which Gans won. Here is the second knockdown.

Out go the "lights" for Billy Light in the ninth round of his fight with Eddie Ran

Left: Stanley Poreda, star Jersey heavyweight, continued his victorious stride by beating Herman Heller at the St. Nick Arena in New York.



Above: Joey Kaufman was down seven times in the first round of his bout with Tony Canzoneri.



Left: The much disputed knockout of King Tut by Billy Petrolle in Madison Square Garden.

A Battle Out of the House, or The Best Way of Settling the Dispute"

Reproduced from an original old English print in possession of THE RING *Editor.*

HIRED, FIRED *and* HIRED

A Story of the Ring Attachment of Harry Greb and His Manager, James 'Red' Mason

By ED W. SMITH

Famous Referee of the Old School and Sports Writer

AS in most cases of true love, there have been few instances in ring history wherein affairs between manager and boxer ran smoothly—certainly not for any great continuity.

But just as they say that true love will find a way, so do the managers and the battlers contrive to smooth things over and drift back together again, some notable cases to the contrary notwithstanding. Early ring attachments very often are the strongest.

Hired and fired, fired and hired—such is the amusing synopsis of a lot of pugilistic partnerships.

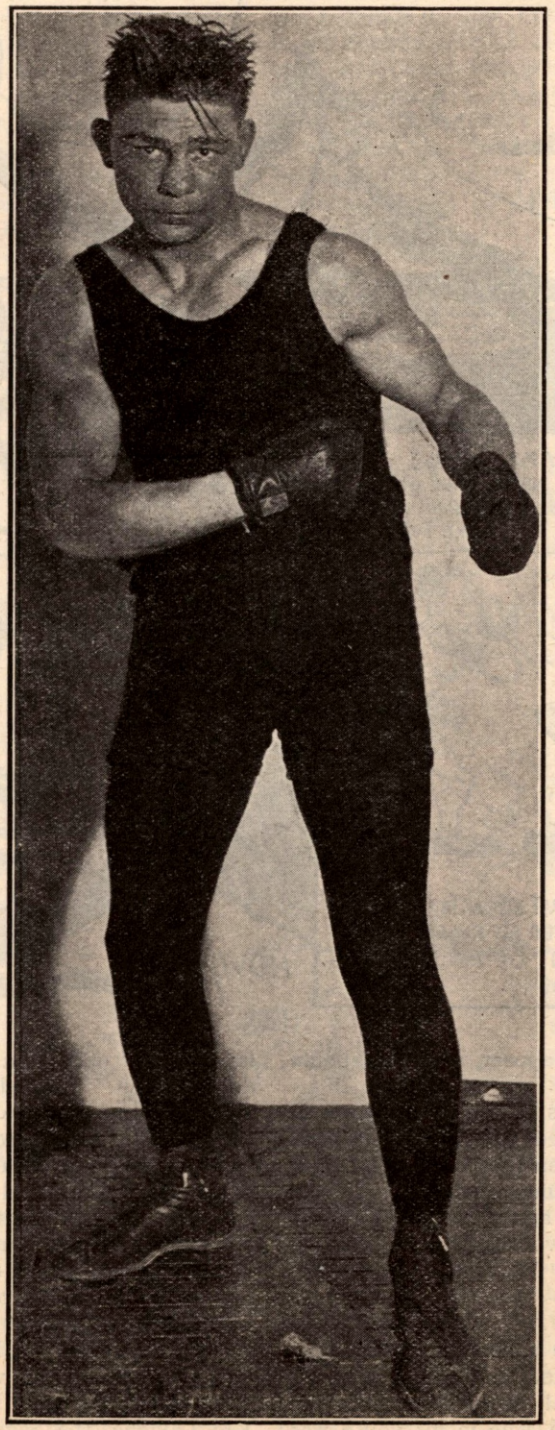
And it so happened, after playing a rather circuitous route and meeting many and sundry opponents, some of them disagreeable in this devious tour, uncharted at the start as was their manner of doing business, the late Harry Greb and his manager, James "Red" Mason, found themselves brought up with a jerk one sunshiny day in the city of Boston.

It was along early in 1920 and things were just beginning to perk up a bit after the world's biggest clash. So when "Red" received an offer of $1,250 to fight a chap named Bob Roper in a twelve round affair, he accepted it rather mechanically.

* * *

THE money at that time was about what Harry had been fighting for around and in the hick towns and as there was nothing Jack Kearns-ish about "Red", whose chief aim at the time was to keep Harry working at least once a week and thereby maintain the good-nature and further the esprit de corps, as it were, of the establishment, the amount of the guarantee looked reasonable enough. There was no bantering or pandering about a percentage privilege. "Red" entirely overlooked that. He was too busy counting up that twelve-fifty!

Be it known that Harry had been out on the gaslight circuit for quite some time and was heartily sick of the whole thing. Hence it was that when Mason told him they were going into a place the size of Boston, Harry just naturally heaved a sigh of relief when he thought of hitting a first-class hotel bed.



Harry Greb

The fact that he was to meet a man of the timber and caliber of Bob Roper never gave the Pittsburgh lad a moment's concern. He craved sleep—and was going to get it in a real four-poster!

Very much under the usual Greb-Mason procedure of doing business, the matching was a bit slipshod. The manager had "guessed" that the guarantee of $1,250 for a fight with Roper was about right the way things were going around the country, war and all and money just beginning to loom in sight again.

So they tumbled in and started in on that long anticipated snooze.

Mason-like, he hadn't communicated with anybody further than a wire to the promoter that they'd be there that day and would report at the arena in plenty of time.

* * *

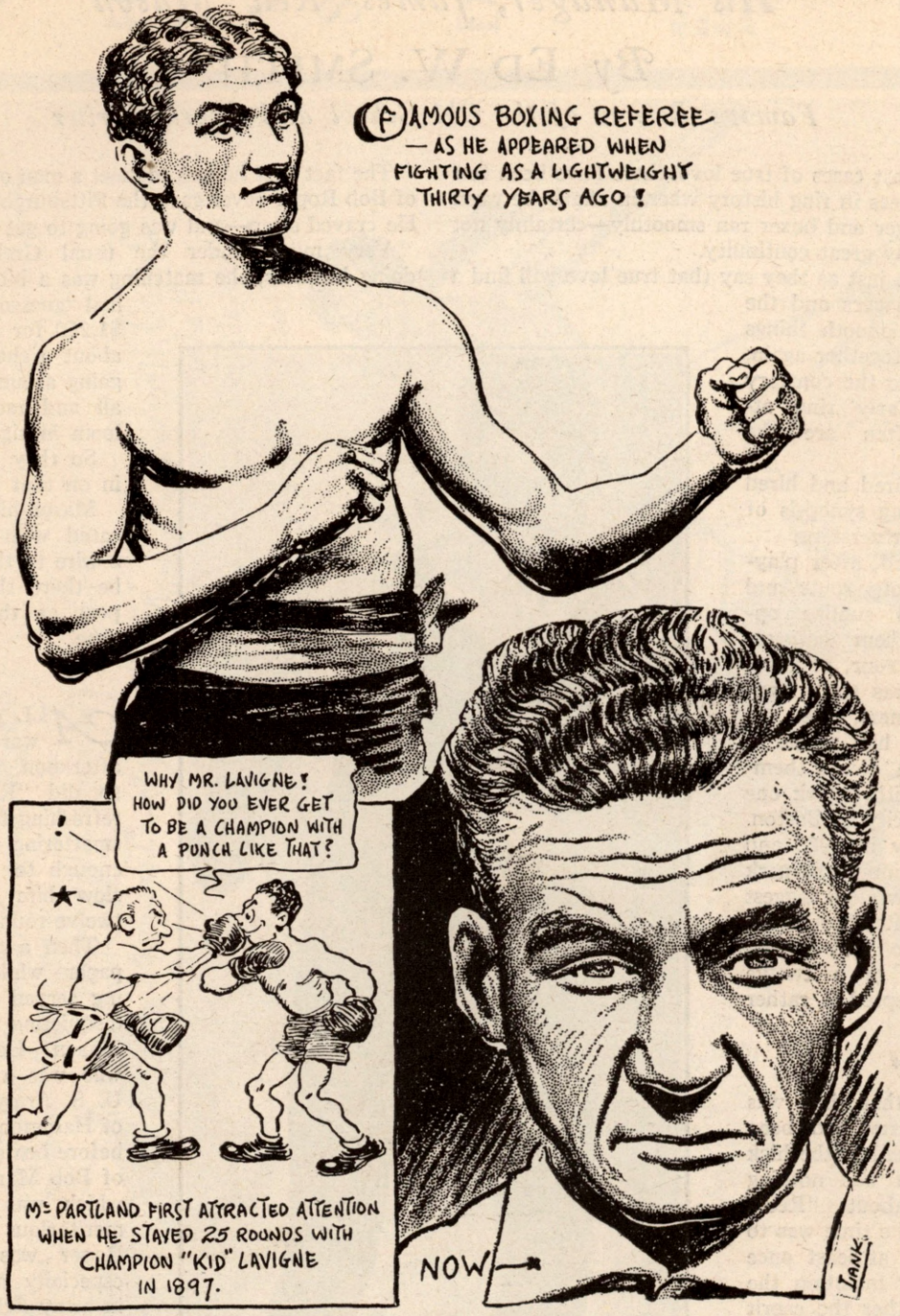
ALL day they slept and towards the fag end of the afternoon, Harry stirred out, and so did "Red". There were the refreshing toilet preparations and a smattering of food for Harry, just enough to tide him over and not slow him up for the evening's twelve-rounder.

Then a glance at the afternoon papers while the victuals were being served and there was nothing disquieting therein—excepting for Mason. He discovered that Roper, who was a captain in the regular U. S. Army under his right name of Hammond, had just a short time before beaten the then well-thought of Bob Martin, A. E. F. champion, which was regarded as a highly meritorious performance, and that Roper was a tremendous card, especially among Legionaires and in army fighting circles.

Slowly it dawned on Mason that he had made a sad foozle of this particular match and that it was something just a little bit bigger and better than some of the hick affairs in which they had been plunged for some weeks previously. But he hoped his fighter wouldn't notice that the terms were not exactly what they should or might be.

But Greb had met a friend in the hotel lobby just before leaving for the building and found that Roper was the best card among the big chaps that could be staged in Boston. So on (*Continued on page* 45)

KID McPARTLAND



THE arena of sports—Madison Square Garden—is ablaze with light, the boxing ring in the centre of the great enclosure is flooded with the electric glare. Every available chair seems to be occupied, and there are many persons standing in the aisles. Those in attendance represent nearly all shades of business and social life, including prominent officials, court dignitaries, and other notabilities, indicating clearly that boxing has reached a stage of respectability not dreamed of in the days of bare knuckle fighting.

The preliminary contests have been finished and also the semi-final, and the great throng now awaits the main bout, which has been the subject of much interested conversation by the onlookers. The buzz of comment and discussion continues until Joe Humphries, of thunderous vocal powers, begins the introduction of those who are to appear in future bouts at the world's greatest boxing arena.

Seated in the corners are the boxers who are to appear in the feature event. They are wrapped in flaming dressing gowns with their names in large print on the backs. The Boxers listen to the words of the announcer, and cast furtive glances at each other across the ring, and usually one of the contestants displays considerable nervousness while waiting for the gong.

* * *

AS the last of the class of future boxers leaves the ring, Humphries pauses and the fighters and handlers bustle to the centre of the platform for final instructions from the referee. His name is William Lawrence, who in his youth was known in the arena as Kid McPartland, one of the ablest lightweights in the history of boxing. He lays down the law to the contestants and, when he has finished, Joe Bannon, official timekeeper, starts the bout and the great structure soon rocks with the cheers, howls or hisses of the spectators, accordingly as they are affected by the actions of the contestants.

* * *

KID McPARTLAND, who was born in New York City in 1875, is now 55 years of age, but is by no means bent or decrepit. There are silvery streaks in his black hair, but his body and limbs are lean and muscular, and he gets about the ring with much celerity and decisiveness. He slaps a brawny fighter on the back to indicate that he is holding, and in case the pair are of the hugging type, he never hesitates to push himself between them in order to assure a "clean break."

In doing so he lays himself open to a smash on the face or body, but he seldom gets hit. Studied from all points of view, McPartland is about as capable a referee as there is in the ring today and his record is an excellent one. Here is one referee who should be used more often in Madison Square Garden fights. Honest as the day is long, and capable—great assets.

Yet it is as a fighter of the lightweight division I desire to call attention to him, and if he was not a topnotcher in that class, then the record of his battles is misleading.

McPartland was a boxer of the best style, and also a hitter of undoubted power. A majority of his battles were of the 25 round affairs, and he usually was on his feet at the close, even if the decision went against him.

Doubtless the most important contest of his career was with Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw thumper, who arrived in the East in 1894 and was in top form February 8, 1897, when he and

The Story of a Famous Lightweight of 35 Years Ago Whose Record Entitled Him to Be Classed Among the "Supermen of the Ring"

This is the fourth article in the series on "Great Fistic Characters".

By SIMON (Si) FLAHERTY

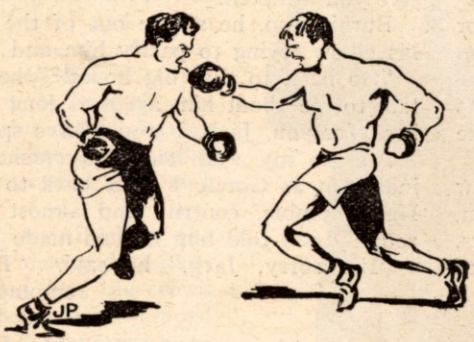
McPartland met in a bout scheduled for 25 rounds at the Empire A. C., Maspeth. Lavigne had just returned from England, where he had made himself the world's lightweight champion by knocking out Dick Burge, the British champion, in 17 rounds.

* * *

THE late three-fingered Jack Dougherty was McPartland's manager, and he sensed a victory by the clever New Yorker over the champion. The Empire A. C., a great sports structure in the days when McPartland was in his prime, was by no means a Madison Square Garden. On the contrary it was a ramshackle wooden structure that possibly held 3,000 persons, but it was filled to capacity when McPartland and Lavigne faced each other.

The Saginaw Kid at this time was at the top of his form, a fighting wildcat, with a heavy kick in either hand and a tireless energy that kept him going at top speed from gong to gong. He was so rugged physically that he shed punishment like a duck's back sheds water.

McPartland on the other hand was a careful, even cautious boxer, with all the tricks of defensive work at his command, side-stepping, slipping, ducking and feinting in continual use. In addition he was a straight hitter and when he landed on body or chin, the recipient knew he had been struck. McPartland was not confident of scoring a knockout over Lavigne, but he felt that he would win on points, as he could not concede that Lavigne would land a knockout a la Burge on him.



The fight was a fast and furious one, and the big crowd was in a state of high excitement from start to finish.

One round was much like all the others. Lavigne would rush in shooting both hands at the head and body, and not slackening his pace for an instant, McPartland, for the most part on the defensive, was weaving, ducking, blocking and sidestepping with the skill of a Griffo or Jim Corbett.

* * *

THERE was not a knockdown in the entire 25 rounds. Although each fighter had landed effective blows, neither seemed much the worse for wear at the conclusion of the struggle. Lavigne, in view of his tremendous efforts, should have shown some weariness at the close, but he declared he was ready to fight 25 more rounds in order to settle the question of supremacy. Of the two, McPartland was the more tired, and as Lavigne had forced the fighting from start to finish and had landed the greater number of blows, he justly received the decision.

To fully appreciate the ability of both men, it is necessary to glance at what they had previously done in the ring. Following his contest with Lavigne, McPartland went 20 rounds to a draw with Jack Everhardt, the bout taking place in New York.

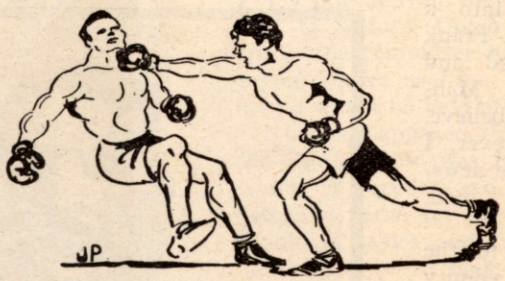
He followed this up with an 8-round draw with Joe Walcott in Detroit, drew with Matty Matthews in 20 rounds at Coney Island, drew in 25 rounds with Jack Everhardt at Coney Island, beat Owen Ziegler in 20 rounds in New York, won from Wilmington Jack Daly in 25 rounds at Coney Island, lost to Joe Gans in 20 rounds at Coney Island, was stopped by Dal Hawkins in 3 rounds in New York, won from Spike Sullivan in 25 rounds in New York, beat Owen Ziegler and Otto Sieloff in 25 rounds each in New York, and retired from the ring after a 5-round knockout at the hands of the famous Joe Gans at Fort Erie, October 13, 1902.

All of McPartland's contests were thrillers, but according to the Kid, the hardest battle in his career, was that with Spike Sullivan at the old Lenox A. C. which still is doing business. I will let McPartland, in his own words, tell the story:

"The bout had been long in the making, and meanwhile each of us won steadily over good opponents. The Sullivan rooters thought they had a sure winner, as Sullivan was noted for his hard hitting, combined with cleverness of a weird sort.

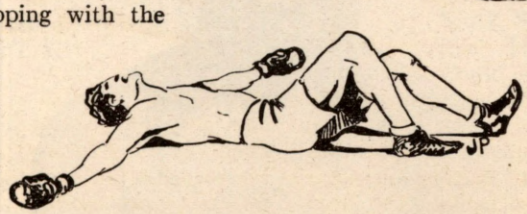
"After months of wrangling, a condition unknown in those days even when a championship was at issue, we finally got together and the terms agreed on were that the winner would take the entire purse. All the loser would have to console himself with was the nursing of his cuts and bumps.

"It was the first and only bout staged under the Horton law where the winner-take-all clause entered into a match. The house was packed to its utmost capacity, but did not represent anything like the fancy figures drawn now by the ordinary bout between fair lightweights. Nevertheless it was the outstanding gate drawn by men of our weight at that time.



* * *

"LITTLE time was lost by either of us when the bell clanged, sending us on our long journey. We both started off to win quickly, if possible, each of us disregarding the fact that we had 25 rounds ahead of us if the bout went the limit. Sullivan was lucky in the first round to nail me right on the chin point. It dazed me, made me wabbly on my pins.



"Spike, feeling the heft of his blow, tried hard to finish me and I took a merry pasting during the two minutes of the round following the wrecking punch. I was blear-eyed at the bell but I had youth and strength, plenty of both, so recuperated wonderfully well during the minute of rest in my corner.

"It was Sullivan's success in the first round that spelled defeat for him. He continued his wild rushing tactics, while I contented myself with counter punching. The force of my blows, added to the fact that I was meeting his rushes, soon had Sullivan a gory sight.

(*Continued on page* 43)

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART THIRTEEN

THE night following the Roller-Zbyszko wrestling match in Vienna, I gave a dinner for the officials who had assisted in the promotion of it and, a day or so later, Roller and I were on our way to Liverpool. There—it was now November of 1910—we sailed on the Megantic for Montreal, where Roller was booked for a series of matches to be promoted by George Kennedy at Sohmer Park.

I proceeded to Chicago, where I at once went to work on my arrangements to bring George Hackenschmidt to this country for a tour which, I hoped, would lead to a return match for him with Frank Gotch. In accord with an agreement I had made with him in Europe, I deposited $10,000, or half his stipulated price for the tour, with the American Express, to be paid to him before he set foot on a ship. The other $10,000 was to be paid to him in weekly installments during the tour, so that by the time the tour was over, he would have been paid in full.

Hack arrived and the tour began. Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, Omaha, Des Moines, Lincoln, Denver—we made all the well established wrestling centers, with Hack meeting all comers and wrestling on an average of six nights a week.

Meanwhile, the ballyhoo intended to draw Gotch into a second match was on, but Frank announced he had retired and was interested in Yusif Mahmout who, he professed to believe, would beat Hack. However, I worked on him through the newspapers and, directly, by mail, telegraph and telephone.

I knew that one bar to the match was the personal enmity between the men and I hoped to break that down by bringing them together for a quiet talk in which their grievances, real or fancied, might be ironed out. The meeting, after considerable manouvering on my part, took place at the Raddison Hotel in Minneapolis in March of 1911. Hack and I were staying there, and Gotch came on from Humboldt to see us.

* * *

WHEN Gotch arrived, Hack was in the dining room, having a late breakfast and I had told him we would join him there. As Gotch and I entered the room, Hack was the only diner and the few waiters in evidence were at some distance from his table—a circumstance I cite by way of proving that what happened was strictly on the level and was no synthetic brawl put on for the benefit of a gallery.

Approaching the table, Gotch extended his hand and said: "Hello, Hack. How are you?"

Instead of rising and acknowledging the greeting, as I naturally expected him to do, Hack looked up at Frank with a sneer.

"Well, after all, you had to come to me, eh?" he said.

Gotch withdrew and his eyes blazed.

"You dog!" he snarled. "This proves it doesn't pay to treat you like a man. Now I'll see you in hell before I'll give you a match."

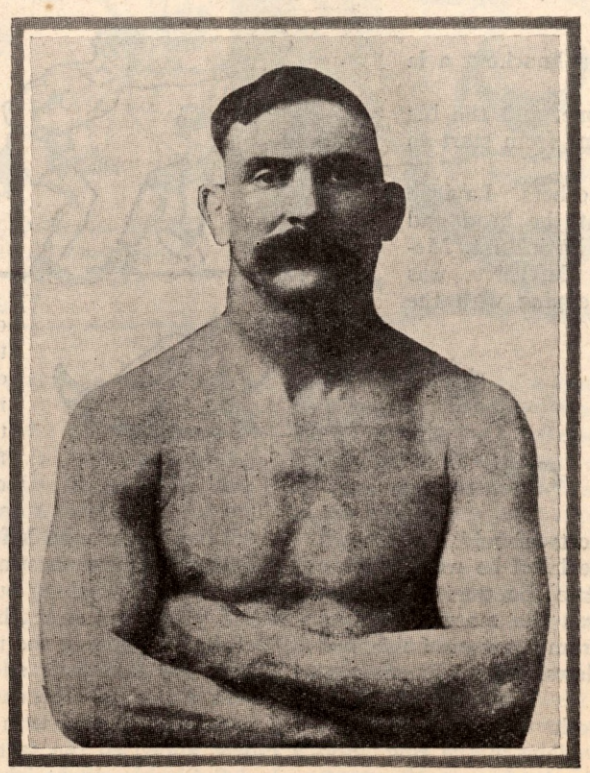
Burning up, he strode out of the dining room, with me at his elbow trying to pacify him and get him to go back.

"Go back to that big hound?" he demanded. "Don't ever talk to me about him again as long as you live! If it hadn't been for you, Jack, I would have spit right in his face."

And so my well laid plan crashed at my feet. Quite as indignant as Gotch, I went back to the table, where I found Hack humble, contrite and almost in tears. I berated him roundly and told him he had made the match impossible.

"I'm sorry, Jack," he said. "But I couldn't resist the temptation to say what I did. I meant to be friendly to him but when I saw him, I remembered all the unpleasant details of our last meeting and I had to get in at least one good shot at him. I'm sorry."

Sorry or not, we had been hurled back and had to start all over again. My discouragement was short lived, however, and I set to work on Gotch anew, confident that I would land him ultimately, yet not dreaming that he would walk blindly into a trap I set for him little more than a month later.



Farmer Burns

* * *

A FEW nights after the clash at the Raddison, we were in Omaha, where Hack was to wrestle Henry Ordeman. The Auditorium was packed and as I moved about the ring during the preliminaries I spotted four of Gotch's men in the crowd: Farmer Burns, Emil Klank, Doc Krone and Doc Message. I knew, of course, that something was up and went at once to Hack's dressing room to warn him.

"When you get in the ring," I said, "don't make a move, no matter what happens. I don't know what they are going to try but, whatever it is, I will handle them. The only thing I want you to do is to remain in your corner and keep quiet. Understand?"

He said that he did.

On leaving the dressing room, I spotted Mahmout on the fringe of the crowd at the back of the hall. He saw me at the same time and, mingling quickly with the crowd, disappeared from my sight. At this moment I encountered the manager of the hall and told him of what I had seen, warning him there might be some fireworks when the main bout got under way. He wanted to eject the interlopers but I urged him not to do so. I was sure I could cope with them and didn't want to help attract attention to them.

* * *

THE last preliminary was over and Hack and Ordemen were summoned to the ring. Hack was first to appear and, as he took his place in his corner, Burns and Mahmout climbed through the ropes. Mahmout began to pull his clothes off and it was seen he had his wrestling togs underneath, while Burns began to harangue the crowd. But the crowd, not knowing who Mahmout was and suspecting something had happened to Ordemen and a substitute was about to be foisted on it, began to bellow.

Strive as he would, Burns couldn't get his words over the ropes. He told the crowd Hack was a faker and that this match was but another fake. He shouted that, barring only the great Gotch himself, Mahmout was the best wrestler in the world and would make short work of Hack. He averred that Hack was dodging Mahmout but that the crowd could compel him to wrestle the Turk right there. And the crowd, having not the faintest notion of what he was talking about, advised him to produce Ordemen or jump in the river.

At this point Ordemen, mystified by the uproar, marched down the aisle and climbed through the ropes. Sighting him, the crowd loosed a terrific cheer, the referee jumped into the ring and Burns and Mahmout were unceremoniously ushered out.

* * *

I FOUND the five conspirators at the back of the hall while the match was in progress.

"Well, boys," I said, "that was great. Thanks very much."

They looked at me in scowling wonderment.

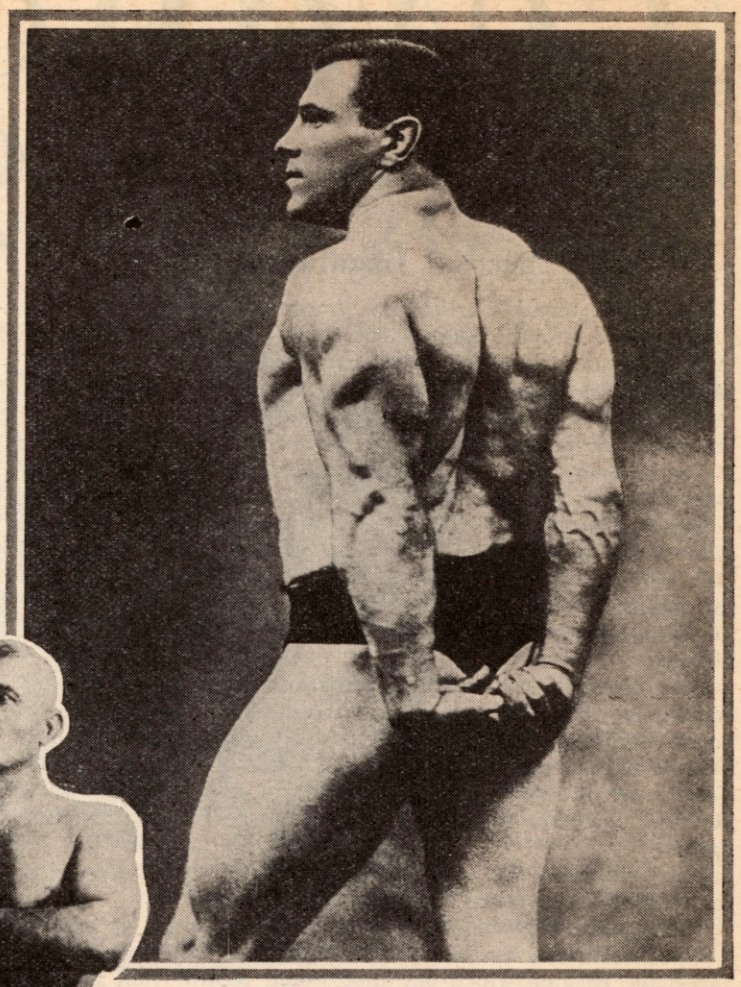
"Are you fellows doing anything in particular for the next couple of weeks?" I asked.

The reply was a muttered negative.

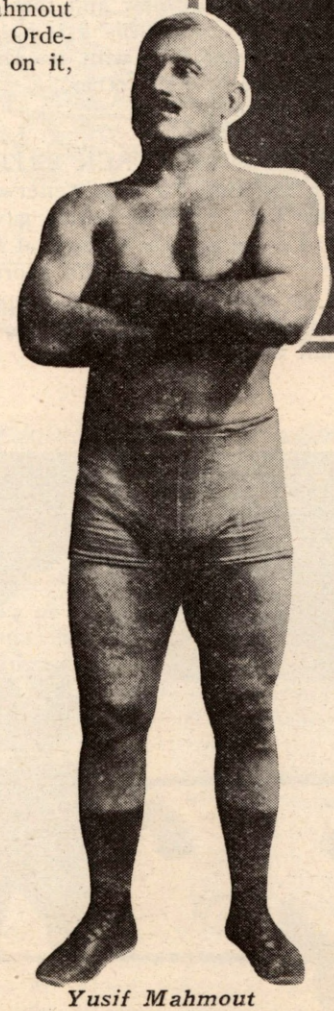
"Fine!" I said. "Here's what I have in mind: I'll pay you $500 a week, which you can split to suit yourselves, to follow us around the country and repeat to-night's performance at every show. What do you say?"

This time the reply was a volume of curses the like of which I seldom have heard and, still cursing, they made a hurried exit. I was sorry to see them go, at that, for I was half in earnest with my offer.

A couple of weeks later, while we were touring in the South, there was a great fire in Chicago in which nearly a score of firemen were killed and immediately there was organized a benefit for their widows and children. Eager to do what we could for the stricken families, I wired to the committee of distinguished citizens in charge of the show:



George Hackenschmidt showing his muscular development



Yusif Mahmout

"Hack will wrestle any one, up to and including Gotch, on benefit program. You pick his opponent. We are leaving for Chicago at once."

* * *

ON our arrival, we were informed that efforts to induce Gotch to wrestle having been futile, the committee had signed Jess Westergard, better known as "the Big Swede," and that the match would be held at the Coliseum on April 15.

Now, it happened that the week of the match the Stock Show was being held in Chicago and Gotch, a breeder and exhibitor of prize cattle, naturally came on for the show. I met him a couple of times and twitted him about actually being in town to look over Hack and using the Stock Show as a dodge, but he wrathfully denied this. He did not deny, however, that he probably would see the match and, declining my offer of tickets, said he had been invited to sit in the directors' box.

Along about five o'clock on the evening of the match I met him again and once more broached the matter of a match between him and Hack—a point on which I had kept silent on our other meetings in Chicago. He shook his head.

"I'll give you $5,000 for your end, Frank," I said.

He looked at me scornfully.

"No," he said. "Not for $5.000 or $10,000. If I ever wrestle again, I'll want $20,000 for my end."

"Twenty thousand!" I said. "Why, Frank, if I paid you that much, there wouldn't be a nickel left over for Hack and me."

"What difference would that make to me?" he demanded. "I might be sorry for you but I (*Continued on page* 45)

LONG COUNT and

Ringing the Bell to Save a Fighter, a Trick of the Past

Second Instalment

IN last month's article on "Long and Short Counts," I went into the business of counting over a boxer who has been knocked down, with a few instances of difficulties experienced by referees, and closed with a promise to relate other unusual instances. So here goes:

One of the most unusual happenings in this line took place in Boston many years ago. The referee, Jack Sheehan, I think you will agree, handled the situation admirably.

Jimmy Handler of Newark and Billy Vernon, the Haverstraw brickmaker, were the fighters. It was a slashing battle, with each man making several trips to the canvas. In the third each connected with a haymaker to the chin at precisely the same moment. Each went down, apparently out for the night.

Now there was a puzzling situation. But Sheehan was equal to it. He took a position between them and dramatically began his count. With his left hand he made the first count, over Handler, roaring out "One." Then, turning toward Vernon, he brought down his right arm and yelled "Two". He continued this alternating count until he had reached the limit.

Having finished the count Sheehan, who always had a flaire for the dramatic, raised his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the first one to get up wins."

For some time, as the fans surveyed the fallen gladiators and made bets on which one first would return from dreamland, neither stirred. Sheehan refused to allow the seconds to go near them.

At last Handler began to show signs of returning consciousness. With the crowd yelling encouragement, he crawled on hands and knees to the ropes and slowly pulled himself to his feet. He stood there, looking about with that ludicrous expression often seen on the face of a fighter who has been knocked out, supporting himself by grasping the ropes with his left hand.

Sheehan walked over to Handler.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "the winner!"

With a dramatic flourish he seized Handler's left hand, the one with which the fighter had been clinging to the top rope, and raised it aloft in token of victory.

If Sheehan had raised Handler's right hand all might have been well. But in seizing the hand with which the fighter held himself technically erect, he removed a most necessary support and Handler, so dramatically proclaimed the victor, sank to the floor again as soon as Sheehan released his hand. So there they were on the floor again, both of them, victor and vanquished!

A more famous example of a double knockout was the affair in which Ad Wolgast defended the lightweight title against Joe Rivers, the Mexican, in Los Angeles on July 4, 1912.

In the thirteenth round, Wolgast hit Rivers on the chin with a crushing punch. As the Mexican went to the floor his knee came up and struck Wolgast in the body with such force that Ad also went to the canvas.

So there they were, both of them, on the floor. Again it was a trying spot for the referee, Jack Welch. But he had his wits about him. Figuring that Wolgast had landed the first blow and that Rivers had dropped Ad with the knee instead of his fist, he lifted the champion to his feet and held him up with one hand while he counted out the Mexican with the other.

* * *

JACK BRITTON and Ted (Kid) Lewis, whose battles for the welterweight title constitute one of the most famous of fistic series, gave the customers something to talk about when they mixed at Canton, Ohio, years ago. Matt Hinkel, veteran Cleveland sportsman, was the referee.

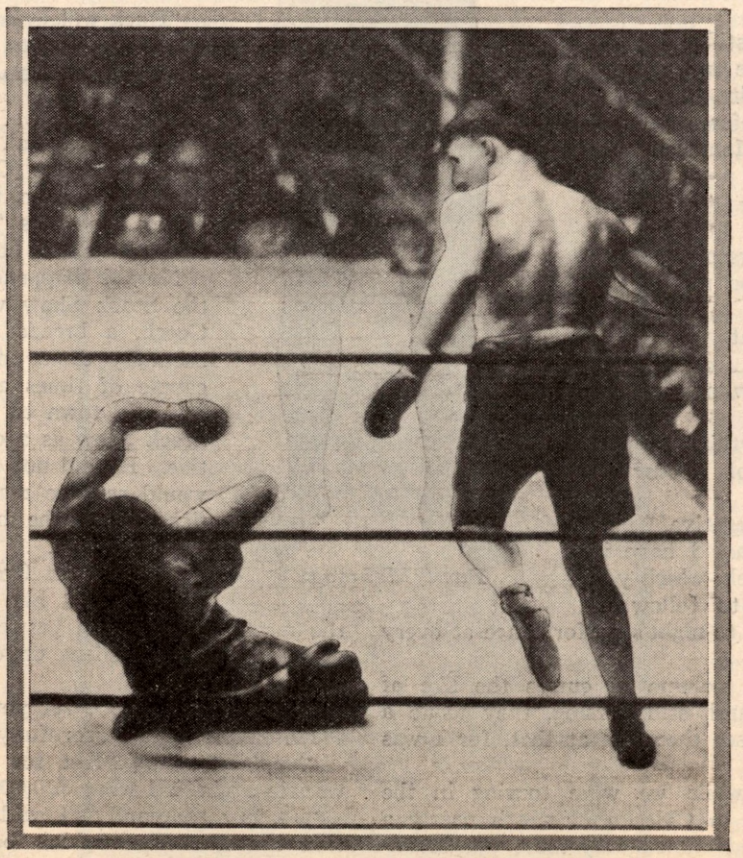
Britton dropped Lewis three times in the third round and each time, it seemed to Jack, Hinkel gave the Briton a very slow count. Jack was incensed. In the eighth, Britton floored Lewis again. This time he stood off and watched the count carefully. It seemed to him that Hinkel again was giving Lewis much the better of it.

A few seconds later, Britton scored another knockdown. This time he began to count himself, in unison with the referee. According to Jack's story, this forced Hinkel to speed up his count. However, Lewis managed to get up in time.

When Britton scored still another knockdown he adopted the same procedure of counting himself. This time Lewis was unable to get to his feet in time and Jack was credited with a knockout. This is perhaps the only case on record where a fighter counted out his fallen foe.

* * *

JOE HUMPHREYS tells of one instance when a referee, Charlie White, one of the best, purposely gave a boxer an extraordinarily long count in an attempt to make a farce bear some resem-



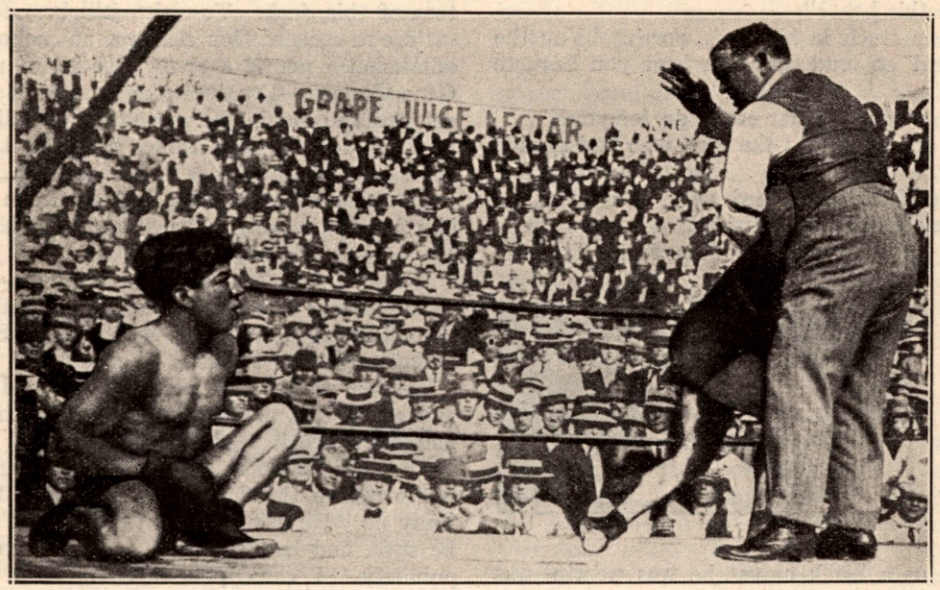
When Delaney's right under the heart sent Tiger Flowers down for the count

SHORT ROUSE RANCORS

By WILBUR WOOD

blance to the real thing.

Peter Maher of Dublin and Mike Morrissey, supposed to be the pride of Tipperary, were matched at the Lenox club in New York. Morrissey in reality knew nothing about fighting. He was driving a sand truck in the Gas House district when somebody conceived the idea of billing him as "The pride of Tipperary," just arrived in this country. Mike was cajoled into taking part in the hoax.



Referee Welch completing the count over Joe Rivers while holding up Wolgast after a double knockdown

The arena was packed with Irish the night of the fight. Morrissey was given a tremendous reception by the Tipperary Irish when introduced. The Dublin mob gave Maher a great ovation.

When the bell rang and they came out of their corners, Maher made a swing at Morrissey but missed him, according to Humphreys, by at least a foot. Nevertheless, Mike went down. The referee, knowing that Mike had not been hit and realizing that something was rotten in Denmark, or shall I say Ireland, gave the fallen boxer a count something like this:

"One—Will you get up and fight, you big bum—Two—Come on now, Mike, you know you weren't hit, so you'll have to get up—Three—Will you get up or must I kick your ribs in, you quitter—Four—Please, Mike, for the love of old Ireland, get up and take it like a man—"

And so on. But Morrissey's only answer was: "I'm all right where I am; I'll get up when I please and that'll be when you count ten."

Although White strung out the count to between twenty-five and thirty seconds, as far as Humphreys could judge, Morrissey would not get up and at last the referee said ten.

The Tipperary delegates, who had cheered Mike so vociferously a few minutes before, now thirsted for his blood. It was necessary to smuggle the pseudo-fighter out of the club to save him from being torn limb from limb.

* * *

A MORE recent instance in which a referee, Patsy Haley, used good judgment to prevent a riot among the spectators occurred in the second fight between Jack Delaney and Tiger Flowers, in the old Garden on February 26, 1925. Six weeks previous Delaney had stopped the Tiger in two rounds. Walk Miller, the colored fighter's manager, had demanded a return match, alleging Delaney had a horseshoe or something similar in his glove.

After about a minute and a half of fighting in the fourth round of the return match Delaney dropped Flowers with a right to the jaw. As Flowers got up, Delaney leaped at him and the Tiger dropped to his knees as Jack fired a right, dropped before he was hit. The punch landed on Flowers' cheek as he was on one knee.

Haley's first action was to disqualify Delaney for hitting his opponent while he was down. This decision brought a howl of protest from the crowd, the customers believing Delaney entitled to a knockout. It was indeed a puzzling situation.

Haley motioned the fighters to their corners and then went off in another corner and debated the issue with himself. Delaney had hit Flowers while the Tiger was technically down, but then Flowers had started to go down without being hit. What to do?

Haley finally decided to disregard the incident entirely. He went even further than that. He decided to have the boys start the fourth round all over again. So the fourth round began anew and within a short time Delaney hit the Tiger on the chin again and he went down for the full count.

So far as the writer knows this was the only time in Queensberry history when half a round was thrown out entirely. The time of the fourth round as it went into the books was the period between the time the fight was resumed and the time of the knockout.

* * *

KID McCOY figured in several unusual counts. At the old Broadway club in New York about thirty years ago McCoy was matched with Joe Choynski. Each of the fighters brought along his own timekeeper, one taking a seat on each side of Joe Dunn, the official timer.

In the seventh round, McCoy had Choynski on the ropes and in bad shape, when the latter's timekeeper reached over and rang the bell. The fighters started for their corners. Dunn yelled to Referee Johnny White that only two minutes had elapsed and that he had not rung the bell. When McCoy heard that, he leaped after Choynski and knocked him cold.

Some months later, Choynski boxed Walcott at the same club, with Johnny White again acting as third man in the ring. According to old timers who were there, White, probably feeling sorry for Choynski because of what had happened in the latter's fight with McCoy, gave him several long counts. But Walcott finally put him down for keeps in spite of that.

The Champion

"HEY, is yore name Wood?"

I looked up at the three smiling, sweatered heavyweights who came up on the hurricane deck of the *Adriatic* one night out from Naples.

"Sure."

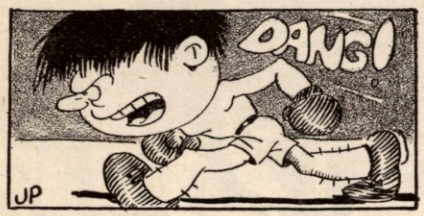
"You the lecturer on this boat?"

The third of the group stuck in his lira's worth. "You the feller hollers 'All Aboard' so loud they can hear you back to the Garden?"

I laughed, this time. "Sure. What can I do for you?"

They came out of a quick huddle: the man who had spoken first did the explaining.

"You know that big fatty on board they call Stark or Starkey? Listen, there's a guy here from my home town—funny litttle squeezed up, white-headed man from Toronto, Doc Bentley — he's a wholesale druggist, worth anything up from a hundred grand. We just got on board in Naples, see? We been with this bird from Noo Yawk to Naples, an' he knows everything, see?



"Lord, he could tell us a black cravat he was wearin' was red, see? Knows everything. Made us damn sore all this trip. Isn't anything he don't know more about than any man living. Now he's pulled one more, an' we're goin' to call him on it, see? Will you referee a boxing match for us?" He paused, out of breath.

"Will I—what?" I was frankly puzzled.

The second chap, the one with the hook nose, took him up. "Billy's give you the dope; he's from Toronto too, an' he knows this Bentley bird. Here's how it is. He looks at this Stark—"

I tried to help him. "Tommy Starker, you mean. The heavy chap I was playing deck tennis with, last night?"

"That's the guy. He looks at him, Doc Bentley does, an' he shoots out right away to us, 'That's Gene Tunney. I know him. I seen him in Toronto. You can't fool me!'

"Well, Red Stringer here," pointing to the third of their group, "is an old trainer and he knows this bird is not Tunney. Hell, I know him by sight and so does Billy Williams. You know this bird Stark at all?" with a sudden suspicious glance.

I laughed. "Tommy Starker graduated from Dartmouth three years ago. Six feet one, weighs two-twenty, was captain of the chess team in college, and at present is selling ladies underwear. He wouldn't hurt a barfly."

* * *

"AW right," Billy Williams broke in enthusiastically. "This Doc Bentley, from my home town, is sure this is Tunney. We argue with him at first, see? Lord, he knows more than all the rest of the world put together. We won the argument, when he said Maderia was Spain. We won, when he said them Mohammedans was awful drunkards. We won, when he said the Casino at Monte Carlo was the Pantheum or whatever you call that dump in Athens we're to see this afternoon. See? But he never admits he's licked. This time—"

The big bruiser with the hooked nose, the one they called Abe Green, flung himself enthusiastically in. "This time, he's right, see? We've decided to let him have his way—Yes, it's Gene Tunney, we agreed. We're tired of arguin' with this bird. So we want you to referee a fight. They's a chap on board from Noo Zealand, name's Carter—"

I laughed. "He sits at the table with me. Six feet three, weighs two hundred an' thirty and all muscle. He could knock Gibraltar down, if he wanted to, he's that husky—"

"That's the boy. We got him matched with this so-called phoney Gene Tunney, see? This Stark lad. Got it all arranged. The purser's lending us the gymnasium at the bottom of this deck. To-night, it'll be. Keep it dark, see?

"We're stingin' Doc Bentley, an' nobody else. Let him pay admission a pound a throw, for all of us; let him bet on his Gene Tunney—I've spoke to this Stark chap, an' he's goin' to get knocked out in the second. You talk to him—you arrange it. But for the luva mike, don't let the old boy guess he's been framed!"

"He knows everything," Abe Green added. "We'll take him for a ride tonight that'll last clear back to Toronto!"

* * *

IT was still a bit vague to me. I didn't want to trim the old fellow so I went to see Tommy Starker. "What's this racket all about Tommy?" I asked.

He led me toward the bar and had his usual, a whiskey and soda. His mother had taken his abroad so often, that he had the English habit down pat.

"Haven't an idea, Clement. This funny old doctor comes up to me on the deck and asks me if I'm not Gene Tunney. I say no. He grins, and says Yes. He's found out my name, he says, and he's sure I'm traveling under an alias, to avoid publicity. I can't put anything over on him, he remarks. I couldn't persuade him I wasn't Gene, though I'm a dead ringer for him in general appearance. And that's not all," he grinned self-consciously.

"Out with it, Tommy," I urged.

"Well," he chuckled, "he figures Gloria, your wife, is Polly Lauder—just because we all were together last night after we left Naples, and he says he'd found out Tunney is honeymooning somewhere in Italy with his wife. There's the story, Clem. What am I to do with him? Then these three heavies ask me to box that big chap from New Zealand, Carter he is, just to get squared with this Toronto 'know-it-all,' and I says, 'Sure.' You going to referee?"

"And how!" I replied.

So Tommy and I went over the plans for the match several times until I had him well drilled, as I thought, in what was to take place.

All day long, I could feel the ship getting tenser and tenser over the challenge, and the proposed boxing match. That is, about one fourth of the passengers—all who had been tipped off. Naturally, they didn't let Sunday School Superintendents from Coaling, Alabama, and W. C. T. U. leaders from Kenosha, Wis., all aimed for the holy land, in on the game. But everybody who was anything of a sport was tipped off.

* * *

THEY introduced me to Doctor Bentley, a weird little shrivelled-up man, the wholesale druggist from Toronto, for whose benefit the whole show was being staged. I put on my best manner of a referee from Boyle's Thirty Acres.

"Pleased to meetcha," I grunted, annihilating his hand in a bear grasp. "How's they let an old fossil like you in on this? We gotter keep it dark, see, or the captain'll throw us overboard."

He was all beams of happiness. "It's all right, sir. I've seen Gene in Toronto. . . ." He was off.

If he'd have been with us on the whole trip, he would have recognized me, of course, for I had lectured on every port we were coming to. But I went Bowery rapidly, whenever he hove in sight and so the day wore through.

And I still didn't believe, and neither did Gloria, that it was anything more than a big joke. We both felt this whole-

FLOPS

By CLEMENT WOOD

sale apothecary must realize that he was being spoofed. Well, we'd agreed to see it through and so, an hour after dinner, just as the ship's orchestra was starting Elgar's big march for the dancing, we slipped up to the gym, and got passed in.

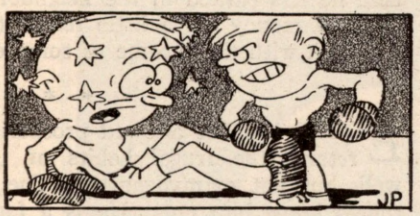
There were already a couple of dozen in the gym. Just as we two were passed through, up came Doc Bentley and the three promoters, Billy Williams, from Toronto, Abe Green, and the red-headed one, with a group of ladies—and they had arranged it so that the wholesale druggist paid for all of them—at an English pound apiece. Nobody else had to pay, for the gatekeeper was in on the racket. I wondered what would be done with the money: I remembered what I was to announce.

They had a regular bookmaker, and bets were laid by half of the crowd present. And then I took charge. One of my best imitations is of a Broadway traffic cop but I can do a tough referee a little better. And so I snarled out the directions, sent the men to their corners, and the bell struck for the first round.

* * *

DOC BENTLEY, for whose sake the whole show was being staged—though he didn't know it—had been hugging on to me, telling what a noble lad "Gene" was, living such a clean life, and never indulging in an intoxicating drink. I thought of Tommy Starker, and grinned to myself for Tommy was one of our best mixers aboard ship.

The gong, and they were at it. I had instructed Tommy Starker carefully how he was to appear winner in the first round and get a K. O. in the second. But he must have been thinking about the chess team he was once captain of, and the line of ladies' underwear he was selling so successfully and for a giant of a man, as strong as a horse, he certainly hated to mix in. This Cass Carter from New Zealand did his best to keep out of Tommy's reach, at first. Then he realized that the only difficult thing would be to get *in* Tommy's reach so constantly did the underwear salesman back away.



Doc Bentley, the funny old druggist, was hysteric with delight. To him, everything was Gene's brilliant skill "playing his man." That was what he called it.

Tommy decided to have the darned thing over with. He suddenly came close to Carter, and, by accident, collided with a feeble punch to the shoulder. And he upped with his heels and flopped to the floor, midway of the first round!

We wanted more fun: and I remembered my instructions. I motioned Carter back, and stood intoning over Tommy's prone figure. "—Three, four—Get up, you big stiff! Six, seven—come on, and fight!

"I grabbed him by the neck, trying to get him on his feet.

* * *

THE old druggist had gone postively haywire. He was running around in rings, tears streaming from his eyes. "Come on, Gene, the Empire's behind you! England expects. . . ."

So was Cass Carter edging out, a wicked grin on his big New Zealand face.

Tommy Starker saw this, groaned once, and flopped again.

"Aw, ye're a quitter! You ain't hoit," I said yanking him to his feet, and butted him in the fanny with my knee.

One of my hands was holding him by the collar. He straightened up with a jerk, and feebly began to put up his hands. They dropped as if nervelessly.

And at this moment Cass Carter came restively charging in. Tommy Starker opened one weakly blinking eye, saw the opponent coming, and flopped wildly to the ground.

I gave the fighter a kick in the trousers, and announced disgustedly: "—Ten! Kid Carter, of New Zealand, wins by a knockout. Gene—I mean, Tommy Starker—you better go back to Shakespeare and ladies' underwear!"

Poor old Bentley had his arms around Tommy, lifting him up from the floor. "Gene—Gene," he was sobbing, "I never thought to see. . . . You couldn't of been in condition, boy!"

"No, I wasn't," Tommy agreed, jumping up with surprising agility for a man who had just been knocked out.

* * *

AND now Billy Williams was in charge: "Everybody to the smoking room, for a drink on me!"

He locked arms with me, as we went there. He was exploding with merriment. "The danged old fool still thinks it's Tunney—and that he's seen him knocked out! Hey, Woody, you done swell. Red's having a helluva time returning the money to everybody that bet, except that ol' Know-It-All."

"Keeping his, eh? For the Seamen's Fund?"

He winked at me. "Like hell! For the drinks for the crowd. We'll all take the center table. . . ."

They pushed the two largest tables together and the whole gang sat down there. Tommy Starker was as tickled as anybody. We were just giving our orders, and it was his turn, when suddenly he spied old Doctor Bentley coming into the smoking room, in search of his smashed idol.

Tommy looked sad. "Make mine a lemon squash, waiter."

Doctor Bentley came over protectingly and laid an arm on Tommy's shoulder. "I don't care, boys—it's been the saddest night of my life, but we all know that Gene, here, is the cleanest, finest fighter the world ever saw. He was just out of condition a little—"

"Too much brandy," some one called wickedly from the next table.

The druggist flushed. "He never drinks a thing stronger—"

"I think he was poisoned by something he ate," I announced flatly. "Ptomaine poisoning, at least."

"It must a been that," Tommy admitted.

"I don't care—he's the finest boy in the world, and every young man ought to model himself. . . . If you could do just one favor for me, Gene," wistfully. He stuck out a sheet of ship's stationery. "If I only had your autograph. . . ."

Tommy looked very sceptical, at this. After all, he couldn't add forgery to his list. A bright idea seized him: and he wrote, in his big sprawling handwriting,

For Doctor Bentley, a real rooter, with the best wishes of—

He leaned over to me, and whispered intensely, "How the hell do you spell Gene, Woody—with a G or a J?"

I set him right, and he signed it with a flourish "Gene."

The doctor was close to tears. "And you won't forget to visit me in Toronto? I'll certainly show you a marvelous time. I'm not sure how far I'm going on this trip. . . ."

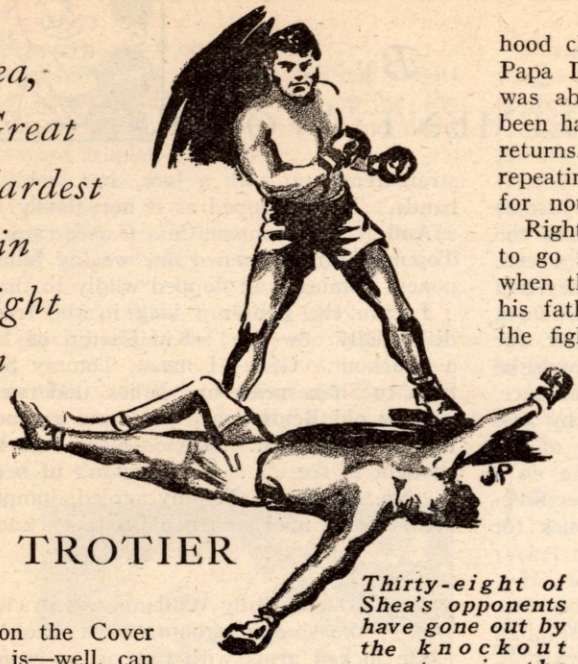
Incidentally, he left the cruise at Athens. He never caught on and his heart was almost broken. Know-It-All as he was.

The moment he backed out of the smoking room, Tommy Starker stood up, holding the lemon squash at arm's length.

"Waiter, bring me two whiskeys-and-sodas, and rush 'em! Thank God I can be Me again!"

The MAN *on the* COVER

Eddie Shea, Chicago's Great Battler, Is Hardest Puncher in Featherweight Division



Thirty-eight of Shea's opponents have gone out by the knockout route, in the above manner.

By LARRY TROTIER

THE Man on the Cover this month is—well, can you guess? We'll tell you without further ado. The husky little fellow is none other than Edouardo Donofrio.

What's that you say? You never heard of him? Well, maybe you never have heard of Edouardo Donofrio. But surely, even if you are no more than a kindergarten student of fistiana, you know something about Eddie Shea. And by this time you probably have correctly surmised that Edouardo Donofrio and Eddie Shea are one and the same.

There was a time when boxers, regardless of their nationality or descent, took an Irish name for fighting purposes. That was in the days when the sons of Old Erin monopolized the sock market. Those days, fortunately or unfortunately, according to the way you look at it, have passed.

How did Edouardo Donofrio happen to choose the name of Eddie Shea? Well, at any rate it was not to conceal his pugilistic activities from his parents. Papa Donofrio, an emigrant from Italy, never had any objections to Eddie making a few dollars by throwing leather.

Little Edouardo grew up in a hardboiled neighborhood in Chicago, inhabited mainly by Italians and Poles. Life for a youngster in that district was no milk and honey sort of existence. A lad was likely to have one fight on the way to school and two on the way home. The spirit of combat was in the air.

* * *

EDDIE learned to use his fists, in the rough and ready fashion, before he was ten years old. There never was any lack of opposition. If no opponent of the Polish faction was available, there always was some member of his own Italian clan ready to do battle.

Our hero's father and mother early became accustomed to having him show up with a black eye or a bloody nose. It was all a part of the game in that rough and ready neighborhood.

Life was no bed of roses for the Donofrio family. Papa Donofrio worked hard, but he did not make much money. There were many mouths to feed when Edourado, the fourth son, first saw the light in 1905. The children kept right on coming after Edouardo's arrival, until there were an even dozen, six boys and six girls.

So it was that when, at the age of sixteen, Eddie began to pick up a few dollars for boxing around the small neighborhood clubs, his father made no objection. In fact, reasoned Papa Donofrio, it was a fortunate circumstance that Eddie was able to add to the family income. For years he had been handing out and receiving punches without any financial returns. So, if he could pick up some money merely for repeating, before an audience, what he had done so long for nothing, well and good.

Right from the start Eddie brought his ring earnings home to go into the general family fund. Most boxers do that when they start. Benny Leonard likes to tell about the fuss his father kicked up when he found out that Benny was in the fight racket. But when Benny came home after the battle and turned over ten dollars to his parent, the father forgot all about his objections.

"When are you going to fight again, Benny, my boy?" he said, rubbing his hands.

Some of the boys forget about the mama and the papa when they get into the big money class. Eddie was different. As time wore on and his earnings grew, he continued to contribute heavily to the family exchequer. Finally, it came to a point where he was practically the entire means of support for the Donofrio clan.

For years our hero has seen to it that his father and mother and eleven brothers and sisters have not wanted for anything. A few years ago he married. Now he has a son of his own, two years old. That makes a grand total of seventeen mouths to fill. Quite a job for one little fellow, is it not? Yet Eddie is not complaining.

Since he has been a headilner, Eddie has seen to it that there is small chance of the wolf ever camping on the Donofrio doorstep. He has bought a home for his father and mother and the rest of them on Chicago's West Side. He and his wife and little boy have another home, on the South Side.

Though Eddie is not very keen on statistics, he estimates that he has earned in the neighborhood of $200,000. That's a lot of money for a little fellow to pick up, even if it does not rank with the income of some of the heavyweights.

* * *

EDDIE has not allowed prosperity to go to his head. He retains the frugal habits of the early days. He lives well, but not extravagantly. The night clubs and gambling rooms know him not. He is a family man, is Eddie. Very much a family man.

Fortunately for him he was not bitten by the bug of speculation during the late, lamented bull market in stocks. Many a smooth-tongued stock salesman wasted a lot of breath retailing to Eddie, how, by buying this or that stock, he could double or triple his stake.

Eddie, a wise lad, listened politely and then went right ahead and put his money into gilt-edged bonds. So he came through the period of deflation without the headaches suffered by millions of his less conservative fellow citizens. It is extremely unlikely that he or his ever will want for enough to live at least comfortably.

But we started out to tell you how Edourado Donofrio came to be known to the fistic world as Eddie Shea. It seems that he himself had little to do with the choice of a ring name. One night early in his career an Irish announcer asked him his name. The announcer couldn't quite twist "Donofrio" around his tongue.

"This kid looks like a tough one," he thought. "I'll give him a good Irish name." So when he introduced our hero, it was under the name of Eddie Shea. And Eddie Shea it has been ever since.

Shea probably is the hardest hitter in the featherweight ranks. Since the makers of the record books started to keep tab on Eddie's doings in 1923, he has taken part in 86 fights

and has scored 38 knockouts. That's a fine knockout record for a little fellow.

Eddie cannot recall how many fights he had in 1921 and 1922, but there were many of them and, in most, he finished his opponent. If his complete dossier were available, it probably would be shown that he had stopped half of his opponents.

Where does he get that punching power? He can't tell you. It just happens to be so. Some fellows are born with a punch. Others never acquire a knockout wallop, no matter how hard they try.

What makes it particularly strange that Eddie should be a dispenser of knockout drops is the fact that he has unusually small hands. Yet those little "mauleys" have stood up nobly under the pounding he has done with them.

Some of the hardest hitters in the game have been marked by inability to take a punch themselves. Eddie is not like that. He can take it even better than he can give it. In his ten years of battling, he has been knocked out only once—by Charlie Phil Rosenberg at the New York Velodrome on July 23, 1925. And any well-informed student of pugilista knows the why and wherefore of that knockout. It was brought about by circumstances beyond Shea's control.

* * *

EDDIE is ideally built to withstand the shock of a punch. He is a flyweight below the waist but a lightweight above the anatomical equator, with a rock-ribbed torso and a leonine head that looks rather out of place on such a small chassis. That massive head sheds punches as if they were merely drops of water.

Shea became even more formidable when he graduated from the bantam to the featherweight ranks. After his defeat by Earl Mastro in Chicago on August 23, 1929, he staged a tremendous winning streak. In his next 25 starts he suffered only one defeat, the record book sets forth, that coming in Philadelphia on September 28, 1930, when he dropped a close decision to Lew Massey. In that string of twenty-five bouts he scored thirteen knockouts.

* * *

SINCE he set sail for the featherweight title, Eddie has had a majority of his opponents on the floor. Many of those who escaped a knockout, were on the canvas for counts short of ten.

The closing month of 1930 brought about a general realignment of the leaders in the 126-pound division. Eddie played a prominent part in this by whipping Fidel LaBarba in Cleveland on December 10, shortly after Fidel had caused many critics to proclaim him the uncrowned champion after he handed out a lacing to Kid Chocolate.

Early this year Shea clearly demonstrated that he is the master of Bat Battalino, holder of the crown. They met in Chicago but Battalino was too wise to place his title in jeopardy. He insisted on Eddie coming in over the class limit.

Shea proceeded to give the champion a decisive beating, putting him on the floor and winning by such a wide margin that some of the fans accused him of letting the champion go the route.

Just when things looked brightest for Eddie, he decided to have another try in New York. But it seems that New York jinx still has a hold on him, for when he tried to shake it off, he was outpointed by Kid Francis of Italy in a hectic mill that thrilled a packed house. But that has not discouraged the little Chicagoan. He believes, and so do his thousands of admirers, that he will take over the title before the year is out, if given half a chance.

Shea's best friend in the boxing business probably is Sam Buxbaum, his faithful trainer. Buxbaum is the only trainer Eddie ever has had and while the boxer was a minor, Sam was his real manager.

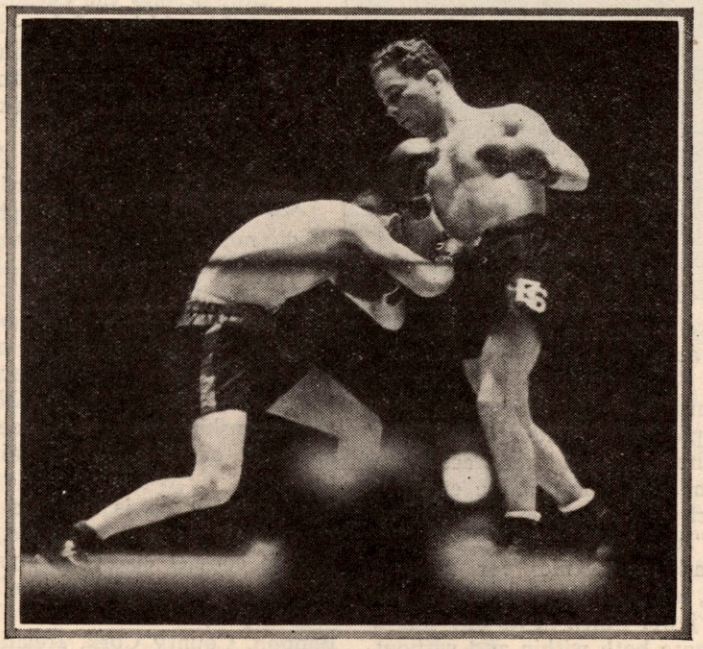
Eddie has been fighting for ten years, but he has no idea of hanging up his gloves.

* * *

"WHY should I quit?" he says. "I expect to go right on fighting for four or five years, maybe more. I like the game and as long as I am able to carry on without getting hurt, I might as well keep fighting. When the time comes for me to quit I'll know it and that will be time enough. Boxing is my business and it has been good to me. I'll try to be as good to boxing and the fans as they have been to me."

Speaking of his ring battles, Shea is of the opinion that the hardest fight he ever engaged in was with Kid Francis recently in Madison Square Garden. "I've been in many a hectic contest, but none to equal my encounter with Kid Francis. I think we hurled enough punches in that mill to satisfy the most ardent fight fan.

"I never figured that Francis would come at me with such aggressiveness. It was his aggressiveness that won him the bout by a hair-line margin, although I'm certain that I hit him much harder than he struck me. But hitting is not the only thing in the fight game. There are other points that count and apparently the officials figured that Francis chalked up more of those than I."



The Shea-Kid Francis battle in Madison Square Garden. It was Francis' body punishment that earned him the victory.

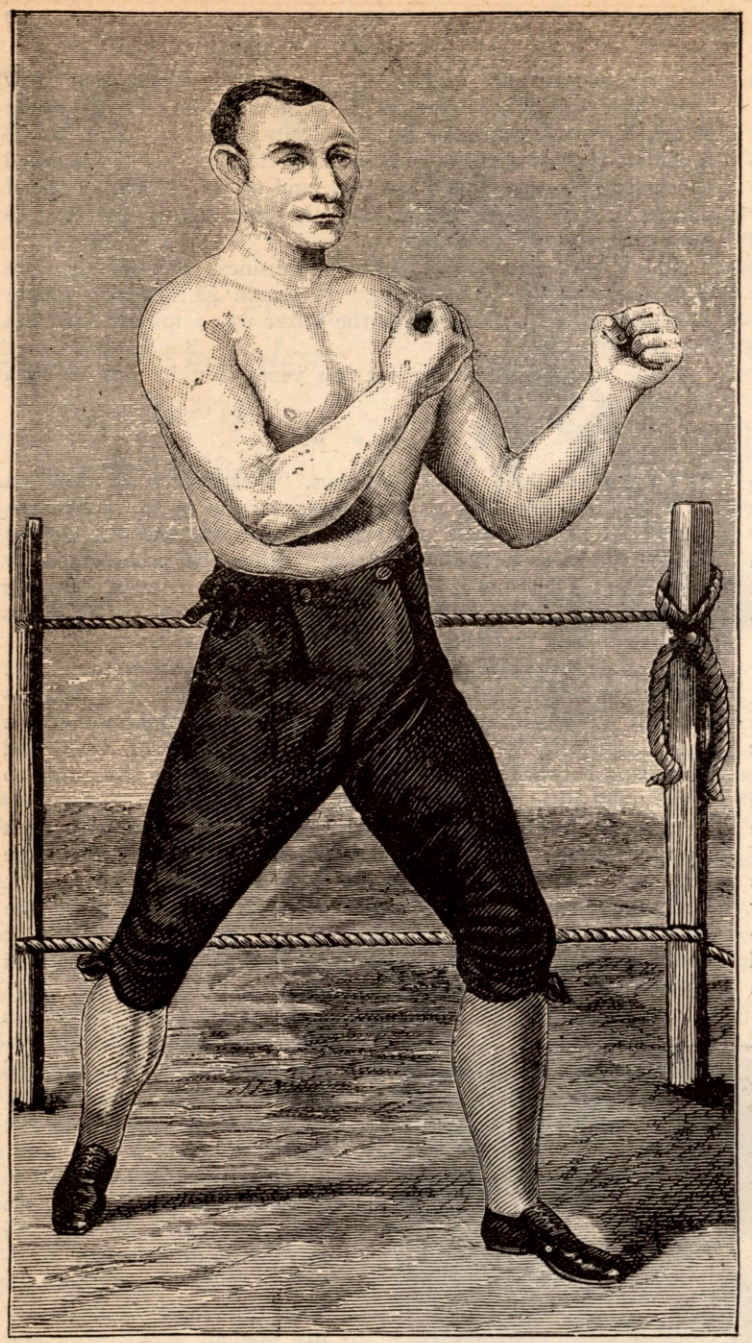
Shea was asked to explain how he developed his punching powers, for he is reputed to be one of the heaviest sockers at his weight in the world.

"How? That's hard to explain, for I really don't know," replied Eddie. "I suppose it just comes naturally. I've always liked to rough it. I like to go in for any kind of heavy work and that, I'm certain, has helped me materially.

"You know, few men in my profession realize the value of gardening as a conditioner. I love to handle garden implements. The use of the rake, the spade and the roller, aids both endurance and muscle development. I do this kind of work as often as I can find the opportunity.

"I also have trained my eyes for sharp shooting by constant practice on the light bag. That is one form of exercise which too many of the boys just beginning, fail to follow properly. They use the big bag too much and the punching bag, not often enough.

"I find that tree climbing has also helped me in my hardening process. Unfortunately, I'm not as young as I used to be and I must keep in better condition now than ever in order to remain in the upper ranks. At that I love the sport that has enabled me to become independent financially and I'll always do my share to show my appreciation."



Frank Ambrose Murray, better known as "Yankee" Sullivan

How Got Its

Second of a Series on the Rise of Pugilism in New England

By

"DOC" ALMY

(Boston's leading authority on fisticuffs)

IT is curious how a comparatively few years can hide an episode and bury an epic—how incident and story can so far slip from all knowledge and recollection in a few decades as to become real gems to the explorer within their own century circle. "Yet," as some weary philosopher may have remarked, "such is so."

While delving into ancient and musty files for matters pugilistic as concerns old Boston, we had the fortune to uncover one of these gems—a sport jewel which in its day was a redblooded thriller—the talk of those both within and without "The Fancy"—yet, by the narrowest of margins, all but lost for all time within 100 years of its occurrence.

Because of circumstance and surroundings we are going to call this story of Boston sporting life—"The Forgotten Fight," and, "not to keep the audience waiting," will reveal as its leading hero—Frank Ambrose Murray, better known as Yankee Sullivan, one of the storm petrels of the oldtime ring whose name frequently appears in ancient annals.

As for his opponent—it takes two to make a fight—he was Robert W. Carbrey, a Boston butcher, but, none the less important in his own town than was Sullivan to the greater circles of pugilism. "He was a game man and handy with his fists," this Carbrey, so state the records concerning him. Unhappily, the writer of this presumably correct assertion did not feel that further details were necessary—certainly did not realize that such might be of interest less than 100 years later on.

But, despite the decades that have gone, it is still news that this oldtime fight—Sullivan vs. Carbrey—was fought in Boston, inasmuch as practically all of the early associations of the Irishman, following his appearance in the States, centered about New York.

* * *

A CHARACTER of the oldtime ring and possessing many traits which the real sportsmen of his day did not admire, this Sullivan had plenty of spirit and bottom as a fighting man, knew the game and was both dangerous and formidable.

Although he weighed but close to 168 pounds when in trim, yet was willing to meet all comers and back up the prowess of his fists with cash, speaks for itself. His losing fight with Tom Hyer of New York, the first heavyweight championship battle of wide importance staged in America, an event of 1849, will remain in the records of sport for all time.

Interesting as is his life story as it unfolds itself—that remains for others to write. In brief, following his escape from a convict colony in Australia in 1838, and his arrival in New York on the "Hamilton" that same year, he was speedily taken up by the Hibernian element, of which he, a native of Bandon, County Cork, Ireland, was one. As an escapee from British durance, the Celts somehow came to look upon him as another who had given a twist to the tail of the lion—as a ringster, a chap all made to order for turf doings when he arrived, he was a most desirable acquisition.

There were banquets and booze parties, speeches and heapmuch talk with now and then a benefit for Sullivan and bits of exhibition sparring by the hero and those of his party. It was but natural that Boston, another haven for the Irish, should appeal to John Wright, a London sporting man who had Sullivan in tow, as worthy of a visitation. So in 1839 to Boston they came. In the Hub they were most graciously received by the sporting element, though the ratio of delight evinced by the Puritanical town fathers is open to conjecture.

BOSTON START

The Appearance of Yankee Sullivan in the Hub—His Sixty-Round "Exhibition" with Carbrey, the "Butcher Boy"

"Yankee" Sullivan in his "topper"

The details of this initial visitation of Sullivan have all but vanished. That it occurred in the fall, lasted about two weeks, and, during that period the Hibernian hero put up his hands in exhibition bouts with Belcher Kay and Bob Carbrey, worsting them both, covers about all we have been able to unearth concerning it. We who know Boston and the oldtime ringsters, may rest assured that it was some occasion with much wining and dining!

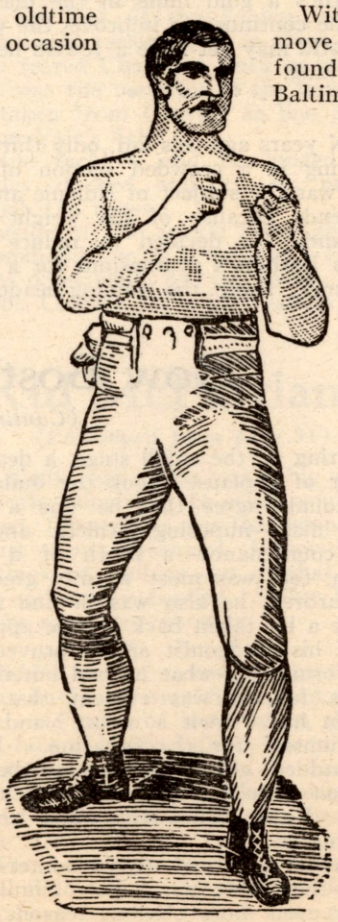
* * *

AMONG the Bostonians who participated in the festivity in a general way, and who was a close and greatly interested spectator as concerns the several glove affairs, was Patrick Powers, a son of Erin and a great admirer of Sullivan because of the fact. But, like the vast majority of his race who had selected the Hub as their home, he was redhot for his adopted city.

At that time Powers conducted a blacksmith shop in Broad Street—was rated as an athlete and a good man with his fists in a muss. The discomfiture of Kay and Carbrey, men of his own set from the old Fort Hill section, was not particularly pleasing to him. Furthermore, in Carbrey, a chap of 23, standing 6 feet, 1 inch, and weighing 195 pounds, he had noted real ring makings.

So this Powers, stirred by mingled emotions of civic pride, athletic heart and prospects of seeing something interesting, lost no time in going into a series of huddles with Messrs. Kay and Carbrey. The outcome was the taking over of the fistic interests of Carbrey by Kay and himself.

First in the blacksmith shop and later in the back-room rings of the neighborhood sporting resorts, the youngster was put through a thorough course of pugilistic sprouts. From a willing tyro, Bobby was converted into a fair fighting man—he came to look very good to his squires and admirers.



George McCleester, (County McCluskey) who fought Tom Hyer

With everything all set as regards Carbrey, the next move was to bring Sullivan back to Boston. This they found on great task, for Boston, next to New York and Baltimore, looked very good to the Irish ringster. Thanks to the efforts of Powers, Kay and others, a grand benefit, sponsored by the Hibernians, was arranged for the night of February 15, 1840, the same to be staged in Boylston Hall, then located at the corner of Boylston and Washington Streets. To this Sullivan was invited, and to it he came. Wright, his manager, acting in his usual capacity as pacemaker.

"Would Sullivan mind pleasing his admirers by sparring a bit with Carbrey?" "Sure he would and be glad to. Oh, that was just fine, providing the authorities would not interfere."

The authorities were interested—might have interfered—were more or less hot to mix in, but Jonathan Munroe, a member of the Board of Emigration Commissioners, who had a brother in the Board of Aldermen, smoothed that out. It was agreed that there should be no messing up of a fine evening by officialdom.

* * *

THE night of nights found the big hall jammed to the doors—all the faithful who could get inside were there—even standing room was at a premium. The crowd pushed Constable George Merriman, the lone representative of the law, into a corner where he was forced to remain until the show was over. Then it was too late for him to interfere even had such a thought entered his mind. Besides, all present were unknown to him.

As Carbrey made his appearance and with difficulty reached the (*Continued on page* 42)

Horton Law Was Boom to New York

(*Continued from page* 15)

In 1893, the Olympic A. C. had competition in the form of the Crescent A. C., which promised a $40,000 purse to Fitz and Jim Hall, but the boxers never got one-third of the amount promised and the failure to produce the cash had a damaging effect on the boxing game in the Crescent City. The bout was advertised as for the middleweight championship, but as Fitz weighed 167½ pounds and Hall 163, both well above the middleweight limit of 158 in those days, it is difficult to see how they could have fought for the championship.

Fitz won the bout by knockout in the fourth round, but there has always been suspicion that the knockout simulated by Hall was not genuine. It was freely charged that Squire Abingdon, Hall's backer, who had been induced to make heavy bets on Hall to win, the money being taken by confederates of Hall and Charley Mitchell, was the real loser. He also lost his life, dying from a heavy cold contracted while acting as second for Hall. Fitz's seconds in that contest were Martin Julian, his manager, and Frank Bosworth. Hall's seconds were Squire Abingdon, Charley Mitchell and Jack McAuliffe.

Fitz had one more battle in New Orleans before the patrons of the Olympic Club. This was with Dan Creedon, of Australia, Fitz winning by knockout in the second round.

* * *

JIM CORBETT was one of the pioneers in fighting in the Southland. On February 18, 1890, Corbett, then advancing rapidly in the heavyweight division, accepted a match with Jake Kilrain, which was staged in the Southern A. C., of New Orleans. This was the year following Kilrain's defeat by Sullivan, and Corbett, always having in mind a match with Sullivan, eagerly accepted the match with Kilrain. It was limited to six rounds, with five-ounce gloves, and the purse was $3,500.

The bout went the limit of stipulated rounds and Corbett won hands down. He received the decision of the referee, a man named R. Violett. This victory had the effect of making Corbett morally certain he could take the title from Sullivan.

After Corbett had taken the honors from the Bostonian, he decided to revenge himself on Charlie Mitchell, who had been a thorn in the side of both Corbett and Sullivan. The Duval A. C., of Jacksonville, Fla., bagged the match for a $20,000 purse, and the battlers put up side stakes of $2,500 a side. Mitchell was far past his prime and was an easy victim of the then formidable Corbett.

As soon as the Horton Law went into effect, the southern clubs faded from view like a frost-bitten exotic. Boxers from all over the world flocked to New York and there were hectic proceedings during the life of the law.

The Horton Law shifted the scene of activities from the South to New York.

Jewish Wrestling Star

(*Continued from page* 23)

Zelesniak, Vakturoff and the latest arrival, Sergei Kalmikoff.

The Italian has his Gino Garibaldi, George Calza and Mike Romano.

The Hungarian has Ference Holuban and Sandor Szabo.

The Germans have their Richard Shikat, Hans Steinke and Richard Stahl.

The American mat followers have their idols in Jim McMillen, Jim Clinkstock, Dr. Wilson, Toots Mondt, Billy Bartusch, Ray Steele and Dick Daviscourt.

And so it goes. Every country has its wrestling heroes and their followers are legion, but of all the stars, there is only one, an American boy, who can wear the "Mogen David," the emblem of the Hebrew race—a young New Yorker, Herb Freeman.

"If Herb ever reaches the heights attained by Londos, McMillen and a few others, we won't have an arena in New York, or for that matter, in the country, big enough to hold the Jews who will root for him in a championship match," said Jack Curley recently, in discussing Freeman's long string of victories against some of the toughest men in the field.

"He's a natural," continued Curley, "the kind of fellow poor Tex Rickard had been looking for in the boxing game."

And that is why Curley and Pfeffer, who make up the various programmes for Eastern wrestling shows, are watching so carefully over this giant New York prospect. He's a gold mine in the making, and if he continues to improve, the wrestling world may yet have a Jewish heavyweight king.

* * *

TEN years ago this lad, only thirteen, living in a crowded section of the Bronx, was the subject of ridicule among his friends because of his weight and belly-band. He decided to reduce and went to Bothner's gymnasium for a special course. There, the training headquarters of the wrestlers, he was looked upon as a "find," for he was just what the pachyderms needed for their workout.

Herb at first objected to being tossed about, but later, he found considerable pleasure in the daily workout. By degrees he learned the various holds and because of his aptitude in acquiring wrestling knowledge, Bothner and his aides taught Freeman how to wiggle out of the various holes.

In one year, the fat kid from the Bronx had become a big, brawny, healthy, muscular lad with scarcely a semblance of condition which brought him so much annoyance before he had joined Bothner's gymnasium.

With this change in condition, he decided to go out for his high school football team and he soon became the leading line bucker. Then he went to the University of Maine, where he tried his hand in several sports, but homesickness overcame him and he returned to New York to enter City College's Business School where he soon became that institution's leading member of the wrestling team.

It was in October, 1929, when his financial condition was not too rosy, that he accepted an offer from Jack Curley to turn professional and since, at the various New York armories, in the clubs of New York and New Jersey, he has rolled up more than fifty consecutive victories.

He has built up a tremendous following among the Jews of Greater New York who are elated to see one of their own, for the first time in modern wrestling history, climb to the top in a sport that requires hardiness, perseverence, fearlessness and an abundance of strength—a combination not often found among the race of Israel.

Freeman is under the personal management of the "Little Napoleon" of the mat sport, Jack Pfeffer, who for many years has brought the world's leading foreign stars to this country.

How Boston Got Its Start

(*Continued from page* 41)

boxing ring on the small stage, a deafening roar of applause shook the building. All accounts agree that he was a fine looking man—imposing, athletic and of happy countenance—a broth of a lad. Sullivan, too, was most warmly greeted. Like Carbrey, he also was in fine trim.

While a bit taken back by the appearance of his antagonist and improvement in his form from what he had noted the previous fall, it was evident that the Irishman had "smelt a mouse" and had fitted himself for the occasion. Both wore padded gloves—it was to be an exhibition setto but with no limit as to rounds. Either could stop when he felt like doing so.

As to the details of the encounter—Ye Gods!—they were not kept! Similarly, and for even more obvious reasons, the names of the seconds and handlers never were published. One Jim Wise, a Bostonian, was the referee, while Wright, Sullivan's representative, acted as the master-of-ceremonies.

The brief record of this stirring affair reads as follows: "Sullivan, in his style of fighting, was as active as a monkey. His agility in springing in and out to give and avoid punishment was a revelation. He was but a small man as compared with Carbrey and was wonderfully quick. Carbrey was the harder hitter.

"His straight from the shoulder smashes were not as frequent as Sullivan's taps but, whenever he landed, Jim Wise had to jump quickly and catch Sullivan to prevent him from a capsize. A halt was called after the men had gone 60 rounds during which both had been pretty well mauled. It was the opinion that it was about an even thing, but in a finish fight Carbrey could have knocked Sullivan out of time.

Alias Swenson

(*Continued from page* 11)

St. Louis. I wire him to bring this Masked Marvel here."

"Everything is working great, Charley," Marley chuckled as he read the telegram that afternoon. "Herman Kampfer wants you in that tournament of his. Nobody of real class in it, and that should be your stepping stone. Let's go. We are off to New York!"

* * *

THAT tournament wasn't as easy as Marley had imagined. There were a few old, wise campaigners in it, and they gave the Masked Marvel a red-hot time of it for a while. But soon the interest of the grappling corps, paid by the week, lagged and Charley went through his matches like a champion.

The Masked Marvel became the sensation of the hour, and when, a week later, he won the final match of the tournament, Cal Tronert decided to investigate. He was the current czar of wrestling in New York, and he was puzzled. Who was the Masked Marvel?

Marley shed little light on the mystery. "Cal, all I know is that he was a sweeper in the Rotunda rathskellar in St. Louis, when he tossed Hunsicker," Marley said. "I happened to be out there, and Kampfer wired me to bring this boy on. His name is Swenson, and his father is a butcher in Minneapolis. Sure, he can wrestle a little. But not enough to bother Dave Stone, your new champion."

Stone, who had played football at a Southern college, had been elevated to the title with the help of rushing tactics familiar to the gridiron.

"Well, this man of yours is getting plenty of publicity, and it might not be a bad idea to cash in on it right away," Tronert suggested. "How about a match in the Garden. Take it or leave it right now. $5,000 for your man, and that's about $4,000 more than he deserves."

"Sold!" said Marley, suppressing his excitement. The bet had been won a lot sooner than he had hoped.

If you are a follower of wrestling, you know what happened in the Garden that March night, when Stone met the Masked Marvel.

You also will recollect that he rose, smiled, and tore away the mask, while Joe Hunter introduced him as Charley Swenson, of Minneapolis. The crowd was a bit disappointed at first. It had labored under the impression that the Marvel really was a well-known grappler of top rank. Who was Charley Swenson?

If you watched Stone, you will remember that when he saw Swenson, he rose in his excitement, and then fell back in his chair, amazed, baffled.

Stone soon walked over to Swenson's corner and said, "Ah, Mr. Thielmeyer, we meet again. How come?"

"Oh, I have a little bet that I can do a little job on you, Stone," chuckled Charley. "Remember when you came to the Yale Bowl, and after I had knocked you around for three periods, you got sore and kicked me in the head while I was down? I was in the hospital for a week, a little sick.

"I never expected to get a chance to return the compliment and this really is an act of Providence. I never took the trouble to find out who this great wrestler Stone was. Now I know my task isn't going to be as tough as I had feared. I handled you on the gridiron, Stone, and I can handle you tonight."

* * *

IT was one of the fiercest wrestling matches ever seen in New York. Stone feared Charley. Back in his brain there was the memory of the beating he had taken from Charley as line charged line on Yale's field.

Stone tackled, and he lunged. But Charley ducked and let his man go through the ropes.

Outside of that tackle Stone had little to commend him as a wrestler. Charley, on the other hand, had the holds.

Soon Charley got a half nelson on his man. He clamped it on tight. Stone wriggled. He struggled. He looked into Charley's face and saw there again the smile of the Yale tackle who had battered him until, in resentment, he had lost his head and whatever sense of sportsmanship he had possessed.

The crowd became wild with excitement. In the first row of the patrons' seats Henry Thielmeyer stood shouting with the rest. He was purple with excitement. Next to him was Cassie, quiet, confident, yet highly nervous. He would win. She knew it!

Charley made the hold faster. Stone strained. Their muscles bulging as if they would tear, perspiration rolling off them in rivulets, they fought with every ounce of strength they could muster.

Finally Stone rolled over. The shoulders of the champion had been pinned to the mat! The title had changed hands!

* * *

NO, the true story never got into the newspapers. Charley Swenson's name appears on the roll of heavyweight champions. And to those who follow the sport, his rise and disappearance remain a mystery.

After his victory over Stone, Charley returned to Chicago and collected his bet. $50,000—better than a million, since it came from Lucas.

There was the little matter of a wedding, at which Henry Thielmeyer grew customarily purple with jollity, and Mrs. Thielmeyer kept reminding him, "Papa, your blood pressure!"

Jack Marley announced, with some reluctance, that in beating Stone, Swenson had torn an abdominal muscle, and surgeons had advised the title holder to quit for at least a year.

Charley Swenson never came back. But Charley Thielmeyer still wrestles around the athletic club, where the members point him out as a "pretty good grappler who used to be champion at Yale."

"Kid McPartland"

(*Continued from page* 31)

"I was not escaping punishment, and was well bumped up by the time the fifth round ended. We both looked fit for the surgeon when the sixth session started, and we had gone but one-fifth the distance. The battle continued this way until the fifteenth round. Both Spike's eyes had been closed and had been opened by his seconds, using a lance on them and permitting them to bleed, fearing that to stop the cuts would cause the eyes to close again.

"In the seventeenth round, a solid right to the bridge of my nose almost ruined me. It broke my smelling organ, and started both my eyes to closing. I was a worse looking sight than Sullivan, as I had previously suffered a cut over my left eye and one under my right optic.

"It seemed that neither of us was tiring under the terrific bombardment, more than likely each of us was being spurred on by the hope that the other would soon weaken. Then there was that winner take all part of our agreement. I know I could not think of walking out of that ring a loser and empty handed. Spike, I guess felt the same way about it.

* * *

"I HAVE yet to see two men battered up as badly as were Spike and myself. When one talks of hard fights, the battered face of Spike Sullivan looms up before me, supplemented by the first flash I got at my own map in the looking glass on my arrival home. It was one tough battle.

"When I single out that fracas with Spike Sullivan as my hardest fight, it must have been all that I have pictured it, for I was in with many a tough one. Look 'em over—Joe Gans, 20 rounds; Kid Lavigne, 25 rounds; Joe Walcott, eight rounds, the same as 20 with anyone else; Eddie Connolly, 25 rounds; Owen Zeigler, 25 rounds; Jack Everhardt, 25 rounds; Matty Matthews, 20 rounds; Jack Daly, 25 rounds and many others of equally tough caliber.

"They were all rough sessions, but not one of them compared with that Spike Sullivan soiree. One other point I wish to bring out, is that when I was recognizd as leading challenger for the lightweight title, held then by George Lavigne, I was forced to accept the munificent sum of $500, for my end, Lavigne taking the regulation 50 per cent and paying me.

"It was my only battle where there was not a winner and loser end. My expenses on the Lavigne battle amounted to $250, so I was not burdened carrying around my earnings out of the contest."

The Champion Speaks

(*Continued from page 26*)

well-cultured college men whose brains coordinate properly with their muscles. That is how it should be.

* * *

I WAS speaking to Nat Fleischer, the Editor of THE RING, and I was somewhat surprised when he remarked:

"Londos, if the people who have seen you wrestle could only have a chat with you as I'm now having, and grasp what this sport means to you, they would soon understand why you are not only a champion, but a great champion."

Of course I was pleased to hear this, but modesty prevents me from commenting on his opinion. However, I will say this much—to me wrestling is an art. I love it just as the painter loves his paints and brush, just as the literary genius digests his Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and others. As a boy, I dreamt that some day I would become a wrestler and that later I would be the champion, and this is what inspired me:

I was working for a grocery concern as an errand boy. One day Stanislaus Zbyszko came to San Francisco where I was then living and, as my father had been an amateur wrestler of renown in Greece, I bought a ticket for fifty cents and there I was high up in the gallery to see the famous Polish star in action.

After a few preliminaries, Zbyszko entered the ring. He stood and bowed, then threw off a bathrobe, and there, to my amazement, stood what to me appeared as the marvel of the age—a perfectly built, heavily set physical specimen with marvelous symmetry. He then and there became my ideal.

I was thrilled. I guess there never was such a thrill for me except when I received that thunderous applause from the 22,000 Garden spectators recently. Then and there I made up my mind that what Zbyszko could accomplish, I, the son of a great Grecian wrestler, a boy with the blood of a famous race coursing through his veins, could do.

* * *

IT didn't take long. I mapped out my plans and I set to work with a spirit of determination. I went out of that building and hung around until my hero came out.

I watched him as he walked down the street, carrying a small valise. I followed close behind and I fell into that same peculiar step of his and even pretended to be carrying a valise to imitate his every move. Maybe it sounds funny now, but it wasn't then—it was a boy's ambition and certainly there's nothing laughable about that.

When Zbyszko entered his hotel, I went up to the Y.M.C.A. and joined the wrestling class. After I had practised for a short time, for the holds were not exactly new to me, I entered an amateur tourney. I came through to a point where it was up to me to meet the champion.

He was much bigger and heavier than I—a heavyweight weighing 200 pounds, while I scaled less than 160 pounds. After several minutes, during which he had all the better of the argument, I suddenly made a dive for his legs, and catching him by surprise, I pinned him before one could count three.

I was the new amateur champion. What a sensation! I was thrilled. The first step in my ambition had been successfully reached. That victory was the making of me—the present king of the heavyweight wrestlers.

Now for a few words about my colleagues. To men like Shikat, Steinke, McMillen, Garibaldi, Freeman, Pojello, Dusek, Szabo, Kirilenko, the Zbyszkos, Stanislaus and Wladek, Steele, Dr. Wilson, and others who have been performing regularly this season, wrestling owes a vote of thanks. They are all cultured men who give their best and entertain cleanly. It is men of that type who have helped bring this famous sport back into its own.

I want to thank the American public for their fine support of me and my colleagues. Their confidence has been well repaid by the fine matches staged this season. My thanks go also to the New York and Pennsylvania boxing commissions for starting the ball rolling which created official recognition for my title and to the members of the N.B.A. for voting to support my claim in 35 states.

* * *

I ALSO want to extend my thanks publicly to Jack Curley of New York; Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia; John Contos of Baltimore; Doc Krons of Chicago; Charles Renthrop of Memphis; Morris Siegel of Houston, Texas; Arthur Marullo of New Orleans, and others who have helped put the game over. They are giving the public an honest run for their money.

When my day comes to meet defeat and lose my crown, I hope the man who beats me will be of the type above referred to. But, I hope it will be many moons before the day arrives when I shall have to step down.

Then and Now

(*Continued from page 19*)

siders what a boxing lesson Driscoll gave Abe Attell, Leach Cross and Matty Baldwin, he must realize what a marvel Driscoll was.

* * *

SPEAKING of Wilde, I had an opportunity to bring him to this country and passed it up, much to my regret. It was back in 1912 that I went abroad to officiate in the Olympic games and, on my way to the Continent, I decided to stop off at Cardiff as the guest of Driscoll. It was while at his home that I met a skinny, anaemic looking boy he had around the house to blacken his boots, bring up his tea in the morning and to run errands.

When I left, I was so pleased with his gentlemanly actions in looking after me that I handed him a guinea. After the Olympic Games I again decided to pay a visit to Driscoll of whom I was very fond. I would go miles to see Jem. This time, when I arrived, he asked me to accompany him to a boxing show when, much to my astonishment, I saw his little "boots" knock out another sturdy lad in the fifth round. The "boots" was none other than Jimmy Wilde.

I liked Wilde's style, for it was much in common with that of his mentor, Driscoll, and Jem, turning to me, asked:

"Charley, why don't you take him back with you? He'll make good. Your people will like him."

"Take him back with me? What for? To use him as a watch charm?" I queried.

* * *

WILDE, in that bout, weighed only eighty-five pounds and naturally, I didn't think he would fit in our company. We didn't have any flyweights here at the time and I didn't see where Jimmy could earn a five dollar bill, yet in a short time, he was the sensation of Europe and later became famous as the greatest flyweight of all time.

When Jimmy made his visit to this country to defend his title I was introduced to him at a banquet at the Imperial Hotel. He smiled, shook hands and remarked:

"Mr. Harvey, I think I've met you before." And then his smile took on the appearance of a grin as he went on:

"Remember the boy in Mr. Driscoll's home to whom you gave a guinea? Well that was the first big money I ever met up with and that's why I shall never forget you."

I've seen many great fighters come and go, and naturally, like most of the old timers, I feel that in almost all divisons we had harder hitters, greater fighters, than we have to-day, but one thing I must say is that we have progressed. The sport has made marvelous progress even if we haven't such whirlwinds now as a few years back. We have as fine boxers, but the cunning and the hitting is not there as in the past.

Yet I wouldn't want the old days back in our midst. Commission rule has given to boxing a cleaner, more respectable sport than in the days of the rough and ready, bare-knuckle or skin-tight battles, or boxing as it was in the Horton Law period. Boxing is better to-day than ever, thanks to the splendid supervision of state commissions, particularly that in New York.

Kid McCoy's "Benefit"

(*Continued from page* 21)

lips when the stranger led a hard right straight into McCoy's nose and threw the Kid into a fury, the claret from his battered beak spattering all over his face. Wildly rushing at "Smith," McCoy missed swing after swing, while the stranger gave a marvelous exhibition of footwork.

The house was in an uproar as the round ended, and McCoy went to his corner madder than the proverbial wet hen.

"Smith" sat smiling in his corner, apparently enjoying the proceedings. They came out for the second round, and Smith continued his teasing tactics.

In this round and the third, the mysterious stranger showed McCoy more fancy stuff than the bewildered Kid ever thought was in the book, but it was not until near the end of the fourth round that "Smith" really opened up in earnest. And how he opened up! He battered McCoy all over the stage, for the flimsy ropes had long since fallen to the floor. As a parting shot and finishing touch, just before the final bell, "Smith" knocked McCoy clear over the brass railing of a stage box.

It was several days before the identity of the mysterious stranger became known. His real name was McAleer and he knew how to fight but he wouldn't disclose anything about himself. After receiving the fifty dollars he had won, he promptly handed it over to McCoy to help out on the benefit.

It was a sorry climax to McCoy's "benefit," but was a great lesson for the cocky kid, who afterwards climbed the heights of Fistiana.

The Indianapolis *Journal* said of this contest, "The unknown gave the name of John Smith of Chicago and he looked to be out of McCoy's class, being much heavier. It was said the unknown was a ringer sent here to test McCoy's abilities and that his real name was McAleer, a well-known Eastern fighter who stopped here on his way to the coast."

The Indianapolis *News* said: "A stranger offered to go on with McCoy, and said his name was John Smith, of Chicago, but he was said to be Tom McMurray from the East. Whoever he was, he was a fighter, and McCoy could do nothing with him. He evidently came here to get McCoy's $50, but some arrangement must have been made between the men for he turned the money over to the "benefit."

Hired, Fired and Hired

(*Continued from page* 29)

the way to the battle scene, he asked Mason what they were receiving for the evening's entertainment. Mason made one of those evasive replies.

* * *

JUST then the cab got within a block of the building and could go no farther.

"What's this?" asked the surprised Greb. "Gee, there must be a mob here to-night!"

There was. It was the biggest house Boston had seen in months. There was close to $21,000 in the till and when Harry stripped, got into the ring, and cast his eye over that arena, packed as it was, he smacked his lips and began to figure to what extent the dear old bankroll would be sweetened in the morning.

The doors were closed because it was impossible to get any more in and there were still block-long lines waiting to get tickets.

According to the various reports of that night's battle, Cap'n Bob touched Greb just twice during the contest—once when they shook hands at the start and again when they repeated the ceremony at the finish. His enthusiasm egged to the limit by the big crowd and his thoughts of the morning's "fat" from the promoter, Greb put up one of those sterling fights of his—simply unhittable, unbeatable. The verdict was a mere formality.

Mason wasn't to be found until the following noon. Then he had to tell Harry. There was the measly $1,250 lying on the table when Greb could easily have commanded 40 per cent of a house better than $20,000.

"You're fired!" yelled the exasperated Greb. "Don't you dare ever open another telegram! Get out!"

Mason didn't deny the stories the papers carried the next day. He had been fired before. He wasn't worried.

Sure enough, they met accidentally a week later.

"We can get Chuck Wiggins out in Indianapolis on the 20th," remarked "Red" casually, as if nothing had happened.

"It'll be all right with me," agreed Harry, "go ahead and take it," and he didn't even ask what he was to get.

That was the way Harry Greb did business! He was a great fighter. A whirlwind on the attack—a human windmill. Money to him was just something to spend at cabarets. That's why he seldom asked what his purse was to be.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 33)

wouldn't care if that big hound never made another nickel."

* * *

AS soon as we parted I hurried to an all night bank, where I had my checking account, drew a check for $20,000 in Gotch's favor and had it certified. Then I went to the Coliseum.

When the wrestling matches began the place was packed and there, in the directors' box, sat Gotch, of whose presence the crowd was not aware. I circulated through the crowd, pointed out Gotch to many friends of mine and urged them to yell for him. The crowd quickly took up the cry and Gotch was compelled to stand up and take a bow. Still the crowd yelled and, at my insistence, he came down from the box and entered the ring.

The announcer, a little chap by the name of Smitty, had been coached by me and, with many a flourish and high sounding phrase, he introduced Gotch as the greatest of all champions. The crowd cheered again and as Frank took another bow, my claquers posted throughout the building, began to shout:

"What about Hackenschmidt? Why don't you wrestle Hackenschmidt?"

Gotch, his face flaming with anger now, mumbled something to the announcer, who held up his hand for silence and, when he got it, proclaimed:

"The champion says he is tired of these foreigners cashing in on his reputation by grabbing off losers' ends. If he is to wrestle again, he will demand $20,000 for his end."

That's what I had been waiting for.

I stepped up and handed the certified check to Ed Smith, the referee.

"Tell him there's his twenty thousand, right in his mitt, for a match with Hack," I said.

Gotch, realizing he was trapped, was thrown into confusion and spoke slowly.

"Checks don't mean anything to me," he said. "I want the cash in my bank in Humboldt."

"I'll have it transferred to Humboldt immediately," I said. "My bank is open all night and I can attend to it in five minutes."

"I want $1,000 for training expenses," he haggled.

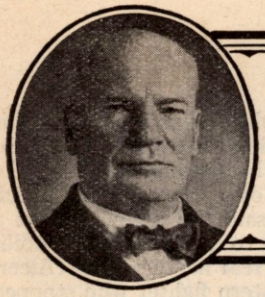
"You can get it at the box office right now and I'll give the committee my "I. O. U." for it and replace it in the morning," I said.

The crowd was in an uproar. Gotch had no choice left.

"I'll wrestle him," he said.

(*To be Continued*)

EDITOR'S NOTE—*In the next instalment Jack Curley will tell of the greatest outdoor wrestling match ever staged—the Gotch-Hackenschmidt bout.*



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Donald McPeak, Walker, Iowa.

Q.—How old is Tommy Ryan and what are his measurements?

A.—Born at Redwood, N. Y., March 31, 1870, and is therefore 61 years of age. His height was 5 ft. 7¾ in. and he fought at from 148 to 154. Won two titles, welter and middle. Is well fixed financially, having acquired valuable oil lands in Southern California.

Q.—Where are Joe Choynski, Tom Sharkey, Willie Ritchie, Jack Delaney and Kid McCoy located?

A.—Choynski is an instructor in a Cincinnati gymnasium; Sharkey at the Agua Caliente race track, Mexico; Ritchie in Los Angeles, dealer in automobiles; Jack Delaney in retirement at Bridgeport, Conn., and Kid McCoy serving sentence in San Quentin Prison, Cal.

J. Lanark, Toronto, Ont.

Q.—What are the requirements to become a professional boxer?

A.—The first requirement is to learn how to box. Next, proper training, and then intelligent matchmaking. Suggest that you get "How to Box," and "How to Train," by Nat Fleischer, at The Ring office. They will start you on the correct road.

M. B., Montreal.

Q.—Were Sonny Kid and Kid Irish the boxing names of one man? Give the weight of each and nationality.

A.—No, Sonny Smith was a New York Jewish boxer a few years ago.

Ring Reader, Olyphant, Pa.

Q.—Assuming all to be in top form, which would you select as winners in the following pairings: Mike Gibbons vs. Mickey Walker; Benny Leonard vs. Packey McFarland; Owen Moran vs. Packey McFarland; Peter Jackson vs. Jack Dempsey; Jim Jeffries vs. Jack Dempsey; Benny Leonard vs. Terry McGovern; Harry Greb vs. Young Stribling; Harry Greb vs. Mike Gibbons.

A.—Mickey Walker, Packey McFarland, Peter Jackson, Jim Jeffries, Benny Leonard, Harry Greb, Harry Greb.

Q.—Could Dempsey, in top form, defeat all heavyweights, past or present?

A.—Decidedly not. Peter Jackson, 6 feet 1 inch tall, 195 pounds, remarkably expert boxer, heavy hitter, speedy in movement, would have defeated Dempsey at his best.

If Dempsey had faced Jim Corbett in the latter's form when he took the title from Sullivan, the Manassa Mauler never would have laid a glove on Gentleman Jim. The Californian would have jabbed and hooked Dempsey to a knockout.

It is a most fortunate thing for Dempsey that he was not in the heavyweight tussle in the days of Robert Fitzsimmons, the greatest strategist and deadliest hitter of ring history. Fitz in the form he showed against Corbett at Carson City, would have flattened Dempsey for the full count in about 6 rounds.

Jeffries, of iron jaw and body, would have taken all that Dempsey could offer and then scored a knockout. Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey and others ruined their hands hammering at the iron man, and then were beaten. It is not unlikely that Frank Slavin and Joe Goddard in their prime would have made things decidedly interesting for Dempsey.

The latter's crowning achievement was his knockout of the huge, slow-moving, ill-trained Willard. Dempsey was a hard hitter, but he had little success in reaching the jaws of clever defensive boxers, notably Tom Gibbons and Gene Tunney.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Q.—Could Dempsey by 6 months of intensive training, return to the ring and win back the championship?

A.—No. Dempsey is finished as a ring fighter. All talk about him regaining the title has as its object publicity to aid him in obtaining lucrative refereeing assignments.

Q. Why did you recently pick Battling Siki to whip Tommy Loughran?

A.—Siki stopped Carpentier in 6 rounds in 1922, at a time when Carpentier was the light-heavyweight champion of the world. I saw Carpentier fight in London in 1923, and he was anything but washed up.

In 1926 Carpentier lost a close 10-round decision to Loughran. He couldn't have been completely washed up on that record. One of the second or third raters that defeated Siki in 1923 was Mike McTigue. The bout took place in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day. How was it possible for a negro to defeat an Irishman under such conditions? Siki was a terrific puncher, and if he could reach Carpentier's jaw, he would also be likely to reach Loughran's molar department.

A Constant Ring Reader, Palmerton, Pa.

Q.—Where can I get a Penn. boxer's and second's license, and the price of each?

A. Penn. Boxing Commission. $5.00 each.

Q.—Where can I get a copy of rules on boxing?

A.—Apply to Bert Stand, Secretary N. Y. Boxing Com.

Q.—Must an amateur boxer have a license in Penn. and N. Y.?

A.—Yes. Get one from Amateur Athletic Union.

Lloyd Meyrs, Hayward, Calif.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 ft. 3 in. and weight 111 lbs. What will be my height and weight at 21?

A.—5 ft. 5 in.; 126 lbs.

Q.—Do you think light training will hurt me?

A.—No.

Q.—I would like to enter a boxing tournament in a few months. Would you advise me to?

A.—Yes.

Jimmie Dayton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I train for a fight at a free gymnasium in Brooklyn or New York or a good club to join in Brooklyn that will not cost much money?

A.—Trinity Club Gymnasium, Borough Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harvey Baum, Darien, Conn.

Q.—What are the best record books pertaining to boxing and general sport? What do they cost and where can I get them?

A.—The Everlast Record Book and Andrews Record Book for boxing. Price 45 cents each. Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book for other sports. The price is $1.00. The Rice book shop carries these.

Eddie Morgan, Ring Reader.

Q.—Please explain the meaning of junior-welterweight.

A.—When the committee that drew up the rules of boxing now a part of the Walker Law, arranged the classes, it was the contention of one member that the weight difference between the lighter classes was too great. He suggested intermediate classes between flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, five classes. Thus the flyweight limit is 112 pounds and the junior flyweight is 109 pounds.

The bantam limit is 118 pounds and the junior bantam, 115 pounds. The feather limit is 126 pounds and the junior featherweight, 122 pounds. The lightweight limit is 135 pounds and the junior lightweight, 130 pounds. The welter limit is 147 pounds and the junior welter, 140 pounds.

Louis Rohmeyer, Auburndale, Wis.

Q.—Is Sam Langford living?

A.—Yes, in Boston.

Q.—How many rounds did Jack Dempsey win in his fight with Gene Tunney at Chicago?

A.—Three or four.

Q.—What nationality is Young Stribling?

A.—American born.

Ring Reader, Cumberland, M. D.

Q.—In either one of the Dempsey-Tunney fights did Tunney afterwards suffer from a lung being punctured by a broken rib, which was caused by one of Dempsey's blows?

A.—No.

Ring Reader, Clifton, N. J.

Q.—I am 18 years old, weigh 150 pounds, am 5 feet 11 inches. What will I be at 21?

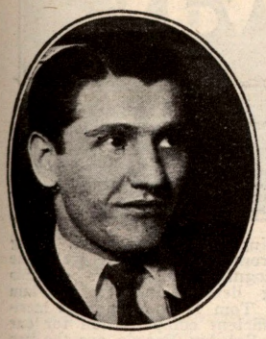
A.—168 pounds; 6 feet.

Q.—Where does Jack Sharkey live?

A.—Chestnut Hill, Boston, Mass.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



PLENTY of unforseen incidents occurred during the past month that thrust boxing right into the front pages, some of it unpleasant and other details that brought about considerable favorable discussion. Chiefly among the most important items was the courageous battle shown by Carnera against Maloney in Miami.

It seems odd to praise a man like Carnera who enjoyed over seventy pounds weight advantage, but considering the handicap that he went through in going on with a fractured rib and winning the fight with those odds against him, it is no more than fitting that he should receive the credit that he is entitled to under such circumstances.

Other outstanding features of the month follow:

Mickey Walker banged out another victory over Johnny Risko and firmly established himself in the heavyweight division to which he has been devoting most of his efforts. Battling Bozo, in spite of his victory over Lew Scozza, is a trifle too heavy for the 175-pound class and cannot be rated there. George Godfrey has deserted the boxing industry and confined his efforts to wrestling which leaves an opening to take Godfrey out of the rankings. It is truly unfortunate that they cannot find opponents for Godfrey and he will have to go down in heavyweight annals as a Negro who was really dodged by his adversaries.

Billy Petrolle still is an important figure in the lightweight class, by his four-round knockout over King Tut. According to reports, Tut will be out of action for six months, so it's just as well that he be removed from the ratings. Sammy Fuller stepped into ranking lightweight position for the month through his overweight victory over Tony Canzoneri.

Ben Jeby endeared himself to the hearts of the fans with his two-fisted victory over Len Harvey, who did not live up to his advance reputation in his three American starts. Freddy Miller has been taken from the junior-lightweight ranks and placed in the featherweights, as he is a legitimate 126-pounder. Kid Francis is confining his efforts to feathers and will be taken out of the bantamweight division. Joe Scalfaro is now a full-fledged featherweight and Harry Fierro and Vidal Gregario, both bantams, were beaten by Hymie Wiseman and Baby Face Quintano, respectively, who are featherweights.

Carnera's victory over Jim Maloney and Tuffy Griffiths' victory over his hard-hitting Chicago rival, King Levinsky, featured the month's heavyweight bouts. Tommy Loughran whipped Ernie Schaaf while Ernie scored over Dynamite Jackson on the Pacific Coast. Paulino Uzcudun returned to action with a four-round knockout over Les Kennedy.

Charley Retzlaff asserted himself at the expense of Tom Heeney by stopping him in the seventh round. Retzlaff is a real heavyweight threat. Stanley Poreda continued his winning stride by besting Herman Heller and Frank Cawley. Cawley scored over Frankie Simms. Jack Gross won over Roberti Roberto. Jose Santa was kayoed by Salvatore Ruggirello in two rounds but returned to kayo Jack Silvers in one and turned the tables on Ruggirello in six rounds.

In the light-heavyweight group, Maxey Rosenbloom, the champion, added Marty Gallagher and Joe Banovic to his list of victims. Battling Bozo triumphed over Lew Scozza and Jack Barry. Scozza scored over Tony Shucco. Harry Ebbets showed a return to form by defeating Tait Littman. It seems that added weight has made a remarkable change in Ebbets' fighting. Billy Jones stopped Fred Lenhart in eight sessions.

Bob Olin scored over Tony Ferrente. Pete Latzo turned in two victories over Sam Weiss. Rosy Rosales whipped Tiger Payne. George Manley defeated Leo Lomski and kayoed Big Boy Peterson in eight rounds. George Courtney knocked out Chuck Burns in eight rounds.

Yale Okun won over Johnny Roberts. Tony Cancela defeated Roy Bailey. Joe Anderson gained victories over Gene Buffalo and Matt Adgie.

Mickey Walker appears to have neglected the middleweight division for the more lucrative choice of tackling the bigger fellows. He conquered Johnny Risko decisively in Miami. Ben Jeby came to the front with his clear victory over Len Harvey. Tiger Thomas kayoed Henry Goldberg in five rounds. Leo Larrivee stopped Vittorio Livin in five sessions. Gorilla Jones whipped Bud Gorman.

Young Terry stepped into the elite class by his victories over Sammy Baker, Vincent Sereci and nine-round kayo over Pal Silvers. Silvers drew with Jocko Walters and Baker defeated Hans Mueller. Roy Williams scored knockouts over Del Fontaine and Buck Casterling. Jack McVey drew with Indian Tiger West. My Sullivan kayoed Izzy Grove in one round. Joe Zelinsky was beaten by Jack Willis and Vincent Forgione.

Tommy Freeman took his welterweight title to Mexico City and returned with the scalp of Alfred Gaoni added to his string of victims. It was an overweight match. Young Corbett whipped Paul Pirrone. Jackie Fields conquered Jackie Brady. Young Jack Thompson scored knockouts over Babe Anderson in nine rounds and Larry Kid Kaufman in three.

Baby Joe Gans scored over Bucky Lawless but was beaten by Leo Brouillard. Lawless kayoed Sailor Pacilio in four rounds. Eddie Ran scored a nine-round kayo over Billy Light and Light went seven rounds with Sam Bruce in a bout which was declared "no contest." Battling Dozier defeated Andy Di Vodi and kayoed Charley Hernandez in seven. Di Vodi won from Paulie Walker on a foul in four rounds.

Billy Townsend kayoed Bobby Reister in six rounds and won from Johnny Lamar. Al Mello turned in knockouts over Joe Marino in two rounds and Patsy Reno in eight. Lope Tenorio whipped Hans Mueller, Eddie Shapiro and drew with Artie De Luca.

Action was very scarce among the junior-welters. Steve Haliako scored over Eddie Elkins in one of the principal bouts. Sammy Mandell came back with a four-round kayo over Dick Gore. Eddie Kid Wolfe defeated Billy McMahon. Joe Glick kayoed Teddy Palacios in four rounds. Frankie Stetson disposed of Joe Rund in one round. Young Firpo bested Frankie Hayes.

Harry Wallach kayoed Leo Brouse in two rounds and defeated Al Bryant and Georgie Daggett. Bryant was also whipped by Benny Levine. Jimmy McNamara scored over Andy Saviola.

Tony Canzoneri stopped Joey Kaufman in one round but was beaten by Sammy Fuller. Billy Petrolle kayoed King Tut in four. Justo Suarez settled an important South American conflict by kayoing Stanislaus Loayza in three rounds. He also stopped Juan Carlos Casala in the same period. Louis Kid Kaplan trimmed Buster Brown and stopped Tommy Crowley in seven rounds.

Johnny Jadick stopped Ray Collins in the sixth. Wesley Ramey defeated Herman Perlick. Cecil Payne was beaten by Jackie Pilkington but trounced Marty Goldman. Eddie Anderson won over Eddie Brannon and Joe Rivers. Barney Ross whipped Jackie Davis. Jakey Zeramby scored over Lud Abella. Tony Falco defeated Al Gordon.

Al Foreman headed the junior-lightweight group with knockouts over Aine Gyde in four and Heinrich Mueller in three rounds. Johnny Farr won decisions over Ervin Berlier and Johnny Cook. Harry Blitman showed signs of complete recovery to form when he trounced Lew Massey. Massey won on a foul from Bud Taylor when Taylor was disqualified for not fighting in the eighth round.

Pete Nebo won over Steve Smith, but Steve returned with victories over Johnny Datto and Vernon Cormier. Davy Abab won from Tony Leto. Mike Dundee scored over Frankie Nanci. Joey Costa trounced Benny Brostoff. Jimmy Slavin won over Al Dunbar. Santiago Zorilla defeated Dynamite Murphy and Leo Dazzo trimmed Frankie Marchese.

Battling Battalino has his ups and downs as the featherweight champion. After whipping Young Zazzerino, Bat bowed to defeat at the hands of Andy Callahan. Eddie Shea kayoed Harry Forbes in one and Manuel Castro in seven rounds. Freddy Miller defeated Tommy Paul. Bushy Graham stopped Yamie Katz in six rounds. Katz kayoed Freddy Dawson in the third.

Baby Face Quintana whipped Vidal Gregario. Nel Tarleton kayoed Ernest Mignard in nine rounds. Paul Wangley scored over Jackie Sharkey. Johnny McMillan won from Koli Kolo. Midget O'Dowd and Phil Zwick battled to a draw. Hymie Wiseman whipped Harry Fierro. Benny Gershe scored over Joe Marciente.

Johnny Peters won over Joe Lucas. Sammy Gelber was beaten by Art Chapdelaine but defeated Young Granada. Tracey Cox stopped Soldier Dombrowski in five rounds.

Al Brown, head of the bantams, is still campaigning in Europe. He disposed of Willie Farrell in three rounds in England. Pete Sanstol made great progress in stopping Harry Hill, five rounds, Phil Tobias, six rounds, and winning over Frankie Anslem. Anslem scored over Johnny Erickson. Newsboy Brown stopped Speedy Dado in three rounds.

Pee Wee Wilson outpointed Juan Cruz. Lew Farber whipped Peter Jackson. Jimmy Thomas scored over Benny Schwartz. Eugene Huat and Emile Pladner went to a draw in Paris.

Midget Wolgast is doing his best to keep the flyweight division active. During the month he defeated Willie Davies, Ruby Bradley and Pinky Silverberg. Art Giroux kayoed Tommy Palacio in four rounds. Marty Gold stopped Mose Butch in five rounds and Antol Kocsis defeated Juan Cruz.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

The following are my ratings for the month ending March 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
2—Young Stribling	Lew Scozza	Ben Jeby	Jackie Fields	Tony Herrera
3—Primo Carnera	Billy Jones	Tiger Thomas	Jimmy McLarnin	Steve Haliako
4—Tuffy Griffiths	Harry Ebbets	Dave Shade	Y'g Jack Thompson	Mickey Cohen
5—Tommy Loughran	Bob Olin	Harry Smith	Johnny Indrisano	Tommy Grogan
6—Ernie Schaaf	Tait Littman	Len Harvey	Lou Brouillard	Ralph Lenny
7—Paulino Uzcudun	Joe Banovic	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans	Sammy Mandell
8—Charley Retzlaff	George Manley	Leo Larrivee	Jackie Brady	Eddie Kid Wolfe
9—Stanley Poreda	Rosy Rosales	Young Terry	Billy Townsend	Joe Glick
10—Jim Maloney	Pete Latzo	Roy Williams	Paul Pirrone	Herman Perlick

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacated	Title Vacated
1—Sammy Fuller	Al Foreman	Kid Francis	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Jack Kid Berg	Roger Bernard	Eddie Shea	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
3—Billy Petrolle	Johnny Farr	Fidel La Barba	Archie Bell	Art Giroux
4—Justo Suarez	Harry Blitman	Kid Chocolate	Newsboy Brown	Speedy Dado
5—Louis Kid Kaplan	Lew Massey	Earl Mastro	Vidal Gregario	Steve Rocco
6—Ray Miller	Maurice Holtzer	Freddy Miller	Willie Davies	Phil Tobias
7—Andy Callahan	Mike Dundee	Tommy Paul	Dom. Bernasconi	Marty Gold
8—Sammy Dorfman	Davey Abad	Bushy Graham	Harry Fierro	Johnny Sili
9—Wesley Ramey	Pete Nebo	Joe Scalfaro	Pee Wee Wilson	Ruby Bradley
10—Maxie Strub	Steve Smith	Hymie Wiseman	Lew Farber	Jackie Harmon

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Augie Ruggiere, New York City.
Bantamweight—Ross Fields, Weirton, W. Va.
Featherweight—Patsy La Rocco, New York City.
Junior-Lightweight—Carmen Roman, Bayonne, N. J.
Lightweight—Mike Marshall, Philadelphia, Pa.
Junior-Welterweight—Packy Lynch, New York City.
Welterweight—Kid Leonard, East Moline, Ill.
Middleweight—Lou Kaplan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Rattle Kitchline, Easton, Pa.
Heavyweight—Joe Doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

PRIOR to Len Harvey's arrival to this country some months ago, Tom Webster, eminent British cartoonist, cabled several of his intimate newspaper friends to "look out for Len Harvey, the greatest fighter ever turned out of Great Britain."

After three trials in this country, every one staged in Madison Square Garden, under the most favorable conditions, we must tell our friend Tom that Harvey is not quite good enough to make the grade. Beaten twice by Vince Dundee and in his last start thoroughly whipped by Ben Jeby, a good semi-finalist who is hardly known outside of New York City, certainly Len was sadly outclassed by this inexperienced boy.

Jeby made a wonderful showing, considering his limited experience and won the hearts of the fans with his plucky display and sheer fighting spirit. That's what Harvey lacks—a fighting heart. Jeby battered away from first round to last and took all the fight out of Harvey with his vicious body attack.

Harvey simply can't take it. Apparently in England he has never met the type of aggressive fighters one must face in America.

After getting a good peek at Roger Bernard in a Detroit gymnasium, I can readily understand how that young man happened to win forty-seven consecutive victories and is justly ranked as one of the ranking junior-lightweights of the country. Bernard has everything that is recognized as class in the boxing game. He has a versatile style that combines boxing and slugging and a speedy attack that brings him continually on the aggressive. Bernard needs only one fight in New York to prove that it isn't absolutely necessary to reside in a big town to be able to handle your mitts and Roger comes from Flint, Mich., which could hardly be termed a big city.

Tommy Loughran again gave a masterly display of boxing in handily whipping Ernie Schaaf at the Garden. Loughran, the "has been," has staged one of the most remarkable comebacks in the realm of boxing and is destined to make fistic history before he hangs up the gloves. It has been the popular pastime of dooming Loughran to disaster every time he faces a good boy, and each time Tommy fools the wise ones. Tommy is almost certain to attain one of his pet objectives—that of a return scrap with Jack Sharkey.

Stanley Poreda continued his winning stride by winning over Frank Cawley in the ten-round semi-final but was given a tough battle. Cawley is another of the younger crop of heavies who has been coming along rapidly and it was quite a feather in Poreda's cap to hurdle that obstacle. Laddie scored over Jackie Aldare in the opening ten-round engagement.

Jackie Berg returned from Miami brown as a berry and ready to take up his pastime. He has fully recovered from that strained shoulder ailment and is starting on another campaign that has established him in the country as the best in his class. Berg thrives on work and may possibly achieve that oportunity that comes once in a lifetime—a crack at the lightweight championship.

Manny Schupan, former manager of the Perlick Twins, has quit the boxing game and is wrapped up into a more serious profession. He is president of the National Radio Advertising Co., Inc., of America, and his duties take him all over the country seeking new advertising accounts for his concern.

Professor Joseph Ricco is handling the wrestling end of the game over at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City, where boxing bouts are conducted by John Jennings and he reports capacity business at every show he has staged. Ricco is a good showman and gives the customers plenty of thrills with his entertainment.

The local matchmakers have been augmented with the presence of Lew Raymond, who has been touring the wide open spaces for the past year but is expected to remain in New York indefinitely. Raymond stands out as one of the premier matchmakers of the country and has a few clubs lined up for his future use. The St. Nicholas Rink may be the scene of his activities in the next few weeks and leave it to Raymond to give the fans some good matches.

Al Sweeney, in conjunction with Eddie Siegel, has taken over the management of Haakon Hanson, hard-hitting Norwegian middleweight. Haakon resides in Chicago and was looked after by Ed Stevenson who also handled Otto Von Porat. Hanson is a powerful puncher and is expected to do well under the new regime.

Lew Brown and Ben Embinder have teamed up with their group of mitt manipulators and they have a promising array of fistic future greats to offer the promoters. Harry Carlton, Frankie Carlton, Johnny Pena, Pete De Grasse, George Hoffman and Patsy Pasculli are some of the boys in their charge. The new combination is expected to do well.

Jimmy Johnston has finally returned to power, judging by the turning over of Ebbets Field into his hands for the coming summer. Leave it to Jimmy to maneuver big things. Some of his tentative matches are almost beyond belief. He is said to have Vittorio Campolo and Kid Chocolate for three fights each and has his hooks out for Jack Sharkey. Tony Canzoneri and Mickey Walker are possible prospects. Johnston has also taken over Len Harvey. Johnston seems to be able to do things no other promoters can do. He's a hustler, all right. Always on his toes.

When it comes to developing raw products in the school of pugilism it will take a mighty hard man to surpass Hymie Cantor the bald-headed sage of the East Side, who brought out Ruby Goldstein, Marty Summers, Abe Goldstein, Benny Valger and the late Abie Friedman. Cantor took the above-named when they were comparative novices and instilled into them the rudiments of boxing that brought them fame and fortune. Cantor is a student of boxing. He possesses that knack of infusing ring knowledge into his pupils that stamps him as one of the best teachers of boxing in the country.

At the present time he is trying to take along Charley Massara, an unschooled and untried youngster of twenty-one years and has been diligently drilling him for the past few weeks. Massara has had no previous experience. He comes from East Monongahela, Pa. In a short space of time he has improved tremendously until now its is a real treat to watch him against experienced foemen like George Hoffman and Joe Banovic at Stillman's Gymnasium. No one would ever suspect that he is only a novice.

Salvatore Ruggirello, Italian heavy, performed a miracle when he scored a two-round kayo over Jose Santa, giant Portugese, in Providence, after he had been prepared for the scrap heap. The Italian recently went over to the management of Billy East and it is assumed that the change has improved his fighting morale and that he will continue the good work. Ruggirello, in a return bout, was knocked out by Santa in the sixth. Salvatore was down thirteen times.

Primo Carnera's victory over Jim Maloney under the most adverse circumstances at Miami really stamps him more powerful than ever as a figure to contend with in the heavyweight ranks. Carnera really suffered from a fractured rib and did not train for two full weeks prior to the bout.

Only for the fact that it meant total catastrophe for Frank Bruen's promotional hopes and complete ruination for his show did Carnera go through but he did it with a display of courage hardly exceeded in the annals of boxing history. Those who are continually harping on the fact that Carnera is a false alarm should take cognizance of Carnera's valiant effort. It takes a mighty big man to admit that he is wrong and Carnera's disappointing fight against Maloney will continually be used as a weapon against him, without giving him the credit that he is entitled to.

Carnera is still in his embryonic stage and needs one good year's experience before he should be stacked up against Sharkey, Stribling or Schmeling.

Sammy Goldman has taken over Lud Abella, Filipino lightweight from Newark, and intends to keep him busy. This Abella is a busy kid in the ring and has been giving Canzoneri some uncomfortable workouts in the gym.

There is no stopping Charley Retzlaff, young rising heavyweight from Duluth. We were one of the first to recognize the merits of this lanky, sharp-shooting demon and to see him come through against Tom Heeney in such meritorious fashion is sufficient compensation for our vanity. Retzlaff and Stanley Poreda are the two outstanding heavyweight prospects of the country. A match between them will be something worth witnessing.

Si Marsh from Akron complains that his protege, Joe Roskew, who has had thirty professional starts, scoring 23 knockouts, is being ignored by the promoters in his vicinity. There must be something wrong with either the promoters or the fighter when someone of that quality is being left alone.

Harry Blitman, extraordinary southpaw, is responsible for staging one of the greatest comebacks ever seen. Considered fit for the discards two years ago, Harry, under the management of Robert North, has completed wonders in the past six months and is due for something worth while.

While living in Philly, Harry went through all opposition, conquering them one after another until he faced Benny Bass. Bass stopped him in six rounds and it was universally conceded that Bass was responsible for putting the finishing touches to Blitman's career. Following the Bass episode, Harry was stopped in two rounds by Lew Massey.

Harry, since his comeback, has engaged in eight scraps in seven weeks, winning them all, five by the kayo route. He gave Pete Nebo a terrific lacing and redeemed himself at the expense of Lew Massey by winning over him in one of the greatest fights ever witnessed in Philadelphia.

Blitman has stolen into Bass' thunder and the folks of Philly are now waiting for the inevitable return go between Blitman and Bass. When they clash, you can safely wager that they will outdraw any championship attraction that the lighter classes can offer.

Young Johnny Brown is making New York his home and faring well in his bouts. Young Johnny is English and a brother of the Johnny Brown who fought here several years ago. The younger brother is a club fighter and has no difficulty in getting bouts.

The controversy following the King Tut-Billy Petrole fight has ended with both vindicated. The New York State Commission released the money for both principals and they are virtually restored to good standing. There is no definite plan or system involved in detecting a fight that does not look right. The fans were satisfied and the squawk emanated from the many gamblers who thought Tut a sure thing to win.

Eddie Ran turned in a sensational knockout victory in the ninth round of his bout with Billy Light. Light was winning all the way, had Ran bleeding and cut to pieces but Ran let loose with a thunderous right in the ninth which spelled disaster for Light. He went down several times and the referee stopped the fight. Baby Joe Gans fought a brilliant fight to win over Bucky Lawless which was wasted on the crowd after the Tut-Petrolle finish. Gans dropped Lawless twice at the finish but Bucky made a plucky fight all the way.

Jackie Fields got a bad break when he injured his right hand in winning from Jackie Brady and had to cancel his engagement with Len Harvey which gave Ben Jeby an unexpected chance to step into the limelight. Fields has experienced nothing but misfortune since leaving the helm of Gig Rooney. A great fighter who never received the breaks that he was entitled to.

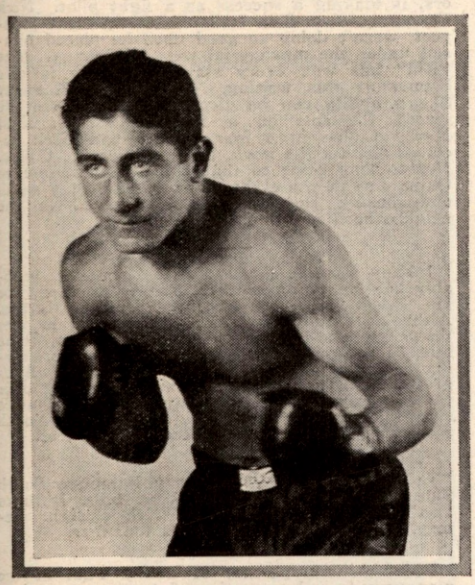
Jackie Pilkington turned in a clean and unexpected victory when he whipped Cecil Payne in Hartford. Pilkington fought one of his good fights and carried too many guns for the Louisville terror.

Another southpaw has stepped into the breach in the person of Lou Brouillard of Worcester, who came into the headlines when he defeated

Baby Joe Gans. Brouillard has been a consistent winner and the Gans victory should boost his standing in the community and elsewhere.

Sammy Fuller forced his way into the lightweight picture with a victory over Tony Canzoneri. That makes Fuller, Berg, Petrolle, Miller and Suarez likely candidates for the chance to wrest the crown from Tony but they can all rest assured that it will be a struggle to the finish before Tony concedes defeat.

Here and There—Scotty Montieth and Nate Lewis were brief visitors in town for a few days . . . Willie Green, former featherweight crack of twelve years ago, is living in Grand Rapids . . . Harry Gordon, former bantam star, is now training Sammy Mandell and Wesley Ramey . . . Al Mello returned to action with a two-round kayo over Joe Marino . . . Harry Blitman and Benny Bass is one of the matches for Atlantic City this summer that is expected to hit well over the fifty-thousand mark, conservatively speaking . . . Billy Wallace sings over the radio in his spare time in Philadelphia . . . Benny Bass is taking vocal lessons in an attempt to catch up with his stable-mate.



Ben Jeby, New York's middleweight, who crashed into select company with his decisive victory over Len Harvey

Eddie Mead is promoting shows at Gray's Armory in Cleveland . . . Johnny Farr, despite his many years of rugged campaigning, is fighting like a spring chicken . . . Sam Pian is hoping that Earl Mastro gets back into action soon... Mastro is the best featherweight in the country ...Which time alone can prove . . . Jimmy De Angelo is now handling Joe Scalfaro . . . Tait Littman has failed to live up to the form that made him a real prospect a year ago.

The Arena in Philadelphia does not know anything about business depression . . . They have been having some wonderful houses and have furnished the fans with some corking matches . . . King Levinsky, a unique individual, corroborates his personality by having his sister manage him, having broken away from Ray Alvis.

Lou Kaplan, a youngster from Philadelphia, has been advancing in leaps and bounds and is certain to make his mark with the big timers . . . Phil Buccola of Boston is now handling Paris Apice . . . Buddy Yamick, all-Navy bantamweight champion for the past three years, is challenging the outside world for competition . . . Frank Jacobs reports a kid of unusual promise in Louis Kid Cohen, amateur bantam from Detroit, whom he expects to bring to New York shortly . . . Doc Casey, former trainer of Jack Delaney, is now living in Detroit where he referees occasionally . . . Mickey Cohen of Cleveland continues his winning streak and appears to be improving with each start . . . Scotty Montieth has been giving the Detroit fans fifty-cent shows and they turned out in quantities while wrestling is a dead issue . . . Benny Ray is hustling around Detroit with Marty Stone and Lou Bloom . . . Duke Denning has deserted Erie and is making Detroit his headquarters with Maxie Strub and Tug Phillips.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

WITH a year's experience behind him, Johnny Brennan was knocked out by the clever and hard-hitting Willie La Morte of Newark. That was five years ago. Last month Brennan turned the tables on his old enemy when he knocked out La Morte deader than a door nail in five heats.

Joey Hadfield received the nod over Willie Smith. This bout was a slam bang affair throughout. When Referee Schwartz awarded the decision to Hadfield the protest from the crowd was so loud and long that the windup got started without the usual introduction. Newspapers credit Smith with three rounds, one to Hadfield, and four even.

Jackie Kid Fields of Baltimore scored a knockout over Irish Tommy Jordon of New York in six rounds. Buck Chambers won by a knockout over Young Kid Harvey in three rounds. Joe Camilla of Langhorne knocked out Lew Mauraw of Roebling in three rounds.

The largest crowd that has attended a boxing show in Trenton in over a year was present when Young Terry of Trenton hammered out a one-sided victory over the crafty veteran, Sammy Baker of New York. One week later Terry scored the most impressive victory of his career when he stopped Pal Silvers of Brooklyn in nine rounds. This victory was responsible for Terry being matched with Vincent Vireci for the Madison Square Garden.

In the semi to the Terry-Baker bout, Tommy Maroon of Kansas City and Johnny Cruze of Mexico boxed a draw.

Larry Crabtree, heavyweight, of Princeton, scored a knockout over Battling Teable of New York in the first round and Meyer Goss and Jimmy Rivers boxed a draw in a six-rounder.

Reports from Holyoke, Mass., were that the decision rendered against Johnny Brennan in his bout with Art Chapdelaine did not meet with the approval of the fans.

Joe Sharkey, who has been showing his wares out in the middle west the past two years, came back to Trenton to win the decision over Eddie Marks of New Brunswick in ten rounds. Sharkey made a big hit with the fans.

Johnny Lucas of Camden handed Georgie Sacco of Trenton a fine pasting for eight rounds. Sacco was floored for the count of nine in the last half minute of the last round, and was reeling around the ring when the bell sounded, ending the bout.

Frankie Cabana won over Al Moore in a six-rounder. Moore got in a shell and refused to fight, thus marring what might have been a good bout.

Bobby Rosen got the edge in his old feud with Lou Miller. Rosen's rally in the last round won the bout for him. Up until this round it was even.

Joey Kuhns of Reading stopped Charlie Carter of Trenton. Carter claimed he injured his hand.

Jesse Goss of Trenton took a beating from Joey Hadfield of Philadelphia in eight rounds.

Willie Smith of Trenton scored a knockout over Nick Johnson of Syracuse in the second round. Smith was master from the start. In the second round Smith shot a terrific left hook to Johnson's jaw and down went Johnson for the full count.

Frankie Fratto of Trenton and Mickey Terry of Bound Brook put on a great fight for eight rounds. This bout was a slugging match.

Johnny Brennan, the busiest fighter in Trenton, decisively defeated Joe Matinez of New York in a ten-rounder. This bout was held at Syracuse.

Charlie Williams, Mac Kay's promising welter, scored a knockout over Kid Buck of Newark in the first round at Asbury Park.

Joe Calabrese, who has tried his hand at most everything, is now a full-fledged boxing manager. Joe believes he has a great prospect in Kid Squink, a young heavyweight.

Paulie Walker of Trenton, who is out on the Pacific Coast, lost on a foul in the second round to Andy Divodi of New York.

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

THE Chicago Tribune's fourth annual Golden Gloves tournament closed with the winners going against New York in the New York Garden. The winners of this intercity affair will meet French amateur champions in an international glove duel at the Chicago Stadium, May 12.

This year's tournament was the greatest and biggest. Excellent crowds watched the sectional battles and the semi-final fights but the most enthusiastic and largest crowd to witness an indoor boxing show was on hand when 23,000 viewed the crowning of Chicago's amateur champions at the Stadium. There were 22 bouts held and the receipts amounted to $45,000. In New York they amounted to $22,000. The eight Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves title-holders are the following boys:

Leo Rodak, South Chicago, Ill., 112 pounds.
Nick Scialaba, Chicago, 118 pounds.
Don Gonzales, Cleveland, 126 pounds.
Scotty Sylvano, Chicago, 135 pounds.
George Keenan, Chicago, 147 pounds.
Freddy Caserio, Chicago, 160 pounds.
Jack Kranz, Gary, Ind., 175 pounds.
Johnny Long, Gary, Ind., heavyweight.

Howard Carr, known to ring followers as Kid Howard, proprietor of the Arcade gymnasium, received the team trophy in the Stadium resin pit when Scialaba and Caserio won first places and George Goodman and Dick Monty earned second positions in the finals for 15 points. Amateur boxing owes a vote of thanks to the many sportsmen and writers who helped make the affair both in New York and Chicago a huge success.

Ring Flashes—The Chicago Stadium only got $3,500 for the Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves boxing show and the huge West Side sports palace was sold out, packed to the rafters. . . .

Emil Johnson won another heavyweight tournament at South Bend, Ind., after copping the same with Texas More at Detroit. . . . Doc Almy, who writes Boston ring news for this magazine, hit the nail right on the head when he stated in his daily "Boxing Gossip" column that "Some of the items pertaining to boxing in the record books have such a sameness as to arouse the suspicion that the authors at times copy each other's stuff."

More than 100 boxers entered the Western Electric Hawthorne club charity show on the West Side, according to A. A. Allen and E. J. Bartik, who were in charge of the arrangements. . . . Three Chicago publications, the Evening Post, the Journal of Commerce, and the Economist, are being issued from a new location as a result of the Chicago Post Publishing corporation leasing the seven-story building at 415 North LaSalle Street. . . . As a result of his partnership with Ed Siegal in the piloting of Haakon Hansen, Al Sweeney booked the Norwegian middleweight puncher for scraps with Frankie Battaglia and Del Fontaine as a starter. . . . Henry Lenard, Fornaciari's featherweight protege, is back in the harness after a four-month rest. . . . Following his knockout of Joe Miller in round No. 2 Jack Barry challenged any 117-pounded in the world.

Dick Mastro and Joe DiLeo may develop some good boxers out of the gang that hangs around the Jacob & Unger A. C. in Forest Park. The most promising are Al Carter, Tom Kelly, Bill Gillespie and Harold Jackson. Other prospects are Al Ballant, Marvin Overmeyer and George Beaven. . . . Nick Falco claims his namesake in the east is no relation regardless of his good record. . . . Sam Sansomi, West suburban store owner who owns a candy store at Roosevelt Road and Elgin Avenue, sells "THE RING." Nick Arra, the shoeman, is one of his best customers. . . .

Ceaser Petrillo, Mark Fisher's trombonist, works every night but listens to the fights over the radio at the theater. . . . Tony Battaglia, a Berwyn (Ill.) ring fan, had his big automobile tipped over by a litte Ford when on his way to a Cicero Stadium show. . . . Buddy Kernes is a hungry-looking kid but he no doubt eats like a horse.

Two of the most promising and enterprising fistic firms in this locality are the stables of Oscar Liebman and Jack Barry, and Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe. Liebman and Barry have Marion Matuszek, heavyweight; Davey Day, 124 pounds; Albin Skerl, 145; Harry Roberts, 145, and do all of their booking from Mullen's loop gymnasium. The 'phone number is still the same, Franklin 4215.

O'Keefe manages or represents the following boxers: Jackie Stewart, 122-126 pounds; George Nate, 118-122; Freddy Miller, 138; Dick Sisk, 128; Benny Touchstone, heavyweight; Johnny Hoekstra, 175; Franklin Young, 112; Frankie Murphy, 118; Benny Ray, 128 and Bobby Young, 135 pounds. Jack does most of his booking from his home at 8128 Bennett Avenue, South Chicago, Ill.

Nate Lewis, Chicago Stadium matchmaker, is "hitting on all six" as the automobilists say of their cars. Subsequent to the excellent "gate" in the Griffiths-Levinsky show, Nate moved from the Morrison to the Sherman hotel and got busy on the next card. He signed Griffiths to meet Tom Loughran just a few minutes after the ex-light-heavyweight champ trimmed Ernie Schaaf. However, the fistic plum Lewis is aiming for is the match between the victor of the Griffith-Loughran battle and Jack Sharkey, the Boston heavy.

Dave Miller is one of the best known and most popular referees in this vicinity. He led the arbiters in the Golden Glove tournament and his work was highly commented upon.

Felix Kolk is still the boxing instructor at Mullen's gymnasium. Little is known of Kolk's ability as a fight teacher but he is probably the best in this town. He boxed for three years, amateur and professional, and hung up the gloves when his mother put her foot down on the sport. He took up art soon after but he couldn't stay away from the ring and joined Kid Howard's swat foundry for training purposes. Howard took an interest in Kolk and hired him as his boxing instructor. He is very adept in the art of teaching embryonic boxers the game, learning much from such men as Jack Blackburne, Dave Barry, Mullen and Kid Howard.

Promoter George Ferguson and Matchmaker Jim Mullen expect to stage their final boxing show that will pick a successor to Mickey Walker, now fighting among the heavyweights and dethroned by the National Boxing Association because he has not defended the 160-pound honors in many months, here on July 4. The N. B. A. sanctioned this tournament, Gen. John V. Clinnin, president of the body announced and will award a gold, diamond-studded belt to the winner. Jack Kearns, Walker's manager, denied that Mickey quit the middleweight division and said he would permit his protege to battle the victor of the tourney, provided the N. B. A. gave its consent to such an arrangement. Promoter Ferguson and Matchmaker Mullen had a card of four ten-rounders open the world's championship 160-pound tournament at the Coliseum the latter part of March. The bouts brought together Tait Littman and Willie Oster, Chuck Heffner and My Sullivan, Haakon Hansen and Gary Leach, and Pete Susky and Clyde Chastain.

A few fistic chips—The Joe Lohman-Joe Doflter six rounder at the Cicero Billy Cepak's Cicero Stadium drew a $1,200 "gate". . . . Tommy Kluth put up a dandy fight against Jack McCarthy on the West Side. . . . Marty Cutler thinks he has a champ in Bud Saltis, the middleweight who defeated Jack Elkhart. . . . George Kerwin celebrated his coming marriage by trouncing Sammy Curtis here. . . . Joey Bozak is back under the managerial wing of the same man that brought him out and is doing splendidly.

Harry Fierro rested subsequent to his win over Hymie Wiseman at Des Moines, Iowa, but is in condition to fight at a minute's notice, according to Manager Frank Dane. . . . Harold Brown, Don Davis' Cuban bantam, made his first ten-rounder, as well as his initial windup when he boxed Jimmy Sayers at Bloomington, Ill. . . . Ed Stevenson's Baxter Calmes won his second fight since the former acquired the Oklahoma 172-pounder when he knocked out Eddie Anderson of Baltimore. . . . When last heard from Sammy Mandell knocked out Dick Gore, Jacksonville, Fla., welter.

Battling Bozo, the Birmingham, Ala., Bad Boy, made his biggest hit hereabouts when he decisively defeated Lou Scozza shortly after the Buffalo light-heavyweight kayo'd Tait Littman at Milwaukee. Alvis manages the southern "clown" and thinks well enough of him to predict a championship for Bozo when, and if, he can induce Maxie Rosenbloom to crawl through the ropes with his protege with the title at stake.

Hot off the griddle—Herb Peterson runs the Arcade gym elevator when he isn't mingling with the local welters. . . . "Tiny's" last name is Rifkin . . . Jack Hurley and Sam Slosky will stage their third fistic show at St. Louis on May 25. . . . Victor McGee does porter and art work when he isn't boxing. . . . Jack (Buxbaum) O'Keefe fought Mike Shannon at Elkhart, Ind., 1904, 20 rounds at the old middleweight championship limit, 154 pounds. And Packey McFarland met Bobby Ferries in a preliminary on that card.

Some of this and a little of that—Sam Hall filled out an application for a fight announcer's license. . . . H. M. Hansen is the payoff man for the regular weekly amateur boxing shows at the Northwest Lions A. C. . . . "Jabber" Young, whose first name is George, does the refereeing and Eddie Klein the matchmaking . . . Ed Willard, manager of Ray Tramble, thinks this middleweight protege is the best prospect in this section of the country . . . William (Pep) Kerwin, the former baseballer who hails from California, did the Golden Gloves announcing at the Stadium. "Pep" is managing the Jai-Alai Fronton on the North Side until the warm weather sets in and then he will reopen his popuar outdoor arena, the Western Stadium.

Johnny Shea, one of Eddie Shea's many brothers, is making a success as a fight pilot. Nick Clementi, West Side Italian bantamweight prospect, wasn't doing so good until he placed himself under the managerial wing of Johnny. The "Kid" has won every start under the latter's banner at this writing. An idea of Manager Shea's ability can be gleaned from the fact he placed Clementi on a Stadium card against Henry Cullen in a four-rounder and Nick received $200 for the work, besides defeating Cullen. Not so long prior to that bout Clement lost to Quina Lee in the eight-round windup of a small club boxing show and Nick received in the neighborhood of $17 for his end.

Johnny Caserio, South Side 126-pounder, probably has his young brother, Freddy, to thank for his latest comeback against Buddy Kernes. Although Freddy Caserio is younger he is over thirty pounds heavier than Johnny, who, some months ago, looked like one of the most promising youngsters in this vicinity. Jimmy Allegretti, local highway policeman, has taken over the managerial cares of Johnny and the former's ring knowledge should greatly help the South Side featherweight along the comeback trail.

In the first main event, Joey Freeman, South Side southpaw, 130-pounder, beat Babe Ruth of Louisville, Kentucky, for his 29th straight victory. Joe Heniff is Freeman's manager.

Bill Hawkins, partner of Bobby Paul in the management and promotion of sports events, is a free-lance cartoonist. Aside from managing fighters and promoting fistic events he has made publicity layouts for such pilots as Ray C. Alvis, Duke Barry and the late Leo P. Flynn. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute and since has worked on the sports staff of both Sioux City newspapers, among others.

"The Abysmal Brute" is a titlement hung onto stories, screen pictures and different fighters but very few fans or experts know how and when it was originated. From a reliable source, this writer learned the originator of that titlement was Jack London, the late author. "The Abysmal Brute" was hung onto Battling Nelson, ex-lightweight champion, by the late London, the day the ex-lightweight champion knocked out Jimmy Britt at Colma, California, in the eighteenth round.

Young Jack Thompson, colored welterweight sharpshooter, did most of his work for his title match against Champion Tommy Freeman at Cleveland in April, at Kid Howard's Arcade gymnasium on W. Madison St. Thompson was the logical favorite to cop the verdict and regain the 147-pound championship but the local experts didn't think Black Jack looked very impressive in sparring duels before the contest.

Jimmy Kilroy and Kid Lips are two of the best local Ring book hustlers in town. Kilroy pushes "Bang", a Chicago publication that comes out every once in awhile, and "The Ring", the world's foremost boxing and wrestling magazine. Lips sells "The Ring".

Karl Ogren, former amateur champ, is back with Joe Young, who developed him in his novice days. When Ogren turned professional Ed Stevenson was to handle Karl but differences arose and the former amateur champion returned to his novice days mentor, Joe Young.

Bag punching and dumb-bell exercises for fighters are two new books in The Ring Book shop. Each sells for 50 cents and are well worth the price.

Six thousand, five hundred wrestling fans saw Jim Londos, heavyweight champion in some states, defeat Kola Kwariani in the main event of the most recent grappling show here which was promoted by Doc Krone.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LIGHTIG

HARRY EBBETTS beat Tait Littman at the Auditorium. Ebbetts won with ease.

Tiger Williams put the K. O. on Buck Esterling in four rounds.

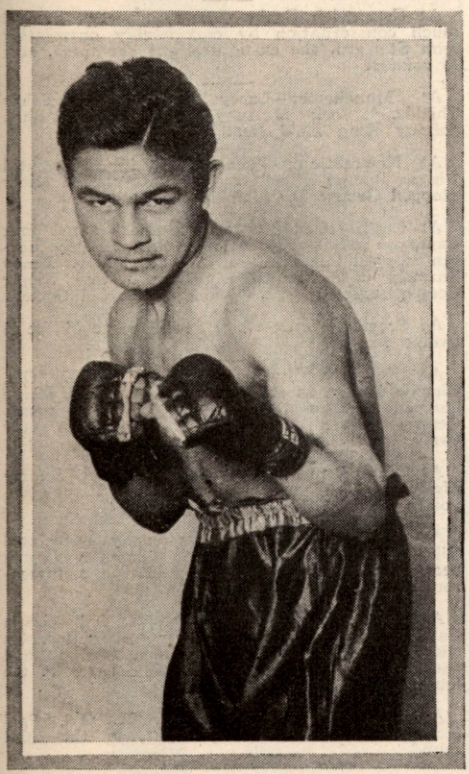
Johnny Gaudes, diminutive little flyweight, came through in big-league style, licking Bobby O'Dowd in four rounds.

Eddie Black looked better than ever in his bout with Betzo Muller which Black won.

Curtis Brown beat George Kerwin, Chicago, in a fast eight-round bout.

Paddy Dalton and Joe Jawson have taken over Matty Dahlman and are slowly bringing him to the front.

Matty Dahlman and Jimmy Munsell fought four stirring rounds to a draw.



Freddie Raigoza of Wichita, Kansas, a classy Spanish bantam

Vince Rockne, punching harder than ever, K.O.'d Wild Cat Murphy in three rounds.

Sid Novak and Bud Saltis battled to a draw in 10 rounds.

Charley Crocker, hard-hitting lightweight, fought a six-round draw with Spud Murphy.

The best prospect of the season here is Johnny Lombardo. Lombardo, a two-fisted little fighter, has been knocking them out in rapid succession. Lombardo is handled by Sal Serio.

Wilbur Chevalier beat Franklin Cheek in a hard fought eight-rounder.

Boxers are invited to train in the newly remodeled Morgenroth's Gym, 756 N. Plandington. The gym is modern and up to date and is managed by Fred Saddy.

Len Bernstein, who made such a hit in his last two fights in Kansas City, is now wanted for a return engagement on May 5.

Leonard O'Day looks great. He improves daily.

Roy McFaul, hustling little manager from the South Side, is running for school board director.

Amateur boxing promoters, here is a real attraction: The Saddy Specials. That great Milwaukee team has fought such great teams as Detroit, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago and Grand Rapids. Any club wishing to book these boys may do so by writing to Fred Saddy, care Morgenroth's Gym.

Good amateur or professional boxers without a manager, wishing to fight in Wisconsin, should get in touch with the writer immediately at 722 West Lloyd Street.

I hear that the Great Ash is developing a great little fighter in Billy Casey—Tootsie Bernstein is coming along nicely—Julius Cohn has a new name, the "Pie and Coffee Kid"—Tait Littman is going to tour the sticks—Welcome Rice is now an inner tube salesman—Mickey O'Neill is coming back to Milwaukee—George Black is out for five weeks—Walter Liginger is on the road to recovery.

My ratings for last month for this locality are:
Flyweight—Johnny Gaudes.
Bantam—Johnny Gaudes.
Featherweight—Johnny Lombardo and Franklin Cheek.
Junior-Lightweight—Matty Dahlman, Jimmy Munsell.
Lightweight—Charley Crocker, Eddie Black.
Welterweight—Curtis Brown.
Middleweight—Tait Littman.
Light-Heavyweight—Dave Maier.
Heavyweight—Dave Maier.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

JUST one professional boxing show was held here since January 2. It was a small club program but a good one and proved that the fans want boxing and will patronize the sport. The hall was filled to capacity. Lack of capital on the part of promoters has caused the dearth of boxing shows here this season and not lack of interest. Ray Palmer and Johnny Tomazzi, local featherweights, topped the above bill with Palmer winning in six rounds. Pee Wee Terry defeated Harry Durso in a bantamweight match in six. George Daw beat Steve Marre, a middleweight, in four. Woodrow Williams won from Paul Lang in four rounds. Edgar Terry copped over Chick Gray in four and Allen Mathews, dusky local welterweight, stopped Striking Blacksnake in two. A battle royal between colored boys added a touch of humor to a fine bill.

Some of the fans are interested in knowing what the insiders of the ring game do in their leisure moments. Here goes for the local boxing referees—Harry Cook, proprietor of the Business Men's Gymnasium; Walter Heisner, an executive with a local shoe manufacturing company; Bob Parkinson, salesman; Harry Kessler, metallurgical engineer; Al Neist, a big butter churn man.

Jule Kummer, a popular local ring timekeeper, rates a vote of appreciation from managers and fighters. Jule with his big split second clock starts and stops the rounds with machine-like regularity.

It is tough on the local amateur boxers that the Western A. A. U. does not recognize the M.V.A.B.A. There are four exceptionally good youngsters boxing under the laws of the latter organization who would have a chance to win national amateur titles were they sent to the New York championship eliminations in April. Their names are Les Schulte, heavyweight; Johnny Miles, light-heavyweight; Joey Parks, lightweight; and Frank Doxey, flyweight.

John Schwake, Maplewood roly-poly heavyweight, recently knocked out Chuck Wiggins at Springfield, Illinois.

Sammy Offerman, popular local lightweight, met Al Rowe, classy Philadelphian, at West Palm Beach, Florida, after a two-month layoff and only eight days to train. Rowe won in the ninth round on a technical kayo.

Lou Terry, the hard-punching 135-pounder, is back from a two-month vacation.

George Daw, middleweight, is rapidly improving under the watchful eye of his trainer, Al McCoy.

Allen Mathews, a local Negro welterweight, is one of the best prospects around here. Mathews is a natural puncher with a pleasing style.

There are to be eight professional boxing shows here this summer. This is welcome news.

My old friend, Parker Treat of Hannibal, Mo., must have writer's cramp. Would like to hear from you, Parker.

Hal Frazer, Hannibal sportsman, is recovering from a serious operation.

Seneca Taylor, Missouri's popular boxing commissioner, is moving around restlessly these days. Soon he will leave for his summer home in Michigan to remain until he has snared all of the big fish.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in here, get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

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Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

THE reports which reach here from so-called fight reporters are becoming a serious menace and are liable to cause strife and ill-feeling between the people of this nation and those of other countries. These people only broadcast their own particular views. Take for example Reuter's report of the Harvey-Dundee fight. It made the "hot-heads" feel like declaring war against America just because a "film expert" said Harvey was robbed. The United Press said Dundee won seven and Harvey five of the rounds and the RING publishers, whom we regard as competent, declared that Dundee won by at least two rounds. A big organization like Reuter's should see to it that men who know the game thoroughly are used to send reports of an international fight to this country.

Fight fans have been much intrigued over Mr. James Johnston's summing-up of Len Harvey. In addition to pointing out Len's limitations, he is reported to have said that the first fight with Dundee was a close one but in the second go, Dundee was a mile in front. Johnston is much respected here and his opinion will count for much; add this to the very fair treatment which our American cousins have handed out to Kid Berg, Johnny Peters, Dom Volante and Nel Tarleton and this should in itself convince even the greatest sceptic that a British boxer does get a fair crack of the whip if he deserves it in the U. S. A.

P. S.—Johnston is now Harvey's manager.

It is astonishing with what regularity Johnny Best finds the right 'uns for his patrons at Liverpool. His most recent program was an eye-opener for his clientele. He introduced Gustave Roth, Belgium, to them as the I. B. U. European welter champion, and Alf Howard, the local idol, in a 15-rounder and the huge crowd fully expected that Howard would flop the visitor in his usual manner, but the fans got the surprise of their lives for Roth simply smothered his opponent. All the experts who saw the bout are unanimous in their opinion that the Belgian is the most classical performer that has been seen in the town for many years. Jack Hood and Roth would probably prove the fight of the year.

"Boxing and Charity"—Boxers and the boxing fraternity have ever been ready and willing to assist in the sweet name of charity. During the past month there have been three tournaments of this nature, and in spite of the business slump and the tightness of money, each drew well. Pride of place must be given to the one held at the Manor Place Baths, Walworth. This was in aid of the crippled poor and orphaned children of the district. The ever popular Alf Mancini ran a show at Shepherd's Bush in aid of the local kiddies' Outing Fund, and at the Town Hall, Leeds, a tourney was staged in aid of the Jewish Hospitals of Leeds, and Harry Mason, who is a native of the town, appeared as the top-liner. His opponent was Haydn Williams and at the conclusion of a dozen rounds, a draw decision was the result.

Paddington's popular promoter, Fred Austin, is reaping a just reward for the stuff he is giving 'em at his weekly shows at Kilburn and Paddington. All the "good-goods" can be seen in action at both places, and as Mr. Austin's matchmaker, Jack King, is never guilty of allowing "duds" to climb in, the public is always sure of getting value for their outlay.

Frankie Genaro and Ernie Jarvis—An echo of this fight which was Jeff Dickson's initial offering here, was heard the other day when in the King's Bench Division at the law courts, counsel stated that a settlement had been reached in the action which Matt Wells had lodged against the British Board of Boxing Control. It will be remembered that the Board suspended Wells for acting as referee in the above contest, and counsel now stated that the Board all along recognized their mistake and that they had by that mistake denied the elementary consideration of justice. In the circumstances, the Board had agreed to pay Wells a sum as damages and his costs. In connection with the actions lodged by Harry Levene and Ernie Jarvis for wrongful suspension, counsel stated that they had been able to dispose of both actions by the Board paying an agreed sum as damages and costs to both of these plaintiffs.

Since my last notes, Jack Hood has been skipping the light fantastic. At Hull he was opposed by a Belgian middle of some repute, and answering to the name of Henri Moucha. For the first three rounds the visitor was "all even" with Hood and frequently had the latter on the defensive. Then in the fifth, Hood got home with a torrid left hook that caused Moucha to cry "enough." It transpired later that the Belgian's jaw had been fractured.

Harry Corbett registered another satisfactory performance by outpointing a rattling good French boxer in Lucien Lelong. This French boy caused a bit of a surprise and turned out to be a real tip-topper. This fellow Lelong will go far. He will register far more victories than defeats.

Harry Crossley, cruiser champion, made his long-threatened raid on the heavyweight brigade when he opposed Reggie Meen at Leicester. Although the fight went the scheduled distance, Meen won with ridiculous ease.

A week after his contest with Meen, Crossley turned up at Manchester to meet Georges Gardebois at catch-weights, and at the conclusion of the fifteenth round Crossley was awarded the decision.

Dick Corbett has been eating the bread of idleness for some time now owing to the difficulty of his obtaining opponents. All the alleged bantam contenders look the other way when Dicky passes. However, the Blackfriars Ring management had gone to "furrin" parts for a suitable opponent for him, and have hitched upon a classy Continental bantam to oppose him at the Ring during the month of March. This will be good news for little Dick's friends, who are adamant in their belief that he is without doubt the king of all bantams.

Fred Webster, ex-lightweight champion, has apparently recovered his lost form. In fact, he is now better than at any time. He is registering stylish victories to the tune of one or two every week, and were he and Foreman to meet again, there is not the shadow of a doubt that the present lightweight champion would fail to recognize his former victim.

At Aberdeen, where the Scotch jokes come from, Steve McColl, Scotch middles champion, and himself an Aberdonian, was opposed by George Clough, the Lancastrian, over the 12-round journey. It proved to be a very "milk and water" affair with McColl getting the verdict. Sandy McKenzie, who has been making ring history, is hot on Steve's trail for a title bout.

Nel Tarleton hammered his way to victory when paired up with a clever and plucky French featherweight named Ernest Mignard at the Liverpool Stadium. Mignard took a terrific hiding without flinching and the referee was compelled to apply the closure during the 12th round and award the bout to Tarleton.

Jackie Brown, new flyweight champion, has been matched to fight for the European title at Belle Vue, Manchester. The B. B. B. C. has agreed to Brown and Lucieno Popesco boxing for this title.

"All good things come to an end" and so the famous Stadium at Liverpool has staged its last boxing there and the building will be immediately demolished. Dom Volante, Liverpool's fighting machine, had the honor of being the last to head the bill there and his opponent was Teddy Brown over a 15-round contest. Brown proved a sturdy rival and was ever ready to mix matters but Volante was his master in every department. He stopped Brown in the eighth.

"Right and Wrong"—Colonel J. Aubrey Smith, the chairman of the Army Boxing Association, has evolved a scheme which, he believes, will have the effect of carrying the gospel of clean boxing not only into all arms of the service, but into the universities and public schools.

He has evolved what he calls his "Black and White Circus" to demonstrate the "things that are not done," that is, all the bad, unclean tricks and mistakes of boxing—and the reverse.

"Dusty" Miller, that grizzled veteran who was one of the heroes of the International Allies tournament a dozen years ago, will, with the help of a partner, give the "Black" part of the performance—all the things that should not be done.

Then two sergeant-instructors will show what is "White," or good and proper boxing.

At the N. S. C.—Young Siki received a disputed decision over Dave Crowley in a 12-rounder. Alf Noble stopped Harry Berry in round four. Archie Sexton outpointed George Brown in 12 rounds. Jimmy Lindsay beat Billy Reynolds on points in eight rounds. Alex Thake stopped Archie Unwin in seven rounds, and Harry Burnstone outpointed Johnny Ryan in eight rounds.

At the Ring—Seaman Watson stopped Victor Cohen in the fifth round. Tommy Hyams was disqualified in the sixth round with Jack Clayton, this was the first reverse sustained by Hyams since he started in the game. Fred Webster beat Tiger Smith on a foul. Bert Taylor outpointed Lew Pinkus. Kid Farlo beat Eddie Pinn on a foul.

At Kilburn—Archie Sexton outpointed Haydn Williams in 12 rounds. Willy Baker stopped Arthur Cunningham in the ninth round.

At Edmonton—Windsor Williams beat Ivor Price in four rounds, the referee stopping the bout in favor of the former. Jack Boston beat Lew Mosby. Archie Sexton stopped Edouard David, (France).

At Paddington Baths—Fred Webster comfortably outpointed Camille Desmet, (Belgian), over 15 rounds. Al Foreman knocked out Aine Gyde, (France), in the fourth round. Jack Delaney k.o'd Tommy Daniels in round four.

At Shepherd's Bush—Alf Mancini k.o'd Mick Maloney in the second round. Les Burns stopped Charlie Jordan in 11 rounds. George Rose beat George Booker on points. Dod Oldfield stopped Charlie Thompson.

At Greenwich Baths—Johnny Sheehan created much consternation by comfortably outpointing Sam Steward, the ex-lightweight champion, over 15 rounds.

At Manchester—Larry Gains beat Bobby Shields. Jock McAvoy stopped Dick Burt. Johnny King k.o'd Bert Kirby.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Boy Edge outpointed Ginger Rennie in a 15-round bout. Little Minor stopped George Drysdale in the seventh.

At Leeds—Fred Shaw narrowly defeated Jack Casey on points in a dozen rounds. Tommy Marren stopped Con McCann in nine rounds. Benny Sharkey outpointed Jim Crawford, and Nipper Cooper scored a points win over Harold Coule.

At Preston—Ernie Kaye beat George White in twelve rounds.

At New Brighton—Harry Corbett K. O'd. Charlie Tonner in the eighth round. Dick Burke stopped George Aziz in the seventh round. George White outpointed Johnny Ryan over twelve rounds.

At West Bromwich—Tom Upton beat Tommy McConnell in ten rounds. Ernie Plant outpointed George Williams.

At Smethwick—Cal Barton easily outpointed Bill Hood over twelve rounds. Terence Morgan beat Ronnie Sommerton on points in a fifteen-round bout.

At Southampton—Tom Cowley K. O'd. Martin Gallagher in the eighth round. Stoker Reynolds outpointed Tommy Griffiths in a twelve-round bout. Spike Noble stopped Paddy Jones in the fourth.

At Nottingham—Jack Stanley K. O'd. Paul Hoffman, a Dutch heavyweight, in the third round.

At Bristol—George Rose outpointed Dixie Brown over fifteen rounds for the welter championship of The West of England.

SCOTTISH RESULTS

At Glasgow—Premierland—Jim Winters, the new Scottish welter champion, outpointed Willie Duncan in a thrilling twelve-round bout. Willie Vint beat Alex Adams in fifteen rounds. Walter Lemmon gained a points win over Young Siki.

WELSH RESULTS

At Aberavon—Sid Whiting outpointed Dai Williams in a fifteen-round bout. Bandy Jones K. O'd. Harry Davies in the third round.

At Penygraig—Fred Morgan beat Billy Sullivan on points over twelve rounds, and Ivor Drew outpointed Hector Alderman in ten rounds.

At Swansea—Billy Nicholas cleverly defeated Ivor Davies in fifteen rounds and is now a contender for the Welsh welterweight title. Nicholas is surely a "comer."

IRELAND

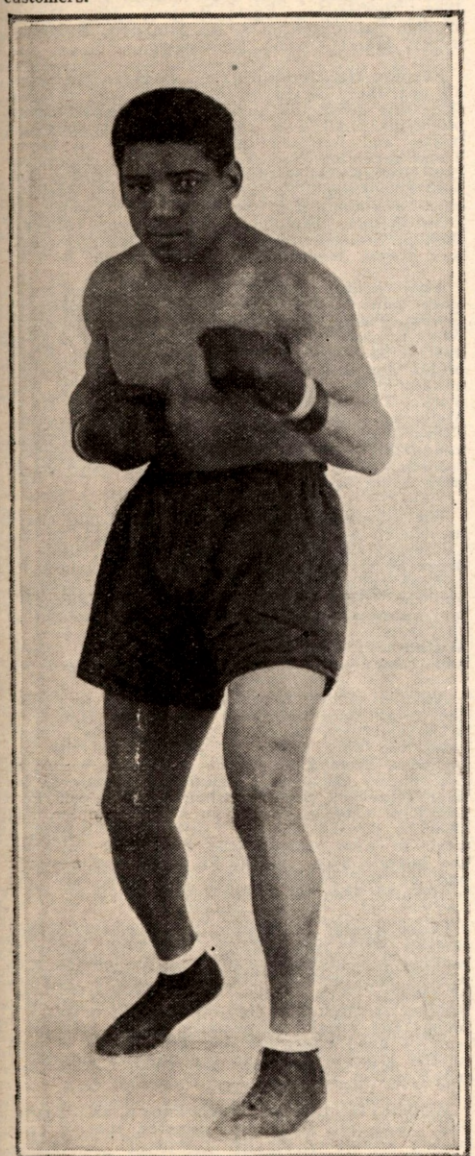
Jim Rice staged a tournament at Belfast in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund, and the vast attendance and fine boxing exceeded all expectations. Jackie Quinn outpointed Ginger Rennie over eight rounds. Tom Tucker K. O'd. Bill Hudson in one round. Tom Toner stopped Louis Wilms in the third round.

Barney Tooley and Les Sanders boxed a draw and the top liner was a bout between Jack O'Brien (Belfast) and Jerry Daley (Wales), the respective champion middles of Ireland and Wales. It proved to be a real classic bout which went the full distance and resulted in a comfortable win for O'Brien.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE boxing game under Jeff Dickson's promotion has been having a big play in Paris, since the beginning of the year. Other promoters, however, who started up in opposition to Dickson, have mostly gone to the rocks. Charlie E. Sriber, who promoted the Al. Brown-Nick Bensa match went in the red for over 100,000 francs. A few days afterwards he killed himself. It was over the above match that Dickson and Dave Lumiansky, the manager of Al Brown, had a disagreement. Dickson signed Brown against Guy Bonaugure for the Veldrome d'Hiver. Lumianski, however, arranged a match with Bensa to take place eight days before the Bonaugure affair, and Dickson called off the Velodrome bout. The Brown-Bensa contest drew only 411 paid customers.



Leon Jacovacci, who ranks as one of the best middles in Europe

One of the sensations in Paris has been the welterweight champion of Tcheco-Slovaque, Franta Nekolny. He is the fastest fighter ever seen in a Paris ring. He packs them in every time he appears. His last fight in Paris was against Alf Berry, the Frenchman with 34 knockouts out of 36 fights to his credit. Nekolny put up a splendid brand of battling and after a fine display by both men, Nekolny was awarded the decision on points.

Johnny Cuthbert, the English featherweight champion and Lonsdale Belt holder, beat Guy Bonaugure in a twelve-round bout at the Velodrome d'Hiver. At the same entertainment Fred Montana, who is heavier and taller than Carnera, had his first spin in a Paris ring with a Greek by the name of Volgaropoulos. Montana did not display much boxing talent but he knocked out his opponent in the third. He may develop into some kind of a fighter, but he needs lots of experience before he will amount to much, still he is fully as good as Carnera was when he first apepared in Paris.

Light-heavyweight Georges Gardebois of France lost a close decision to Harry Crossley of England.

The Italian champion featherweight, Tamagnini, defeated the Frenchman, M. Parisis, on points at the Paris Ring.

Francis Biron, the French bantamweight champion, defeated the Spanish crack, Theodoro, in a ten-round bout at the Central Club of Paris.

At La Havre, Vidal Gregorio, of France, defeated Happy Atherton, of Indianapolis, Indiana, in ten rounds.

Emile Degand, the flyweight champion of Belgium, and the French flyweight went ten rounds to a draw at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Featherweight Bensa defeated Sandjack in a ten-round fight at Havre. Sandjack, who is an Egyptian, has been doing very well.

Welterweights Gavalda beat Tenet at the Paris Ring. At the same entertainment, lightweights Borat and Silondi went eight rounds to a draw. Featherweight Philippe stopped Desmaret in three rounds. Flyweight Rosen defeated Barataud on points and heavyweight Lutz stopped Zampa in the fourth session.

Henri Vuillamy, the lightweight champion of France, successfully defended his title against Droughin in a 12-round bout at the Moulin de la Galette of Paris.

Jack Hood, British welterweight champion, knocked out the Italian middleweight, Orlando Leopardi, in the fourth at Manchester.

Al Foreman, the British lightweight champion, defeated Heinrich Mueller of Germany by a knockout in three rounds. The German was outclassed.

Marcel Thil, middleweight champion of France, beat Marin at the Premierland Arena at Beausoleil, near Nice.

In an international boxing tournament between Swedish and Finnish boxers, which was held at Helsingfors, Finland won with a score of 11 points to 5.

The Italian champion featherweight, Tamagnini, is keeping up his good work in the Paris Ring entertainments. His latest victim was Desnoulet, a young Frenchman.

At the Central Sporting Club, Paris, Annett, the Belgian welterweight star, and the challenger of the Belgian champion, Roth, met defeat in a French ring at the hands of the young local welterweight, Tenet.

At the Paris Ring, the French heavyweight, Moise Bouquillon, knocked out an Italian giant named Bergomas in the tenth.

Miki Gelb, the Hungarian featherweight who recently returned from the United States, had a fight in Paris against a boxer named Massos. Gelb won by a knockout in the first round.

Lebrize, the French middleweight, knocked out Heeser II of Germany in the third in Paris.

"Blast" Montana, the Swiss heavyweight who is bigger than Primo Carnera, who made his first appearance in a ring here, was born on the slope of a Swiss mountain. In his younger days was a shepherd. He appears to be better fitted to mind sheep than trying his hand at boxing.

One of the best bouts given this season was between the former flyweights, Emil (Spidner) Pladner and Eugene Huat, which was contested at the Salle Wagram Areana. The distance was twelve rounds and the decision was called a draw. My score card had Pladner as the winner by narrow margin. The bout drew a record gate for the Salle Wagram and before the first bout was staged the gates were ordered closed by the police.

The Italian lightweight, Locatelli, is about the best at the weight in Europe. He recently defeated the Spanish champion, Sanz, in a bout at the Salle Wagram of Paris. It was a ten-round affair and after referee Henri Bernstein decided in favor of the Italian, which was the only verdict possible, Locatelli received an ovation that lasted many minutes.

In a welterweight contest, Rolando knocked out Poulet in the fifth. In an eight-round lightweight contest, Feodorowitch defeated Kid Labrosse on points.

The Spanish champion, Murall, defeated Kid John of Marseillais, France, in a ten-round bout at the Central Sporting Club, Paris. Blasquez of Spain, in the supporting bout, stopped Barras in the sixth.

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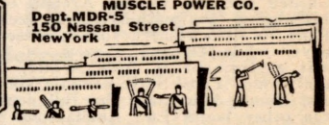

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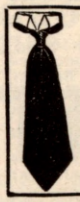

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

THE boxing game has its jolts and surprises here and there—such are not new to Boston—but, when, at the Boston Garden, Sammy Fuller, a North End Italian boy, came through with a win over Tony Canzoneri, the world's lightweight champion, the contest going the ten rounds route, it was a decidedly unexpected happening. The fact remains, Fuller did win, and in doing so garnered unto himself about seven of the rounds. In one night, as has some times happened to other ringsters, he leaped from near-obscurity to the heights. But for the fact that he came in at 135½ pounds, an eighth of an ounce overweight forced by the champion, Fuller today would be the wearer of the crown.

Prior to the night of March 6, Fuller's showing in recent bouts was not such as to warrant any expectation of his scoring a victory over Canzoneri, a faster, better and headier performer than himself. He had been defeated by Andy Callahan, of Lawrence, in a contest for the New England lightweight title; later had failed to show anything particularly impressive in his winning bout with Young Montreal at Providence, and, a few weeks ago, against Bruce Flowers, who had been so weakened in making weight that he could not fight, he was nothing great to cheer over.

In his mill with Tony, however, Samuel rose to a great occasion—more than met Canzoneri half way.

All in all, the evening was a big one for the Buccola stable which has been having its ups and downs, mostly the latter. In one of the Garden prelims, Werter Arcelli, of Italy, scored his second win within a few weeks over Patsy Reno, of Brockton, a tough, close mill for both boys, while Oddone Piazza, of Italy, drew a soft assignment in Allie Wolfe, of New York, the former Penn State athletic star. In the second round Allie took the full count. In one of the other bouts Lud Abella, one of Canzoneri's sparring partners, said to be a Filipino, defeated Henry Janco, of Lawrence, in a hot scrimmage.

Despite the really good attendance attracted by the Fuller-Canzoneri affair, wrestling continues to rule the roost in this city with Paul Bowser and Ray Fabiana, the rival promoters, packing 'em in. Though Ed Don George holds the mat championship insofar as this state is concerned, Gus Sonnenberg continues to be the big "it" here. On March 5, Bowser trotted out Gus, his big ace, against Lee Wykoff, of St. Louis, at the Arena before more than 9,000 spectators. Gus won in straight falls, with his flying tackle. Bowser came again on March 12, with Nick Lutze, of California, vs. Pat McKay, of Memphis, Tenn., as his topliners, drawing about 6,000 fans. Lutze won in straight falls.

Jim Londos, Fabiana's magnet, was sent against Gino Garibaldi, of Italy, the following night at the Garden, winning the lone fall in 42 min. 27 sec. This tourney drew about 10,000, making a grand total of about 16,000 for two successive nights of wrestling. Going some!

With the number of collegians and ex-collegians now mixing into the wrestling game, "pro" mat contests in the near future seem destined to become inter-collegiate affairs. It is shaping up for exactly that here in The Hub. Bowser started his real build-up of the sport by securing Sonnenberg of Dartmouth. Next, insofar as the local field is concerned, he signed Bob "Bibber" McCoy of Holy Cross. A month ago he had "Kewpie" Kilroy of Boston College sign on the dotted line. Two weeks ago the promoter corralled Al Morelli, star player of the Boston College football team, who has yet to even graduate. He will do so, however, the coming June.

Morelli, of Italian parentage, has taken to the sport like a duck to water—he has come through in his two public appearances. The reign of foreign mat champions, many of whom once dominated the sport, seems to be rapidly drawing to a close. Here in Boston the times have changed, also are changing, and that most decidedly.

Steve Smith, the veteran Bridgeport, Conn., featherweight, bobs up every little while to turn in a bit of a surprise. Early in the month he paid a visit to Worcester, Mass., encountering Vernon Cormier of that city, now regarded as one of the state's best prospects. It was a good bout but when it was over Smith received the decision. Few had given him much of a chance.

The Lopez Twins, Ray and Dick, local products, have been having their troubles within the ropes during the month. At Portland, Me., on March 10, Ray Twin was forced to bow before Laddie Lee of Somerville, while Dick came through over Joe Corvino of Boston. On the strength of this victory, Dick went back there again, this time to face an old rival in Buster Price, a very good-looking performer from Lynn, Mass., and the result was a win for Price.

The contests leading up to the feature were all very good with a big surprise coming in the ten round semi-final between Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., and Vittorio Livan of Italy, Phil Buccola's prize middelweight. A few weeks ago Larivee, making his initial appearance in Boston, took on Oddone Piazza of the same stable—whacked him a-plenty and won the decision. A second contest was arranged, but Piazza was scratched and Livan took his place. The latter looked a sure winner and ruled a big favorite. However, Larivee dropped Livan five times in the initial round, twice for nine, and had him on the floor at the bell. When Livan went down the second time he twisted and badly sprained his right ankle, a fierce handicap in the melee and an injury that has retired him to the sidelines for several weeks. However, in the eighth chapter another whack to the jaw bowled him over for the down and out—the initial kayo of his career. The victory has made Larrivee an ace in Boston.

Elmer Rathwell, holder of the Buxton Belt, which gives him claim to the featherweight championship of Western Canada

The best battle of the night was a ten between Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge, and Jose Diaz, a colored boy from New York, registered as a native of Cuba. They traveled the entire distance at top speed, both giving and taking plenty of punishment. It was one of the best contests between lightweights the writer has witnessed in years, with Renault being declared the winner. A week later at Brockton, Renault, who has suddenly budded forth into a real card in this section, came through with another win, a ten round victory over Eddie Ciaffidoni, a game, tough youngster hailing from Lynn.

Tony Shucco of the North End, an Italian boy, and one of the most promising luminaries of the New England ring in the 175-pound class, went in to save the Argonne A. A. show at the Arena and met with a defeat at the hands of Lou Scozza of Buffalo, N. Y., the contest going ten rounds to a decision. He substituted for Larry Johnson, the Chicago colored star.

The amateurs, as regards popular interest, continue to hold their place in the fight game. The latter part of February saw the Irish-American A. C. run off the finals in its diamond belt series, the event being staged in the Mechanics Building. The contests, 24 of them, were very good, with the following the winners of the trophies: 112 pound class, Joe Ricci, Cambridge; 118, Flavio Dibonis, Fitchburg; 126, Joe Pacino, Roxbury; 135, Steve Salek, Lowell; 147, Jerry Indrisano, East Boston; 160, Mickey Bishop, Stoughton; 175, Al Minehan, Brockton; heavy, Harry Owens, Cambridge.

Keeping right on with the amateurs, they were all out there again on March 16, the occasion this time being the annual New England championships. All told there were but thirty-six bouts, and fourteen of these ended in kayos. Those receiving New England boxing crowns for 1931-32 were: 112 pound class, Henry Burns, Boston; 118, Joseph Ferrante, Boston; 126, Joe Pacino, Roxbury; 135, Steve Salek, Lowell; 147, John Renda, Fitchburg; 160 Milton (Mickey) Bishop, Stoughton; 175, Dick Madden, Dorchester; heavy, Joseph Paders, Providence, R. I.

After being out of the active boxing game since June 3, 1929, when he was stopped by Gorilla Jones, Al Mello, of Lowell, holder of New England welter and middleweight honors, has at last got going again. At Fall River, Mello won his first comeback bout by scoring a kayo in two rounds over Joe Marino, of New York. The night of March 16, at Salem, Mass., Mello again put up his hands, this time against Patsy Reno, of Brockton, a very game, willing youngster. In the eighth round the latter's seconds tossed in the towel to save their charge from being knocked out.

The absence from the city of Eddie Mack incidental to his piloting a "special" to the Carnera-Maloney fight at Miami, Fla., kept the doors of his club—the Argonne A. A.—dark for several weeks. Now he is back again, however, and the "Battle Field of Action", as Eddie calls his organization, will return to the limelight at the Boston Arena. Mack has Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury, the chap who disposed of Piazza and Livan, and several other stars lined up.

Another of the comeback boys who is finding the going none too hard is Johnny Harko, of Manchester, N. H., who, after a year's absence from the ring while he engaged in the tire business, decided a few weeks ago to return to the ropes. Early in February he registered his first comeback victory when he whipped Pete Lucci, of Clinton, Mass., in a ten rounder, and then he handed Gordon Faulkner, of Boston, a kayo in nine rounds, the first ever to come the latter's way. Harko is a big featherweight and at the height of his ring activities was frequently seen in various New England rings.

Louis Kanter of Boston, who formerly busied himself with ring affairs, has high hopes of making a comeback into strenuous circles with a new heavyweight "find" in Charles Sumner, of Omaha, Neb., whom he has taken in tow. Sumner, though but eighteen, stands 6 feet 7½ inches and weighs 250 pounds. He is an American of good education and family and is here in the East in hopes of building for himself a name within ropes.

William H. Cuddy, better known as "Father Bill," who for years has directed the amateur boxing affairs of the St. Joseph T. A. Society of this city, has temporarily retired from the sport. Cuddy was the chap behind the Norwegian, Belgium, Irish, American international tourney staged here early in February—the Italian, German and American affair in 1930, also prior similar events, to say nothing of Saturday night shows, inter-city meetings, contests for novice boxers and such. He has done more to interest the public in amateur boxing, also build up the sport, than any other individual in this section of the country.

Joe Zelinsky, now of Boston but originally hailing from Jack Sharkey's home town of Binghamton, N. Y., has found Portland a very bad spot for him. The first part of the month he lost there to Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia, and, on a return trip on March 16, dropped another to Cowboy Jack Willis, a native son of the Pine Tree State.

Marlboro, Mass., at one time one of the busiest boxing centers outside of Boston, came back onto the map this month after a long absence from the limelight, the reorganized Pastime A. C. of that city, staging Victor Lotti, a native son, against Billy Nelson, a Brockton, Mass., veteran. Lotti won in two rounds.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

PROMOTER JACK McGRATH and Champion "Dynamite" Gus Sonnenberg revived a dormant wrestling sport locally about two years ago and today the same process of rejuvenation is being undertaken in boxing by Promoter "Deak" Dodge and a prospective champion, "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard. For the first time in a long while the S.R.O. sign was hung out at a boxing show when Baby Joe Gans, California's ranking welterweight star, was imported to mingle with "Dynamite" Lou in a ten-round fracas at Mechanics Hall. Wrestling was more fortunate, having three sellouts in four shows during the month.

The contest between Gans and Brouillard is beyond description at this time. Words fail the writer. Perhaps if this scribe were given a microphone at the time of the bout, he might have made a feeble effort to describe this sensationally interesting boxing contest. It was a sparkling exhibition of skill and hitting in contrast. Brouillard won the "duke" but it was only after a most spirited rally in the last three rounds.

Lou's win over the Negro sensation who has not met with defeat in about two years, should gain for him a place among the ten best fighters in the world. The dynamiter is the only one to hold a knockout over Alf Ros who stood ten rounds with Young Corbett.

At Marlboro, Victor Lotti, lightweight, stopped Billy Nelson of Brockton in the sixth of a ten. Harry Alexanian, Worcester lightweight, won in six from Joe Banis of Worcester. Percy Bousquet, Marlboro welter, won in six from Boob McNutt of Milford. Dean Cross stopped Jocko Hermans of Worcester in the fourth of a six. They are junior-welterweights.

Johnny DeLano of Newark was fouled by Stanley Winneryk, Lawrence featherweight, in the third of a ten at Worcester. Harry Alexanian won from Manuel Burgess in six. Art Nadeau scored his second win over Rene Fontaine of Northridge. Al Brouillard stopped Soldier Frank, Bristol welterweight, in the fourth of a six. Al Savageau made his pro debut by stopping Ray Gilman, Woonsocket featherweight, in the first of a six. Harry Alexanian scored his rubber match victory with Manuel Burgess in a six-rounder.

Billy Gonyea, Cherry Valley middleweight, won in ten from Johnny Curcio of Providence. Harvey Peete scored his second win over Rene Peloquin. Frankie Costello won in six from Young Dempsey of Southbridge. Aldo Nochi won on a technical knockout from Joe Preston of Worcester in the sixth round when Preston suffered a split lip which necessitated three stitches. Tony Thompson made his pro debut by winning from Charlie White, local heavyweight, in a six-spot. Frankie Costello, Clinton flyweight, won in six from Pat James, Brown University student.

Harvey Peete, stolid smacking Clinton featherweight, is getting somewhere and getting there fast through his punching prowess. He scored his second victory over Rene Peloquin and then travelled to Hartford where he stopped Nick Cristy, who is rated next to Battalino in Connecticut, in one round. Not a bad achievement. This brands Peete as the goods. Then came a lad participating in his fifth pro fight and was paired with Mr. Peete. The talk was that the kid was being rushed. Well, this youngster, known as Art Bergeron, calmly went about teaching Mr. Peete how to box, and won in a rather easy fashion. Later, to prove that he was the goods, he stopped Bud Dempsey of Providence in the fifth. Bergeron is going places. Now we have two good youngsters in our midst in Peete and Bergeron.

Now that boxing is over the scribe appreciates the thanks of the readers for furnishing them with the complete wrestling results. This month's results follow:

Ed George, world's champion in Massachusetts, made his second Worcester appearance and pinned Louis Loew of Alsace-Lorraine in two straight, taking the first with a Wolverine slam in 13 minutes and 16 seconds and the last fall in 31 minutes and 20 seconds with another slam. In a decidedly rough tilt, Vassell threw Boris Demitroff of Bulgaria in 20 minutes and 46 seconds. Otto Huhtanen disposed of John Grandovitch in 25 minutes and eight seconds with a flying head and hip lock.

Gus Sonnenberg pinned Louis Loew in two straight. The first with a series of tackles in 30 minutes and 38 seconds, and the assistance of a body hold. The second after a series of tackles with a head scissors and body hold in 11 minutes, 18 seconds. Count Zarynoff went to a fast 45-minute draw with Pat McKay of Chicago. Otto Huhtanen disposed of Axel Anderson in one minute, 42 seconds.

Worcester boxers are faring well on their western tour. At Chicago, Lou Petrone bested Jack London in six. Billy Bruinsma won from Jimmy Kowalick in six. At Erie, Harry Devine drew with Ray Collins in ten rounds. Lou Petrone stopped Louis Severo in the seventh of a ten.

Several startling upsets during the month forces the writer to compile a new rating for New England boxers. Sammy Fuller's win over Tony Canzoneri; "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard's win over Baby Joe Gans; Leo Larriviere's knockout over Vittorio Livian and decision over Oddone Piazza. These in the main are the reasons for the new compilation. The ratings follow:

Heavyweights—Jack Sharkey, Brighton, Mass.; Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.; Ernie Schaaf, Boston, Mass.
Prospect—Harry Allen, Brockton, Mass.
Light heavyweight—Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.; Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.; Jimmy Mendes, New Bedford, Mass.
Prospect—Jack McCarthy, Boston, Mass.
Middleweights — Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Leo Larriviere, Bridgeport, Conn.; Oddone Piazza, Boston, Mass.
Prospect—Billy Gonyea, Worcester, Mass.
Welterweights —"Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.; Johnny Indrisiano, Boston, Mass.; Werter Arcelli, Boston, Mass.
Prospect—Eddie Moore, Bridgeport, Conn.
Junior-Welterweights—Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.; Bobby Mays, New Bedford, Mass.; Pinky Kaufman, Hartford, Conn.
Prospect—Willie Lewis, Stamford, Conn.
Lightweights—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.; Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.; Harry Devine, Worcester, Mass.
Prospect—Jake Zeramby, Lynn, Mass.
Junior-Lightweights—Young Montreal, Providence, R. I.; Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn.; Lou Petrone, Worcester, Mass.
Prospect—Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.
Featherweights—Champion Bat Battalino, Hartford, Conn.; Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.
Prospect—Harvey Peete, Clinton, Mass.
Bantamweights—Midget Lavigne, Burlington, Vt.; Johnny Vacca, Boston, Mass.; Jow Dow, Lawrence, Mass.
Prospect—Art Nadeau, Cambridge, Mass.
Flyweights—Art Giroux, Portland, Me.; Ruby Bradley, Holyoke Mass.; Gene Bianco, Boston, Mass.
Prospect—Midget Mike Dundee, Brockton, Mass.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS

By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

FRANKIE CARLTON, of Jersey City, N. J., won a close decision from Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, Mass., in the main bout of an all-star card at the Holyoke Arena. Both boys stood toe to toe and slugged repeatedly, once for almost a minute. This was the second meeting of the pair, Carlton having won previous in New Jersey. Art Chapdelaine of Springfield, Mass., took a decision from Johnny Brennan of Trenton, N. J., in one of the other ten-rounders. Both boxed exceptionally well and the punching was clean. In the other ten-rounder, Sammy Gelber of New York, won over Young Granada of Florida.

Alex Hunt of Westfield, Mass., in his first appearance as a pro, lost the duke to Steve Supowski of Holyoke, Mass., in a four-rounder. Hunt was down four times. Armond St. John of Holyoke, Mass., beat Harry Osit of Springfield, Mass., in four rounds.

Al Wiell, New York fight promoter, has attended Holyoke's last two shows. He is getting to be a regular fan here.

Dick Gray of New Haven, who does some promoting in that city, is seen here quite often.

Baron Cohen, trainer and second of fighters, has done a lot for the boys of New York, in his skillful handling in the corners. His genial personality has made him many friends in Holyoke.

Art Chapdelaine won himself into the hearts of the fans in this vicinity by his aggressive fighting in his fights with Sammy Gelber and Johnny Brennan.

Homer Rainault, Holyoke promoter, has been putting on some very good cards.

Roger Kenney, Springfield amateur lightweight, scored victories at Easthampton and at Westfield.

Mike Leonard is giving the fans of Easthampton some fine amateur cards.

Young Jeffries of Springfield, Mass., won five straight fights by the knockout route then lost the next by a decision to Roy Powers of Holyoke, Mass. With proper piloting he could be made into a dangerous middleweight, as he packs a punch.

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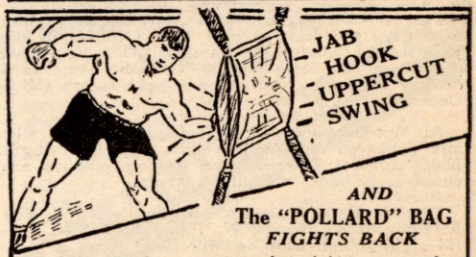

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

AFTER outpunching Bud Taylor, once famed "Terre Haute Terror" for seven rounds at the Arena, Lew Massey, South Philadelphia Italian, was declared the winner when Referee Tommy Reilly stopped the bout soon after the start of the eighth round and disqualified Taylor "for not trying."

Taylor claimed he hurt his hands in the early rounds and was not able to do himself justice. Taylor appeared before the Commission to explain matters. His purse was held up for a few days but he eventually got the cash.

Mat Adgie, former West Philadelphia "fighting iceman," ran into a storm of punches thrown by Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky., and lost the decision. Adgie dropped Anderson with a right to the chin in the third.

Young Firpo, the "Little Hercules," from Pennsgrove, N. J., won in six over Frankie Hayes, of Philadelphia, at the Arena. Hayes weighed 142, Firpo, 139½.

Tony Falco, brilliant lightweight in the stable of Phil Glassman, belted Al Gordon, left hander, of the Max Hoff staff, into a six round defeat. Falco weighed 135 and Gordon a half pound less.

It took George Godfrey, ertwhile heavyweight boxer, less than eighteen minutes to score two straight falls over Andy Zaharoff, Russian strong man, in the feature wrestling match at Camden Convention Hall. A crowd of 5,000 saw the match.

Jack Gross, 200 pound southpaw from Salem, N. J., conceded Roberto Roberti, of Italy, twenty-seven and a half pounds, but hammered out an easy ten round victory at the Arena. Gross opened a cut over Roberti's right eye in the seventh.

Fred Lenhart, of Spokane, Wash., was stopped in the eighth by Billy Jones, South Philadelphia colored light-heavyweight. It was Lenhart's first appearance in Philadelphia but Jones proved too aggressive and dropped him three times before the bout was halted.

Gene Buffalo all but knocked out Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky., at the Arena, but the judges decided in favor of Anderson, which got a real rise out of the crowd. Buffalo, although greatly outweighed, had Anderson reeling in the first five rounds but the latter rallied, which might have influenced the opinion of the judges.

Al Ettore, former West Philadelphia amateur, who has compiled a big winning streak since entering the pro. ranks, kayoed Buddy Roberts in the third round. Ettore weighed 175½ pounds.

Lew Hardcastle flattened Tommy Maroon, of Kansas City, in the fifth round of their bout at Atlantic City.

Jack Daley, of Phillie, ran up against a tough one in Eddie Guida, of New York, at Atlantic City and the latter scored a technical knockout in the third round.

The veteran Joey Hatfield, of Conshohocken, won in eight over Jesse Goss, of Trenton. On the same bill at Trenton, Joe Kuhns, of Reading, scored a technical knockout over Charlie Carter, of Trenton, when the latter failed to answer the bell for the fifth round.

Matt Rice, 161 pound Gilberton, Pa., fighter, defeated Weiner Wilch, of Rochester, in a hard fought 10-round bout at Hazleton. This was the feature affair of the show staged by the Legion A. C.

Two knockdowns by Mike Marshall aided him in getting the decision over Lew Lafferty in the eight-round windup at Cambria. The Nicetown boxer weighed 134½ pounds. On the same card Mickey Michaels, of Nicetown, beat Harry (Kid) Decker.

Al Winkler, veteran Philadelphia fighter who has appeared in featherweight and lightweight bouts against some of the leading men in the country, is back in training again.

Frankie Rapp, Camden 138-pounder, and Roy Richman, Port Norris, N. J., engaged in a torrid eight-round draw at Millville.

The hard socking Johnny Ketchell of Chester, invaded Pat Haley's home territory and won a ten-round decision at the Cambria. Ketchell weighed 154¼ pounds and Haley 154½.

Close to 10,000 persons saw Jim Londos, world heavyweight wrestling champion, dispose of Karl Pojello at the Arena. Londos outclassed the Chicagoan, but the match went fifty minutes, twenty-six seconds. Several thousand grappling fans were unable to get inside the Arena as the show was a sell-out.

Izzy Richter, West Philadelphia High School student, has developed from a 124-pounder to a legitimate middleweight in the last year.

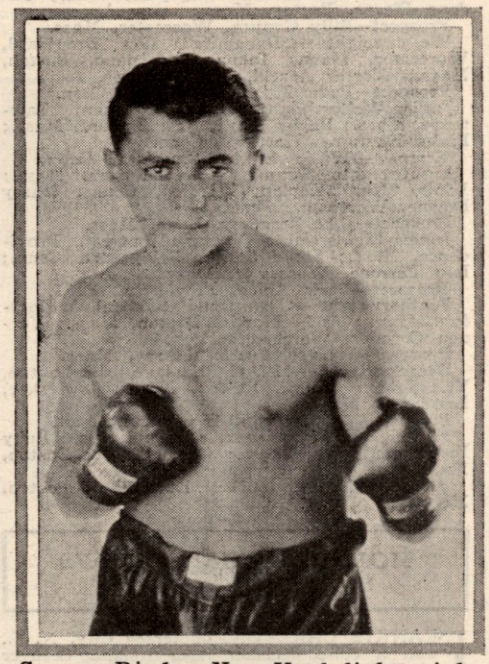
Mike Marshall, of Nicetown, gave further evidence of developing into a first-class lightweight when he gained his second victory over the veteran, Lew Lafferty, of South Philadelphia, in the ten-round windup at the Cambria Club.

In a return bout Eddie Cool of Tacony pounded out a ten-round decision over Ad Elton of Willow Grove at the Cambria. In their first meeting Elton was the winner.

Nick Venmore, South Philadelphia welterweight, held the veteran, Johnny Ketchell of Chester, to a ten-round draw at the Broadway A. C. Ketchell twice dropped Venore in the fifth round but Venore had piled up an early lead.

Sherman Brown of Phillie was handed a six-round beating by Ray Bowman of Washington on the Broadway card.

Johnny Jadick, Kensington favorite, who was stopped by Ray Miller in Detroit, made good in his second visit to the Michigan metropolis by stopping Ray Collins of Erie in the sixth round and now they are talking about a return bout with Miller.



Sammy Binder, New York lightweight, who is making good

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

PETE LATZO, Scranton, 175, defeated Sam Weiss, Nazareth, 175, twice over the ten-round route. Both fights were staged at Bethlehem. In the first encounter many of the fans thought that Weiss was the victim of a poor decision, but in the return go Latzo left no doubt as to the winner, triumphing handily.

Pat Igo, Shenandoah, outpointed Art Feeser, Lebanon, in eight rounds at Reading. Igo's greater experience stood him to good advantage. Feeser was the master of the situation when in close but Igo elected to box away at long range and counter punch. Despite the fact that Feeser lost the decision, he made a big hit with the fans and was brought right back on the following show.

Al Lippe's promising light-heavyweight, Rattle Kichline, of Phillipsburg, knocked out Tony Stropos, Philadelphia, three, and Gene McHugh, Chicago, four.

Matt Rice, Gilberton middleweight, defeated Weiner Wilsch, Rochester, in eight at Hazelton.

Tiny Hoffner, Reading, stopped Tommy DeMaio, Stony Creek, in one heat.

Pat Igo scored a technical knockout over Tony Lucci, of Easton, in the fifth round at Ashland. Lucci had a badly cut eye. In the semi, Billy Coleman was given the decision over Morris Gross, but the fans howled their disapproval.

Eddie Tray, Allentown middleweight, defeated Maxie Gold, of New York, at the Broadway Arena, New York, and then returned home to outpoint Johnny Rossi, of Bethlehem.

Joe Kennedy has been giving Reading fans some high-class cards, and as a result is enjoying a fairly successful season.

Bethlehem results: Johnny Doughtery, Allentown, kayoed Johnny Bednar, Bethlehem, three; Georgie Lynch, Bethlehem, outpointed Johnny Sanchez, Bethlehem, four; Mosey Stein, Bethlehem, stopped Claude Sterner, one; Al. Borelli, Allentown, beat Mickey Casey, Reading, six; Larry Rena, Easton, outpointed Frankie Burns, Bethlehem, and Clarence Olewine, Slatington, knocked out Battling Luki, Northampton, three.

Art Feeser, Lebanon junior-welterweight, is spending some time in Philadelphia, training with Johnny Jadick. Feeser's manager feels that all Art needs to be up in the top ranks is a little more polish and this he will get by working out with the Phillie flash.

ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

AS this issue of THE RING goes to press Tommy Freeman will defend the welterweight title he won from Young Jack Thompson. He is giving the former titleholder the first chance to regain the crown.

A few months ago Harry Devine, Lou Petrone and Billy Bruns of Worcester, Mass., came to Erie and both promoters here have been keeping them busy. Devine defeated Ray Collins though the official decision was a draw; beat Benny McArthur of Saginaw, Mich., and Andy Andrucci of Pittsburgh. Petrone knocked out Louis Severo in six rounds; Lew Wallace in three, and fought a 10-round draw with Frankie Bajorski, who had won 33 consecutive victories. Billy Bruns defeated Lynn Jordan, classy middleweight of Akron, O., and Charley Broad of McKeesport, who two years ago beat Battling Bozo.

Ray Collins, classy lightweight and crowd-pleaser, fought Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia at the Olympia in Detroit and though knocked out in the sixth, again made a great hit. Collins is always welcome back wherever he shows, win or lose.

Frankie Bajorski surprised the boys here by defeating Eddie Reed of Philadelphia. This spoiled a big natural for Erie as Reed and Maxie Strub would have been a sell-out.

Matches Erie fans want to see are: Wesley Ramey vs. Maxie Strub; Tony Hererra vs. Maxie Strub; Harry Devine vs. Wesley Ramey, and Steve Halaiko and Maxie Strub. Both Tony Hererra and Wesley Ramey have fought Strub in Erie and the decision was a draw in each fight.

Mac's Gym at 630 State Street is the official gymnasium for out-of-town fighters and also the official weighing-in place for both the Gem City A. C. and the Keystone A. C.

One of the most thrilling scraps seen in many a day was a bout between Jimmy Dean, classy colored 130-pound Erie lad, and Joe Boychan of Elyria, Ohio. Boychan had Dean on the floor seven times in the second round but Dean came back strong in the latter part of the fight to earn a draw. Jack Barry will surely have these two fight it out again soon.

It won't be long now when the Keystone A. C. will be putting on some big shows in the open air Arena. Johnny Jadick and Maxie Strub, for the lightweight championship of Pennsylvania, is one bout that ought to pack the Arena and Tommy Freeman will surely meet a few good welters and up to 155-lb. middleweights.

Erie is again drawing good crowds to its boxing shows. Good evenly-matched bouts and popular prices are doing the trick.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

TEDDY YAROSZ, of Monaca, Pa., scored his thirty-ninth successive victory as a professional boxer at Oil City, Pa., by beating the tough Joe Trippe, of Rochester, N. Y. Yarosz won every round.

The youthful Yarosz has one of the best records of any fighter in the world. He has knocked out or defeated every welterweight of note in this part of the country including Larry Madge, Jimmie Belmont, Tiger Joe Randall, (2); Young Rudy, (3); Billy Holt, (2); Johnny Rich, Roger Brooks, Jackie Herman, (2); Jimmie Neal, Benny Burns, Mickey Fedor, Georgie Bretch and a host of others. He was recently chosen as "Easily the Best Boy His Weight in This Part of the Country," by the Pittsburgh Press and Jules Beck, matchmaker at Motor Square Garden of Pittsburgh, and is being tagged by the smart boys as the next welterweight champion of the world. He is a clean-cut, aggressive, vicious punching, two-fisted kid, with plenty of color. Watch him.

FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY
By RAY BOUSLOG

BOXING has definitely reached the turning point in its march back to popularity in Michigan as evidenced by the attendance at shows throughout the state and in Detroit during March and April.

Olympia's boxing programs have been placed in sole charge of William "Scotty" Montieth and he is trying to run weekly shows. In his last six efforts every show has made money for Olympia, something unusual when it is remembered that for a long time last year show after show finished in the red.

Detroit finally has found a drawing card in Charlie Retzlaff, sensational Duluth heavyweight, managed by the much maligned Jack Hurley, engineer of the "Fargo Express", otherwise Billy Petrolle. Retzlaff in his last two starts here won a 10-round decision over Johnny Risko and then knocked out Tom Heeney in seven heats. It was the first time the Anzac had ever been officially counted out. Retzlaff played with Tom for six rounds and then walked out and knocked him down twice in the seventh. The third time Tom could not get up. The bout showed that Heeney is through, even as a trial horse, as his legs have gone.

Despite the National Boxing Association ban on Hurley's entire stable, Retzlaff will work here twice more in the next few months. After the Risko fight Montieth signed Retzlaff to three contracts, only one of which has been fulfilled.

Pee Wee Wilson is back in shape again and has been going hot.

Johnny Jadick, Philly lightweight, was knocked out by Ray Miller in 19 seconds here but came back two weeks later to put the kayo on Ray Collins of Erie in six rounds. Jadick and Miller will meet in a return engagement.

Mt. Clemens, running weekly shows, is going hot again. They fight eight-round main events and get good boxers for small money. Results of bouts there in the past month follow: Teddy Maranda, Grand Rapids, beat Alex Hadrian, Detroit, and drew with Soldier Dombrowski, Detroit, both eight; Morrie Sherman defended state welterweight title by defeating Jack December, ten. It was December's first defeat in two years.

Lew Saunders, Niles, is the new Michigan lightweight champion. He won the title by knocking out Benny Dukes of Grand Rapids in less than a minute.

Leon Nichols, clever Pontiac middleweight, is the best looking prospect in the state of Michigan today. Only 19 years of age, Nichols has had 81 professional fights and has lost only four. He has never taken a count and in his last few starts has shown a knockout punch. He battered Johnny Hoekstra into oblivion at Niles recently, stopping him in six frames. Nichols is due for a shot at Olympia soon against a fighter with a reputation. It all depends on this match whether or not he will make good. He is managed by Fred Wagner, a Detroit man.

One of his most recent feats was fighting in three divisions in two weeks. He beat a middleweight, knocked out a light heavy and then to fill in entered a beef trust tournament at Mt. Clemens at the last minute. He won two straight bouts and then withdrew because he could not fight in the finals a week later because of a previous engagement. He makes 158 but fights in any of the heavier divisions.

Jack Dempsey made a tour through Michigan and was a huge success. He attracted record breaking houses at every stop.

Touchstone has a new lease on life and is going hot. He looks like a good bet for a better shot this summer.

The wrestlers are busy in Detroit again. Jim Londos beat Renato Gardini at Oylmpia March 19 before the best house that ever saw the hugh and tug boys work in Detroit. Nick Londos is the new promoter. He is using Curley trust grapplers. The other side, Bowser-Herman-Sandow, apparently gave up the struggle in Detroit after seven or eight shows that failed to click.

Boxers and managers—THE RING is anxious to run your pictures if you are any good. Forward them direct to THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, or send them to me and I'll shoot them along. Ray Bouslog, Detroit Daily Illustrated, Detroit, Mich.

Every fighter, no matter how experienced, should have a copy of Nat Fleischer's "How to Train and How to Box." They're great and there is plenty even the most experienced can learn from them.

Bag punching is coming back with a bang. All the boys in the gym are going strong for this. Boxers should get a copy of "Scientific Bag Punching" By Harry Seeback, from The Ring Book Shop. The price is only 50 cents. I recommend it.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

MIKE COLLINS, Minneapolis maulermatchmaker, staged a corking good show at the Auditorium on St. Pat's night.

Collins imported Pierre Charles to cross leather with Paul Pantaleo, a very classy heavy who hails from Chicago. The scrap was a "honey" and the boys tossed the padded mittens fiercely from gong to gong. The Bombarding Belgian copped the duke.

Wallie Wohlwend put the castors under Kenneth Geist, Rochester, in one canto in the semifinal. Wallie, who is booked out of Lake City, looked mighty sweet in his win over Geist.

Mel Coleman, a popular clowning kid from Duluth, belted out a decision over Johnny O'Hara, St. Paul middleweight, in six rounds.

Mike Collins, former magazine publisher, fight manager, promoter and present matchmaker for the Minneapolis Boxing Club, has figured largely in the rapid strides in boxing.

Paul Wangley, Minneapolis, was awarded a decision over Jackie Sharkey, also of Minneapolis, in ten stanzas. Sharkey was a long ways from his usual form and Wangley either didn't carry the zip to put Jackey under or just couldn't be bothered. Paul had the Irish feather in bad way on several occasions.

Ambling Angus MacDonald stepped back between the hemps in Minneapolis and looked fairly impressive while handing Ol' Man River Mandell, veteran St. Paul mauler, a whipping in six spasms.

Art Lasky, Minneapolis' Hebrew heavyweight comer, once again battered out a decision over Mike Mandell in ten interesting rounds.

Art assured the sceptics of his ability to take 'em and looms up as a great heavy prospect.

Short Socks—Ol' Harry Dillon should lay away the padded mittens . . . The boys have always liked Harry . . . A great guy . . . This Pantaleo has class plus . . . And that robe of his . . . Hot, what I mean! . . . Nel Coleman is a happy-go-lucky chap . . . An entertaining scrapper . . . Mike Mandell carries on . . . The boys like Pierre Charles . . . Jackie Sharkey has slipped . . . Mel Coleman is usually broke . . . How about Mel and Jimmy Evans? . . . Here's some guys to put down in your little book . . . Wohlwent, Lasky, Macdonald . . . all heavyweights . . . What became of Ritchie Mack? . . . Tim Derry . . . .Art Lasky dropped a court decision to Labe Sairo, his former manager. . . . The Schaaf-Laughran scrap in the East was watched with interest hereabouts . . . Both boys whipped Dick Daniels in Minneapolis . . . Bull Montana was here . . .Whataguy! . . . Tab Whirlwind Wallie Wohlwend of Lake City, Minn., as the month's prospect . . .That's that . . .

WILKES-BARRE
By HUGH H. CARR

MACK HOUSE, Glendale, Cal., Negro, now making Wilkes-Barre his home, won an impressive victory, when he kayoed Roy (Ace) Clark, Philly colored heavyweight, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round wind-up. In the other half of the double wind-up, Johnny Vacca, Boston featherweight, outfought Willie Cubic, Newark, in ten fast rounds.

The esteem in which Al Jannetti was held by the local fight fans was emphasized at the local armory when the crowded house stood silent for thirty seconds out of respect to the local sportsman who fell victim to a bandit bullet.

Jackie Britton, Pringle feather, lost a close decision to Johnny Helstein, Buffalo, in the main bout at Williamsport. Although both judges voted in favor of Helstein, Referee Jack Dempsey marked his slip for the Pringle Pepperpot.

Frankie Cawley, Pittston light-heavyweight, journeyed to Canton where he outpointed Frankie Simms, Cleveland, in ten heats.

In Cawley's next start he did not fare so good and was defeated by Stanley Poreda, Jersey City, in the semi-final to the Loughran-Schaaf bout at Madison Square Garden.

Charley Russo, Pittston featherweight, who is fighting in sensational form in the New Jersey rings, is anxious to face any of the local boys. Nothing would please Russo more than a bout with Mickey Doyle, his neighboring Pittston rival.

Mack House, colored heavyweight, is under the management of Jimmy Hennehan, former local referee. His performance in putting Ace Clark out in six heats has caused out of town promoters to recognize House as a dangerous boy.

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32x4	2.95	1.15	29x4.75	2.45	1.20
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
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33x4½	3.20	1.45	28x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4½	3.45	1.45	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
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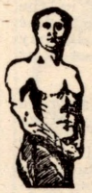

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FREDDIE MILLER, Cincinnati featherweight, again figured in the leading boxing match of the month here. His opponent was Tommy Paul, Buffalo's star, and Miller was returned the victor after ten exciting rounds. The bout was held at the Music Hall arena in the Queen City on March 5 and Herman S. Katz of the Parkway Club was the promoter.

In the supporting matches, Joe Marciente, Brooklyn junior-lightweight, evened things with Jackie Stewart, Chicago, by winning the verdict. Windy Meyers made it three straight over Earl Baker in a six; Freddie Murphy came through with colors flying over Eddy Meyers; Ray Reisinger stopped Bobby Johns in four; Sammy Sweet copped over Johnny Hannon in four, and Duke McArthur trimmed Charlie Row in a three-session grudge affair.

While Cincinnati came through with the above big-time match, Dayton had its own "natural" as it was termed, when Eddie Shea, Chicago featherweight, was pitted against Manuel Castro, Tampico, Mexico. The Mexican was no match for the fast-moving Windy City Italian and he was knocked out in the seventh round. The bout was held at Memorial Hall. Lefty Pretsch, capable Dayton referee, was third man in the ring. Jim Kelly, Pittsburgh mauler, laid low Johnny Curtin of Dayton in the second round after each had scored three knockdowns in the previous session. Art Kinney kayoed Lee Creager in four; Sonny Darcy and Lou Barney fought a draw in the opening number of four heats.

The Cincinnati 147th Infantry had a good heavyweight match which featured Johnny Mack of Cincinnati and Chuck Ewing of Terre Haute, Ind. It was a great fight while it lasted. Mack sent over a haymaker in the fifth round and the Hoosier boy was out for at least three minutes. Harry Krindler beat Glen Nidy in the semi-windup; Jimmy Harris made merry with Sailor Grathwohl for six rounds; Ray Ketz easily defeated Pete Leno in four, and Young Tiger Flowers stopped Willie Lewis in the second.

Max Liberman, Canton promoter and manager, bulletins that his coming light-heavyweight, Patsy Pirrone, is out with a defi to the leading boys of his weight throughout the world. Pirrone is a great prospect. He has to his credit a draw with Maxie Rosenbloom and wins over George Panka and other good boys.

Art Knopp of Toledo defeated Buddy Bezenah of Cincinnati, and Donald Fagg of Indianapolis trimmed Elmer Bezenah of Casi in two of the headline bouts Tex Blankenship staged at the Freeman Avenue Armory during the past month. Both bouts were close and either one could have been judged a draw. The preliminaries to both of these bouts were as follows: Billy Speaks trimmed Tony Petruzzi in six; Chris Fenton punched Jack Kerns silly for six rounds; Ivan Joering kayoed Jack Meyers in one; Freddy Murphy trimmed Frankie Mieners in four.

The supporting card to the Fagg-Bezenah bout follows: Ivan Joering defeated Billy Rhodes in six; Herb Maddox lost to Dick Porter in six; Jack Raymond beat Harvey Bass in four, and Calvin Baker copped the duke over Billy Parker in four. All the matches were good ones.

Howard Mitchell, Cinci's ranking lightweight, who holds a decision over Ralph Lenny, New York's leading junior-welter, made short work of Young Tiger Flowers, Memphis Negro, in their bout at the Milford arena. Flowers kissed the canvas in the first session exactly 28 seconds after the bell had rung. Jimmie Harris beat Sailor Grathwohl in a six; Bernie Cohen shaded Tiger Lyons; Johnny Burns beat Kid Procotor; Battling Riehle outpointed Kid Schissler; Art Worley and Mickey Glass drew; Wid Hall drew with Kid Philower.

Newark, O., March 11.—Homer Ronan, Newark, beat Jack Hoster, Columbus, in ten rounds. Ray Lowder kayoed Ernie Payne in four; Tarzan Phillips and Red Kirk drew in four; Mutt Schotts kayoed Kid Schwartz in four; Young Strear knocked out Dick Williams in two.

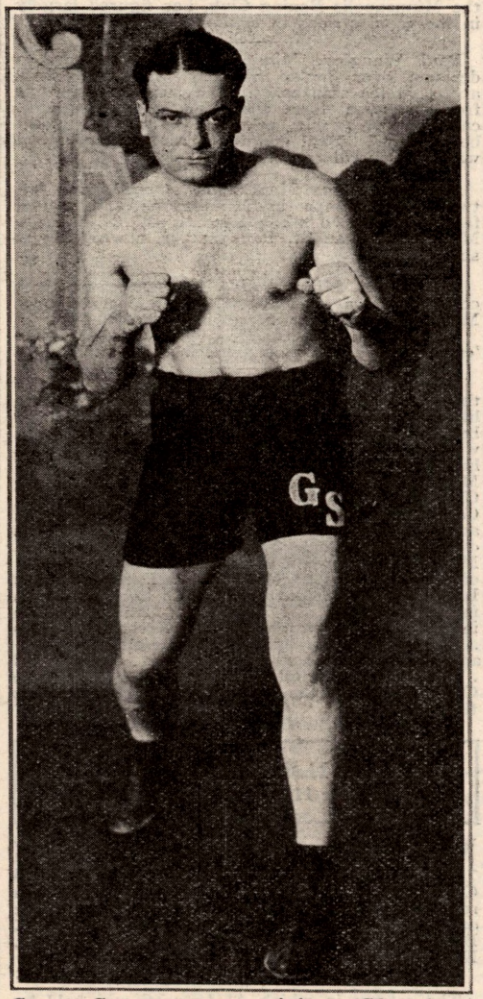
Earl Baker was knocked out in the second round of his bout with Tracey Cox, fast-stepping Hoosier featherweight, on March 11th at Terre Haute, Ind. Frankie Hughes, Kenosha, Wis., lightweight, beat Billy Rose, Cincinnati, in the supporting tenner. Hughes is one of the brightest prospects in the Middle West. C. M. Jones of Clinton, Ind., is his manager.

At Eagles Hall in Dayton, O., Manuel Castro, Mexico, cinched his meeting with Eddie Shea by scoring on a technical knockout over Jackie Dugan of Louisville, Ky., in the ninth round. Castro scored three knockdowns. Young Heebe shaded Harry Ward in six; Lee Creager knocked out Mike Kelly in four; Harry Grab and Kid Gilmore drew in four; Kid Sailor beat Sonny Darcy in four.

United States Commissioner August A. Siemon of Cincinnati was called to serve in the highest lodge office that the local No. 5 B.P.O.E. holds when he was elected Exalted Ruler on March 7. This will be of great interest to many of Siemon's many friends in the boxing game as he has been a staunch booster of boxing for several years. We all take this time to offer Mr. Siemon the greatest of luck in his new office.

In the feature number of ten rounds at the Eagles' arena in Dayton, Kid Wright, Richmond, Ind., junior-welter, and Joey Lawrence of Dayton battled to an exciting draw. Bulldog Drummond administered a licking to Clarence Fischer in six. Little Dillon advanced a notch by knocking out Charlie Court in the first round. Eddie Bomber stopped Ed Schuer in two, and Cyclone Gale drew with Spider Lawrence in a four. A fair crowd was in attendance.

Springfield, O.—Joe Walters, Springfield colored middleweight star, returned to this city after his sensational win over the veteran Frankie Palmo at Piqua, O. Zendon Jacobs, Walters' manager, believes he has the next 160-pound champ under contract and he issued a challenge at all the leaders in the middleweight division.



Gene Stanton, promising Cleveland heavyweight

Dayton, O.—Joe Lawrence, Dayton lightweight, and Bearcat Wright, Richmond, Ind., boxed their second ten-round draw in three weeks at the Eagles' club arena on South Main St. Little Dillon kayoed Artie Chamberlain in the fifth; Young Sailor shaded Johnny Greb; Eddie Bomber beat Johnny Quirk and Tony Usas drew with Bun Clifford.

Around Fountain Square With the Punchers and Their Pilots—We wonder what has become of "Jabs on the Chin" in the Times-Star...How about it Nix, yea, how about some more of that good scribbling? . . . Who is the mysterious gentleman with the light felt hat that circles the arena of all the Parkway Club's shows? . . . Jack Moran with a bright new tan from sunny Florida, and a new one to boot in Eddie Ketchell, a welter...we trust he is not another Happy Journee...Eh, Jack? . . . In again, out again...so it seems with most of the Queen City's managers...the latest is G. C. Williams...via plane from Canada...then out again two days later, headed for parts unknown...G. C. has a good prospect, we never learned his name, but judging from his record, Oh, boy! that kid sure has a sock.

Harry Hartman headed for the baseball camps in Florida...how about some fight news from down there...old Sonada?...Ralph Hoeb the best amateur prospect around here right now...will go far under good management...Seen around Sixth and Vine any evening—Joe Marciente, Eddy Myers, Howard Katz...Al Bechtold, secretary of the Cinci fight commission, directing the 1931 state amateur tourney . . . held at Music Hall on March 18-19 . . . a suggestion that Ohio follow suit in passing of the Ackerman Boxing Bill . . . examples . . . West Virginia, Indiana and South Carolina.

Something all the promoters should have...the 1931 Everlast Boxing Record...we always look forward to Joe Nolan's all sports boxing editorial in the Sunday Enquirer . . . Freddy Murphy going great guns in the 135-lb. class...A good spot for a live wire promoter...Tacoma Bowl, Dayton, Ky. . . . a new arrival in local circles...Pat Clancy, Texas heavyweight...a report that the Springdale Dog Track on the Dixie Highway will operate this summer . . . with fight shows semi-weekly under a local matchmaker...and finis with a word for Little Dillon, fast stepping Dayton lightweight...has the goods.

Good books every fighter should have—How to Train, How to Box, How to Second a Boxer, and Bag Punching—All sold at The Ring, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

A self-enclosed stamped envelope addressed to the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O., and the sender will be forwarded any dope around this section.

WRESTLING NEWS

TOM ALLEY, the New Zealand light-heavyweight, was given his second chance at the title when he met Hugo Nichols of Texas, the champion, in a two-of-three-fall match at Music Hall recently. Alley started things going in his usual rough manner and annexed the first and only fall in 23 minutes and 21 seconds with a straight headlock.

During the second round, the champ picked up Alley and threw him over the ropes but in doing so lost his balance and fell on top of him, Alley helpless. The referee gave the challenger 20 seconds, the time allotted, and then held up Nichols' hand in token of victory. The second session lasted 10 minutes. Alley weighed 174 3-4, and Nichols 174 pounds. Jack Tibbets was referee.

In the prelims, George Andres Pertulla, Eugene, Ore., won from Walter Achui, Dayton Chinaman, when the latter conceded the fall to his opponent in 16 minutes and 36 seconds via a double arm crab hold. Mike Romano beat Paul Harper with an airplane slam in 22 minutes and 21 seconds and Juan Humberto threw King Elliot with a stopper hold in 16 minutes and 28 seconds. One of the largest and enthusiastic crowds of the season turned out for this show.

The other match which was held in this city was at the Armory under the Quality Club, with Billy Thom, Bloomington, Ind., winning from Eddy Shaboo, welter champ of the U. S. Navy. Shaboo won the first fall in 32:22 with an arm lock; Thom took the remaining two falls in 14:25 and 10:40 with flying mares.

The supporting matches were good ones and the results were: George Gable (Cincinnati) defeated George Pertulla (Oregon) in 30 minutes, decision; Benny Ginsberg (New York) threw Juan Humberto (Spain) in 20:55 with a flying mare; Mike Romano (New York) pinned Rudy La Bitzi (Hungary) in 18:10 with an airplane slam.

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

TOMMY FREEMAN, who has won a half dozen or more scraps in the Southwest recently under the management of Tommy McGinty, who made him champion, is travelling better than ever. He has improved considerably since he won the welter crown. Just a year or so ago McGinty started Tommy on the drive to the top and landed the crown. McGinty and Freeman are a credit to the boxing game.

The Duluth Devastater, as he is called by his manager, Jack Hurley, Charley Retzlaff looks like the best bet in the West following his easy victories over Johnny Risko and Tawm Heeney in Detroit.

Eddie Mead, once one of Gotham's leading fight managers, has become a power in the fight game in the Middle West. Eddie has his star lightweight, Johnny Farr, busy every week somewhere. Italian Johnny has fought six bouts in New Orleans in the past five months. He will meet Bat Battalino in Cleveland soon.

Suey Welch is making a barrel of dough with his two proteges, K.O. Christner and Gorilla Jones.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CARL HART of the American Legion promoted the Freeman-Thompson show here and lined up a strong card around it.

The Plain Dealer Golden Gloves show staged by Sam Otis, Sport Editor, and his assistant, James (Shamus) Doyle, closed in a blaze of glory. It drew $14,557.75 at $2.00 top, making the total for the tournament, $22,913.25. After expenses for trophies and other items are taken out, the balance will be turned over to the Community Fund.

The Golden Gloves ran two rings for the first three nights, and one for the finals—here are the winners:

112 pounds—Babe Triscaro, Downs A. C., defeated Johnny Wood, Stokes A. C.
118 pounds—Joey Kushner, Robins A. C., defeated Joe Boldin, O'Connell A. C.
126 pounds—Don Gonzales, Robins A. C. stopped Henry Scarpuzzi, O'Donnell A. C., Canton, Ohio.
135 pounds—Lou Jallos, Robins, defeated Frank Brasio, Downs A. C.
147 pounds—Gene Marsh, Argonne A. C., defeated Carmen Barth, Robins A. C..
160 pounds—Ralph Phillips, Robins A. C., defeated Vic Bizyak, Stellmac A. C.
175 pounds, Jack Weinert, Downs A. C., defeated George Yagie Campbell, Ohio, fourth round.
Heavyweight—Jack Pallatt, Papke A. C., defeated Ernie Young, Stokes A. C.

NOVICE DIVISION

112 pounds—Billy Morris, Downs A. C., defeated Billy Pirrone, Downs A. C.
118 pounds—Bill Birch, O'Connell, A. C., defeated Sam Mastro, Robins A. C.
126 pounds—Don Gonzales, Robins A. C., stopped feated Albert Ross, Arena A. C., fourth round.
135 pounds—Johnny Purdy, O'Connell A. C., defeated Teddy Smith, Stokes A. C., fourth.
147 pounds—William Foster, Kelly A. C., kayoed Paul Niro, Stellmack A. C., first round.
160 pounds—Babe Dunning, Stokes A. C., kayoed George Sharp, Goldstein A. C., fourth round.
175 pounds—Ed Jackson, Stokes A. C., defeated Frank Murphy, unattached.
Heavyweight—Chuck Kaoznski, O'Connell A. C., kayoed Leo Hutchins, unattached, second round.

The wonderful fighting of little Babe Triscaro, Don Gonzales, and Jack Pallatt, who won last year's Golden Gloves featured the show.

Cleveland is back again in the good old boxing game. The local boxing commission has had a change of heart and now permits bouts at the smaller clubs, which will bring out plenty of talent in the future.

Walter Taylor will promote at the Equiestarian, Denison Avenue, with a seating capacity of 7500. Eddie (Arbuckle) Meade will stage weekly shows at the Grays armory.

Paul Hamilton has the best place in town outside the Public Auditorium as he has taken over the West Side Winter Garden with George Schcomola. Harry Cohen will continue his shows at the Public Hall Annex. Charley Marotta will go at the Ice Rink on Euclid Avenue and Johnny DeTirrio will stage shows at Troop A. National Guard Armory, East 55th Street.

Looks like we will have a show almost every few nights now with this gang promoting, but some of them are bound to go over, as I don't think the city can stand more than one show a week. I hope I am mistaken for it's bound to bring out good boys and there are plenty now who will turn pro with the Golden Gloves tournament finished.

Joey Goodman has left Jimmy Dunn. They parted on friendly terms. Joey has hooked up with a new manager. Goodman is a very good fighter.

Tommy O'Donnell is promoting shows at Canton. He also has a large stable of amateur boxers. He had 15 in the Golden Gloves tournament.

Tommy Rios, welterweight champion of Mexico, is making his home in Cleveland. He will be matched with Young Harry Wills of the coast on the next show here in Cleveland.

Jimmy Erwin of El Paso is expected in Cleveland with Owen Phelps, light-heavyweight, Jose Rivers, lightweight champion of Mexico and Young Vino, flyweight champ of the South.

Doc Kiser will take his two fighters to Australia, Mike Payan and Dick Ramies. He has had a very successful trip on the coast, with Dick and Mike.

Johnny Farr is still a great card around New Orleans.

Al Zill is keeping Emmett Rocco very busy around the State. In his last two starts, Rocco was defeated by K. O. Christner and Joe Seykra.

Harry Sully is back in harness promoting shows at Columbus.

Ad. Q. Thacher has retired from the promotional end of boxing as he has been elected County Commissioner at Toledo. He just returned from Florida where he attended the two fights down there.

Tiny Diebold, (Young Jack Dempsey), stopped Big Bailey at Steubenville last week in two rounds.

Manny Robins again won the diamond prize as he topped the winners at the Golden Gloves, with Charley O'Connell and the Downs brothers in third place.

Walter Taylor has made his peace with the local boxing commission after being suspended for several years.

Chairman Cluelee is to be congratulated as well as the balance of the Cleveland Boxing Commission on their fair attitude in the boxing game at Cleveland—Giving everybody a square shake, and playing no favorites.

Porter Root and Frankie Neale have opened a gym on West 25th and have a fine stable of boys.

There will be plenty doing for local fighters now in Cleveland as well as out-of-town boxers, for, if the promoters are wise, they will match a local with an out-of-towner here, as two outsiders will not bring them out.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

EDDIE ANDERSON, the Wyoming Cowboy, received an unearned decision over Eddie Brannon, Negro, and Pittsburgh's leading lightweight, in a ten-round windup at Motor Square Garden. Brannon, who landed the harder punches and forced the fight throughout, really won the fray, yet the verdict went to the cowboy-pugilist. Benny Gershe of Cleveland gained the nod over Joe Marciente in the eight-round semi-final. Harry Fine defeated Eddie Kaufman, and Jimmy Reilly trounced Peaches Gallagher in the opening six. A feature of the night's program was the introduction of two former ring champs, Frank Klaus and Battling Nelson, just before the main go.

George Panka is one hard-luck heavyweight. The Homestead lad suffered three straight knockouts within five months. In two starts at Motor Square Garden, Panka was stopped by Emmett Rocco and K. O. Christner. His latest conqueror is Ike McFowler, colored heavyweight from Johnstown. All three kayos occurred in the sixth round. Whether young George can survive these decisive setbacks and regains his former prestige is a question.

Jimmy Belmont, tough Braddock welter, boosted his stock by scoring a ten-round victory over the rugged, more experienced Joe Trippe at the Palisades in McKeesport. The Braddock lad made a wise move when he engaged Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, as his tutor. Since going under Klaus' management, Belmont turned in four kayos in a row.

Willie Davies, local flyweight veteran, was outpointed by Midget Wolgast, flyweight king, in a ten-round go at Motor Square Garden. The champion proved too fast for our Willie. Wolgast's crown was not at stake. Tiger Joe Randall, Pittsburgh's Negro welterweight ace, came through with a one-sided win over Jimmy McGraw in eight cantos. Randall dropped McGraw five times but lacked the kayo punch.

The Pittsburgh district is turning out quite a few good welterweights. Jimmy Belmont, Teddy Yarosz, Tiger Joe Randall and Young Rudy are all showing in good form.

Steve Smith, Bridgeport, Conn., iron man, sprung a surprise by handing Johnny Datto a lacing at Motor Square Garden. The Bridgeport featherweight substituted for Jackie Rodgers, who had an injured side. Mickey Duris, Jimmy Dunn's lightweight prospect, beat Billy Holt, Negro, in eight rounds. Joey Speigel, Uniontown southpaw, won a technical kayo from Bobby Ray in the fifth. Terry Waner beat Al Farone in the six-round opener.

Joe (Joacko) Walters, Cincinnati's Negro middleweight star who kayoed Al Becker in the first round, was given a main go at the Moose Temple Auditorium against Pal Silvers, of Brooklyn. The bout was declared a draw. Mose Butch, Pittsburgh featherweight, defeated Johnny Warner in the other ten-rounder. Billy Flanagan, with Battling Nelson and Frank Klaus in his corner, stopped Marcus Nole, Cuban Negro, in the first session. Terry Waner beat Steve Senich in the opening bout.

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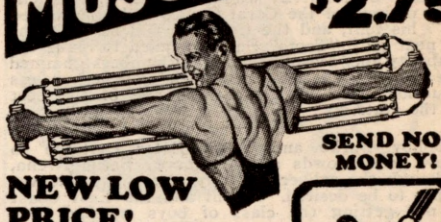

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

FLORIDA EAST COAST
By PAUL A. SEAGER

LEW DIAMOND, who took over the match-making of the Coral Gables club, has folded his tent, and the Coliseum will be dark until next fall. "Toots" Sullivan failed to make the club pay this season, then Joe Chambers gummed the works right and Lew took over a hopeless situation. The club once was one of the best in the state.

Bobby Burke and Virgil Ector continue to draw good crowds at the Harvey Seeds Arena, although the caliber of many of the bouts leaves much to be desired. Miami and the East Coast is not getting the class of boys we had here two and three years ago. The money is not here.

Snooks Campbell took a high grade licking from Pat Gillen and his brother Gus has run into a lad he has been unable to beat to date, one Bill Wheatley. They have boxed two or three draws.

Jim Spivey fought a slow draw with Kid Aldo Linz and then went back and lost the nod. Ben Spivey was slapped around by Harry Paul.

Boxing here practically ceased to interest after the two big bouts last month. Pa Stribbling's Madison Square Garden show dropped into the red and Frank Bruen dropped a neat wad on his Carnera-Maloney scramble. Jay Thomas says 7,892 sought "press" seats.

Answers to correspondents who failed to enclose stamp: Earl Hudson has not fought in nearly a year. The Striblings' Miami address is 1462 S. W. Sixth Street. Bobby Burke is match-maker of the Harvey Seeds Club, Biscayne and Eight. Jimmy Rowe was around here this winter, but has hiked back north. Don't know his address; address Hugh Martin at the American Legion, West Palm Beach. Steve Gabriel beat it after getting a couple of raw deals here. Believe he is over in Tampa. Ask "Tiny" Gasthoff. Jimmy Reed put up one good fight, a draw and a horrible exhibition in his last. Address Eddie Mead in Cleveland Auditorium, Cleveland, Ohio Tony Celmars is going good, but has trouble getting bouts. His brother Charlie quit and joined the sweat brigade. Address in my care.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

GOVERNOR MILLER has appointed a new boxing commission following the resignation of the former chairman, Ira B. Thompson. The new commissioners are Ben Bloodworth, chairman, with Mat Murphy and George Cameron as his associates. They have been asked to clean up the objectionable points in boxing in this state, and we Alabamaians, who know our Gov. Miller, are certain his appointees will make a good job of it.

The chairman is a young Decatur newspaper man. The commission held its first session in Birmingham, and immediately started house cleaning.

Davey Abad, St. Louis junior-lightweight, made a hit in Birmingham by trouncing Chico Cisneros, Mexican champion, in a 10-round bout at the City Auditorium. Abad followed this by beating the Tampa crack featherweight, Tony Leto, in 10 rounds. The St. Louis scrapper is about the cleverest little fighter Birmingham has yet seen.

Almost all the fights in Birmingham are held in the City Auditorium. A fight is occasionally put on at the Birmingham Athletic Club. The Legion Field takes most of the fights in Summer.

Jay J. Thomas, who has been wintering in Florida, is coming back to make matches for the Gorgas Post No. 115. Thomas was suspended by the former commission but it is believed the new commission will reinstate him. Jay Thomas is a gentleman, well liked by all.

Curtis Sanford is the promoter for Post No. 1. He is called the king of promoters in the South.

Battling Bozo has won two draws with Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champion, and recently trounced Lou Scozza, a ranking light-heavy. This Birmingham boy is yet in his early twenties, and if he reaches the heavyweight class, he will be a treat. Bozo is polishing up faster than some people think. He ranks with the best. The writer hasn't missed yet, about Battling Bozo.

Just a warning to those fighters who can't afford to gamble on getting work in Birmingham. There is hardly enough work for the local boys here; we have quite a number. Get booked before you come.

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

WHAT a sweet baby Tim Ahearn, Savannah boy, has turned out to be. He is the greatest lightweight the South has turned out in years. No wonder the boys in the east did not want to box him. In his first fight in his home town he stopped Lou Novarro, formerly known as Louis Kid Perez, in two rounds. Tim is being handled in the South by the writer and is open to meet any lightweight in the world who is not a southpaw. I am trying to get a shot at Ervin Brelier, holder of the Diamond Belt for the Southern lightweight championship and if we get the shot, the belt is coming to Savannah.

Our friend Joe Knight continues to win his fights and I can't see why he is not rated higher for he is one of the best light-heavies in the South and right on the heels of Bob Godwin. He fought Godwin to a draw and has been after him ever since but to date they have not been rematched.

Patsy Haley, school boy, continues to defeat opponents. However, he had a narrow escape when he fought Baby Hartley of Jacksonville. Hartley fouled him in the last round but Patsy was too game to quit or claim foul and took a good beating in the last round but won the fight.

While in Savannah Joey Goodman lost a note book with some names and addresses in it. If he will write to Patsy Haley or this writer, Patsy will be glad to mail it to him.

Eric Lawson, New York middleweight, is one of the best boys seen here in a long time. He won a 10-round decision from Carl Knowles, which should do Carl a world of good.

Pop Godwin has promised to bring his boy Bob back to Savannah this month. Bob is very popular here.

Tim Ahearn, Irish lightweight, is after the best boys in the game. Tim is the best lightweight seen in Savannah in many years, and he is a Savannah boy.

Some of the best boys in the country are boxing in Savannah now for the Chatham Athletic Club. Such boys as Bob Godwin, Joe Knight, Manuel Quintero, Tim Ahearn, Mickey Genaro, Eric Lawson, Carl Knowles and many others have boxed here this season.

The bout between Tim Ahearn and Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn., was a whale of a fight. The judges voted a draw but it was just one of their off nights. Even Genaro's seconds and handlers said that Mickey certainly took a beating from this Irish boy. This boy Ahearn is a master boxer and he gets hit very few times in a fight.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

BOBBY BURNS, Baltimore lightweight, scored over Sailor McKenna in the eight-round windup at Pokomoke City, Md., in a good bout. Sailor Mac returned to Baltimore to win over Clarence Sloat there and is now angling for a return shot with Burns in Baltimore.

Nick Antonelli, New York featherweight is in these parts looking for work. Nick will show against some Baltimore boy in the Monumental City shortly. Antonelli shows plenty of class in his gym workouts and should make it hot for the boys in this vicinity.

"Baker Boy" Billy Schwartz scored a two-round knockout over Joe Galzer recently at Rockville, Md. Schwartz is booked for a bout at Roanoke, Va., shortly.

Joe Smallwood, Washington middleweight scored a one-round knockout over Sam Finazzo at Hagerstown, Md.

Buster Brown made a good showing with Lou Kid Kaplan in their ten-round bout there recently. Lew Raymond got the nod over Sailor McKenna in the semi-final bout. Harry Kid Groves and Joe Bruno, local featherweights, fought the best bout of the show, with the verdict a draw.

Herman Weiner, Baltimore heavy, scored a three-round knockout over Young LeRoy at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore. Weiner was far too good for his out-of-town opponent.

Jackie Portney is another Baltimore boy marking time, owing to injuries sustained in his recent bout with Lou Kid Kaplin in Connecticut.

Frankie Rice is promoting weekly boxing shows at the Gayety Theatre in Baltimore, and they have become very popular. Rice specializes in new talent.

NEW ORLEANS FIGHT GOSSIP
By MARION J. MATRANGA

MAX SCHMELING will certainly remember his visit to New Orleans for two BIG reasons: His good luck in picking winners at the Jefferson racetrack and because a $25 fine was plastered on him by the local boxing commissioners for arriving late for his exhibition.

Schmeling was considerably depressed by the unusually small crowd that came out to see a "champion" perform.

Ervin Berlier, the local footwork artist, appeared in reverse gear when he met Johnny Farr, the mighty midget from Cleveland, Ohio, at the Coliseum Arena. Berlier was retreating throughout the scrap and holding "a la Londos." Al Nagele and Baby Manila fought a great four-round preliminary and for their sterling efforts received gold belt buckles from the Louisiana State Boxing Commission.

A good heavyweight prospect has the chance of his lifetime to accumulate a fat bankroll here. None other than a hustling, hard-punching heavyweight need make the trip South.

Jack Dempsey stated recently that "the reason wrestling matches are outdrawing boxing contests throughout the country is because the wrestlers do more punching and because the fighters do more holding." We agree, Jack.

Rumors have it that open-air fights will be staged at Kempster Park on Canal Street, near the car barn and, too, that a large eastern syndicate is dickering for the ground on Carrollton and Tulane Avenues, near the ball park.

A stadium for use during the summer months would be built on the latter site, and in which three championship or near-championship bouts would be staged each summer.

It's a rumor right now, but might come in for more serious mention within the next three months.

Southern fighters—Send your photos to me for use in THE RING. I'll send them along to the RING publisher.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

IGNACIO ARA of Spain and Joe Dundee of Baltimore fought to a capacity house, with the bout ending in the first round. With a speedy attack Ara landed a terrific right to Dundee's chin and the American invader went down for keeps.

Pedro Proenza added another victim to his K. O. list by stowing away Benny Malpica in the fifth round.

Fillo Echavarria, Manolo Branas Spanish importation, shines out in the bantamweight division. His recent victory over Joe Cernuda was a humdinger.

Battling Llano has yet to be defeated. This corking Spanish welterweight again defeated Rodolfo Diaz in a hot encounter and then earned the nod over Julian Mirave. Jose Sarabia beat Carlos Rio in four; Kid Tunero beat Cuban Chick Suggs, and Joe Vegas drew with Ramon Molina.

Joe Gandon, Cuba's unbeaten lightweight, easily won over Eladio Travieso in six, thereby proving that he is leader of his division. Mario Valdes kayoed Alberto Martinez in two; Virgilio Corrales scored a K. O. over Evel Larrinaga.

Johnny Cruz, crack featherweight, scored a two-round kayo over Joe Castillo. Johnny is on his way to Spain where he is booked for several bouts. He will then visit England and France. Pastor Milanes, after a little vacation, has also returned to Spain.

Baby Face Quintana displayed a speedy pair of fists and legs when he outpointed Vidal Gregorio in a furious ten-rounder. Gregorio showed plenty of grit and was piling up points at the end of the battle, but Quintana earned the duke. Adelberto Delado was kayoed in one round by Castor Fernandez; Primo Carnera of Cuba scored a one-round K. O. over Sparring Caballero, and Joaquin Rodriguez outpointed Geraro Carraso. Julian Mirave kayoed Mario Toledo in a good bout.

Rafael Valdes is Cuba's most promising youngster. This lad has been improving steadily, and ranks as one of the leading flyweights. Valdez is a clever little boxer and a pleasing performer, and bears watching. He showed plenty of class in decisively whipping Kid Charolito, a mighty "tuff hombre." Kid Barcelona was beaten by Mario Valdes in four.

The winter boxing season in Havana was a great success. For information on bouts, please write and send photos, to Mr. Luis Parga, O'Reilly 83, Havana, Cuba.

IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

PAULINO UZCUDUN, Basque Woodchopper, lived up to advance notices when he put the finishing touches to Les Kennedy in the fourth round of their bout here. Paulino looked just as formidable as he did against George Godfrey a few years back and should make a good attraction for Max Baer. Jack Dempsey refereed and handled himself capably. Joe Barlow, stablemate of Paulino's, was kayoed by Steve Hamas in six rounds.

The intake at the gate for the Paulino Uzcudun-Les Kennedy fight at the Olympic was $27,840. After taking the taxes out there was a net of $24,610.

Max Baer may be matched with Leo Lomski some time in the next few weeks at Portland where Lomski is the reigning favorite. Baer has had many chances to come through and it's a shame he doesn't take advantage of his opportunities.

Claude Varner, who surprised the fans when he held Fidel La Barba to a draw, is a youngster who should be heard of in the near future. This boy can punch and has a world of class.

Eddie Shea and Fidel La Barba is one of the big outdoor matches for the coming summer season. Shea is one of the biggest visiting attractions we have had and the fans want to see the boy who whipped Fidel.

Lou Daro has drawn over two million dollars through the Olympic turnstiles in the past five years. Daro started promoting wrestling in Long Beach in 1921. He has been the state's largest taxpayer, due to the huge success of his wrestling shows.

George Manley of Denver is coming along in grand style. He defeated Leo Lomski and knocked out Big Boy Peterson in his last two starts.

Young Corbett, the Fresno, Cal., southpaw, and the youthful Paul Pirrone, Cleveland welterweight, staged a rather tame fight and Corbett was awarded the decision at the end of 10 rounds.

Corbett appeared to be wary of Pirrone's vaunted right, and Pirrone was content to let Corbett do what leading that was done. As a result there was not much action in the bout.

Pirrone's best rounds were the first and last, when he rocked the Californian with lusty rights to the jaw.

The managers have organized a union. It's all right if properly conducted, but if they manage their organization as a lot of them manage fighters—it will blow up before they get started.

Billy Townsend followed up with a victory over Johnny Lamar, after his knockout victory over Bobby Reister.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

LOUIS AUGUST, American Athletic club featherweight, won the P. N. A. title for his division at the meet held in Portland.

Ted Thye tossed Jacques Manuel for straight falls and Tommy Ray scored two falls over Alec Lundeen on Routledge's mat card in Spokane.

Joe Malcewicz, the Utica Panther, took a decisive victory over Moose Norbeck in the main event of the mat card staged by Jack Routledge. In the semi-windup, Leo Numa won over Joe Reynolds.

Floyd White and Hugo Marconi, middleweights, fought a draw in the main event of a card staged in Kellogg, Idaho. Harold Green, 145, won a decision over George Maddox, 140, in the semi-windup.

Tommy Mack, veteran Spokane welter, fought a draw with Dode Bercot, Seattle middleweight, in the main event of a card staged in Yakima, Washington.

Stanley Pinto took two falls from Freddy (Doc) Meyers in their mat argument in Spokane. Leo Numa, Seattle giant, flipped Moose Norbeck for two falls in the semi-final.

Don Fraser, Spokane welter, won a six-round decision over Ted Gesch, Fort Lewis welter, in the main event of Will Maylon's boxing card in Spokane. Red Millette received the verdict over Ace Conlon in the semi-windup. Red Vandervert edged out a decision over Les Bain in the special six-rounder.

NEVADA NUDGES
By L. H. TITTLE

AT a boxing show at Ely, Nevada, staged by Harry Eagels, the copper mining community turned out en masse to see Warren Farrell, Nevada welter champ, lose a ten-round go to Art Palmer. The referee's decision was most unpopular. Farrell scored three knockdowns. On the same card, Terry McBride and Jack Downs drew in six; Jack Morris dropped a close one to Howard Bradley; Bozo Hall lost to Sam Johnny and Max Sly won over Perry Giles.

At Las Vegas.—This community, now in the throes of a widely-heralded boom that has proved to be a dud, has interests other than sports demanding attention. As a result, the fans are not turning out to witness the excellent shows, and boxing, unless the unexpected happens, threatens to pass into the land of shades. A small but appreciative house witnessed the show in which Jack A'Hern of Salt Lake, and Bull Marino of San Francisco, fought a he-man fight for 10 rounds to a draw. Bud Thomas, the Las Vegas bantam sensation, kayoed Jack Dareaue in the fourth; Dick Swartz, light-heavy, stopped Battling Stanley in the fourth with sickening body blows. Joe Morales quit to Young Erne in the first, and "Stonewall Jackson" paralyzed Kid Saurence in the third. In this show Referee Ernie Cragin displayed ability.

At Austin, Texas.—The legislative committee killed the boxing bill which had been submitted, by a vote of seven to three. The total absence of any organized support on the part of fans, promoters and others interested, was the cause of the death of the bill.

Random Reports—The sport is thriving at Gallup, New Mexico. Durango, Colorado fans are treated to monthly shows of a high class. Farmington, New Mexico, the center of a thriving oil, mineral and agricultural section, is coming into the limelight as a small fight center. The club at Clovis is mixing wrestling and boxing successfully. The state amateur tournament of Oklahoma was recently staged in Oklahoma City and was a financial success. Wilbur Cooper will again direct the all-southwestern amateur tournament in Wichita, Kansas. It has, since its inception, been the most interesting boxing event in the west or south. Managers from all points of the compass scout the meetings. Every show has its sensation.

Every manager should have copies of Training, Boxing and Seconding. They are a great help to the manager and boxer. The best books on the market. Did you get your copy?

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS—For Ralph Gruman, George Manley, Denver light-heavyweight, outboxed Leo Lomski, Aberdeen Assassin, in ten. It was a great battle. Rocky Smith, 162, Jersey City veteran, nosed out Frisco McGale, 154, Seattle Negro, in six. Angelo Fuste, 113, 'Frisco, technically kayoed Pancho Villa, 102, Porto Rican, in two. Villa's head was cut from an accidental butt.

For Geo. Moore, Gorilla Jones, Akron Negro star, easily defeated Herman Ratzlaff, Minot, N. D., middleweight, in ten. Eddie Thomas, Bellingham lightweight flash, whipped Eddie Volk, Portland pride, in six. Sammy O'Dell, Akron Negro, and Jack Sweeney, Seattle, drew in six.

On another Hansen "sale," Abie Israel, Portland prospect, put the skids under Battling Zoro, 'Frisco Filipino flyweight, in one with a left to the solar plexus. Johnny Hanson, Portland welter, chilled Mickey Corcoran, St. Paul, in one. "Popeye" Sargent and Tommy Jeffers, Pe Ell, Wn., Negro, drew in six.

Jumbled Gems—Big Boy Peterson dedicated the new Rockson "stretch parlor" by first working there . . . The boxing commission recently decided that the referee should give the decisions as in the popular Hansen sale cards . . . Earl Goodwin is now secretary to General Martin, Oregon congressman-elect, and has stopped announcing at the bouts. Scotty, the Newsie, took the job at the last card . . . Jimmy McLarnin recently visited Portland on his way to Los Angeles . . . Abie Israel will hook up with Max Schmeling after meeting Frenchie Belanger in Toronto soon.

All Oregon promoters please send all information to 596 E. 60 St. No., before the 13th of the month. Tne Ring publisher wants good photos of your boys. Send them either to him direct or to me and I'll forward them. Don't be bashful. It costs nothing.

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Read Page 3 The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

PETE SANSTOL, the brilliant little bantam from far-off Norway, who makes his home in Montreal, is just about the top rung of the 188-pound division ladder as recent events have proved. The fiery little "Blonde Bullet" is now recognized as a leading challenger for the bantam crown. Raoul Godbouts' classy Norseman punched holes in Frankie Anslem after stopping "Pop" Levy's highly rated flyweight star, Phil Tobias, in six heats the week before. Some achievement!

Sanstol headlined the last show held at the St. Denis Theatre under the direction of Rosario Delisle and checked out with a five-round technical knockout over Harry Hill, tricky little Englishman. Both ducked, dodged, slipped, and parried with skill until the fourth when Hill started to mix it. In the next stanza Hill was bleeding so badly the bout was stopped.

Art Giroux, classy local flyweight protege of Gene Brosseau, asserted his superiority over Tommy Palacio, New York Filipino, by a decisive knockout triumph in the fourth round in the semi-windup. A couple of crashing lefts and rights put Tommy out.

Raymond Lirzin outscored Barney O'Connell in a hard-fought six-rounder. The local featherweight rivals staged a clever mill but Ray proved too classy for the tricky and rugged little Irishman. Harry Liebovitz tossed away a prospective kayo triumph when he fouled Kid Lapointe in the fourth.

Johnny Helstrom, Jimmie McKimmie's Norwegian slugger, proved too tough and experienced for Walter Ryan in an interesting four-rounder in which Ryan was making his debut as a professional. The ex-amateur welter star put up a creditable display though it must be admitted that Helstrom won by a decisive margin. However, Helstrom is a smart performer and is tough pickings as a starter for any youngster. Constant Bluteau, using his potent right-hand wallop again, dumped his blond local welterweight rival, Wilfred Thibert, for the count in the first. Over five thousand fans packed into the east end playhouse and it appears that Delisle has solved the riddle of how to attract the local fight public to the bouts. Atta working, Rosario!

Bobby Leitham, classy little Verdun bantam, is going great guns as proven by his consistent victories over smart opposition in Syracuse, N. Y. Sam Gibbs' shifty star followed up his clean-cut victory over Frankie Wallace with another notable triumph, this time over the rugged New York bantam, Mickey Slavin. Leitham showered Mickey with a two-fisted punching bee and stopped the New Yorker in the fourth.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight champion, and knockout puncher extraordinary, scored his third knockout in two weeks when he bowled over the German 135-pound king, Heinrich Mueller, in the third of a scheduled ten-rounder at Hull, England. The noted Montreal star packed too many guns for Heinie. Foreman was ranked next to Benny Bass, the junior lightweight champion, in the Everlast record book and is more than living up to his high rating. He certainly ranks far ahead of any of the other 130-pounders. Foreman is finding it more difficult to obtain matches as he goes along with those iron mitts thudding merrily but has several engagements to fulfill in England as yet.

Armand Vincent, emiennt marathon impresario, will again assume the role of promoter in the fight racket. His first card is billed for April 22nd at the St. Denis Theatre and it is to be hoped that he will make the success of it that he has achieved with the pavement pounders and snowshoe slushers. Armand has the right idea of colorful advertising and may put his shows over with a real big-time flourish.

Vincent had to give up his official managerial rights of the giant farmer boy he discovered near Inverness, Quebec, namely Georges Chevalier. Chevalier is an enigma so far as any knowledge of his ability is concerned and it is to be hoped that Mr. Al Dean is as good a performer as they say he is, so as to really test our Georges.

The city championships were contested at the St. Brigide club and some terrific struggles were waged throughout the two-night tourney. The 1931 city kings were crowned in the following order—100 lbs., Lucien Dery; 108 lbs., A. Bergamo; 112 lbs., Bobby Martin; 118 lbs., Larry Phillips; 126 lbs., Johnny Keller; 135 lbs., Harold Stewart; 130 lbs., (special) Art Deguire; 147 lbs., Tommy Matthews; 160 lbs., Carl Neilson; 175 lbs., Leo Leblanc; heavyweight, Charlie Druce. Each of these boys will be favorites in their classes for the Provincial titles and will prove hard to beat. The outstanding boxers were Harold Stewart, Johnny Keller, Bobby Martin, Larry Phillips, and Art Deguire, although all of the other titleholders deserve credit, too.

"Gorgeous Georges" Carpentier dropped into town with his stage troupe for a week's engagement at Loew's Theatre. Carp thinks very little of the present crop of heavies. He said here that he would clean them all up were he in his prime. According to the ex-light-heavy champ, Jack Sharkey has more ability than all the others combined, but lacks guts.

Harry Rappaport writes from his home in Sherbrooke to the effect that the game will pick up again there with the spring and summer season. Several new faces are prospective headliners of the near future with the ex-amateur star from Montreal, Tommy Dalton, looming up as the most promising. Young Lebrun is the most popular performer around those parts. Rappaport has a promising young heavyweight giant in tow—it's getting to be quite the rage now—who weighs around 220 and stands six plus three.

The amateur boxers are experiencing a most successful season in Montreal with such clubs as the Y.M.H.A., Belding Corticelli, C.N.R., and St. Brigide to the fore as the sport's standard bearers. The Y.M.H.A. is really the leading organization as far as putting over big shows is concerned while the Verdun Boxing Club, with Bobby Leitham at the helm, stages the greatest number of cards. Bobby is a hard-working matchmaker. Other leading producers are Henry Azeff, Ernie Metivier, Joe Flanagan, Johnny Gow, George Weston, and of course, Denis White, the Provincial Supervisor, who is really the "big gun" responsible for most of the shots.

The annual provincial amateur championships were staged at the Y.M.H.A. on April 15th, 16th, and 18th. This was the first three-night session yet required for any tournament ever held in Canada and Denis White was responsible for the move, which must have been a source of keen satisfaction to the dynamic prexy, who has always cherished lofty ideas for the development of the game. This tourney is the major one of the local amateur mitt-slinging circuit and many keen fights of high calibre were in order.

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC

By PEE AHE EMM

THROUGH his sensational victory over Benny Brostoff, Ralph McNaughton has won back for himself the idolship and popularity of the local fight fans. Ralph deserves much credit. After losing the fight previously to the same rival in the first round, the Irish Flash returned and evened matters. The victory makes Ralph McNaughton the leading contender to the Canadian featherweight title.

Levy Duquet, slugging southpaw, is now the Canadian lightweight king. Levy is a natural fighter, but he had better take things more seriously or else the crown won't stay long with him.

Patsy Huggens, Irish lightweight, is one of the best fighters seen here in many years. His style makes the fans like him plenty. No applesauce with Patsy. He means business.

Jack Rogers is again in Quebec. Honest Jack has pulled great fights in this city and deserves a lot of credit. His last show filled the Drill Hall and no wonder. His program was great.

Ralph McNaughton staged a come-back by winning a well-earned victory over Benny Brostoff of New York. Big Jack Murphy, the Irish Canadian giant, knocked out Jerry Belanger in two minutes of the first round.

Young Burns defeated Billy James of Sherbrooke in an eight-round tussle. It was James' gameness and grit that carried him to the final round and prevented a knockout. James is a game kid and Burns can hit.

Baby Face Barney O'Connell won a close decision from Young Lebrun. Barney is clever, and hits 'em hard.

Best prospects for the month are Ralph McNaughton, Patsy Higgens, Jack Murphy, Young Leblanc and Frank Belanger, who is now under the management of Charlie Teakle.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

By J. A. ADEA

YOUNG TOMMY established himself as the peer of all bantamweights in the Orient when he won over Little Moro by technical knockout in the eleventh round. The former flyweight and bantamweight champion did his best and was game to the core. Moro was all in when the referee humanely intervened to save Moro from farther punishment.

Jose Javellana, manager of Young Tommy, has announced that he would take his protege to the United States. Kid Pacana won a hair-line decision over Cunning Nene in the eight-round semi-final. Other results were: Joe Sacramento beat Speed Arenas; Fighting Yaba knocked out Ray Mayo; Speed Andres won from Joe Gencio; Joe Obsiman bested Kid Albay; and Young Amado stopped Kid Ibanez.

In connection with a charity fair held in Manila, five Japanese amateur boxers were invited from Japan to tackle Filipino simon-pures. The results follow: Z. Zaijo, Japan, outpointed E. Clavecilla; O. Koh, Japan, beat A. Lopez; T. Shimamoto, Japan, decisioned D. Contreras; Yamamoto, Japan, lost on foul to Castillo, and G. Lazaro outpointed Ebisawa, Japan.

Frank Malinao, a promising welterweight, outpointed the veteran Irineo Flores in ten rounds of hard fighting.

Fighting Nelson, another promising welter, sent Harry Telesco, former welterweight champion of the army, to dreamland in the first round.

Carlos Padilla, amateur welterweight champion of the Philippines, stopped R. de la Rosa, who collapsed following his knockout.

In their second appearance in Manila, the Japanese amateur ringsters again won three of five bouts, as follows: Zaijo stopped Inosanto in the first; Koh knocked out Dawan in the third; Shimamoto sent Mendoza to sleep in the second; Mallari outpointed Yamamoto and Ebisawa lost to Fulgencio. The Japanese visitors, in their third and last appearance, lost to the all-Manila team as follows: Villanueva beat Yamamoto; John Gray outpointed Ebisawa; Zaijo defeated Oscar de la Rosa; Koh won from Lopez, and Carlos Padilla won by default over Shimamoto. The latter fell ill.

Carlos Logan, generally recognized as the middleweight champion in the islands, met with a disastrous defeat at the hands of Seaman Harry Ewin, British Imperial Services middleweight champion. Logan, for the first time, was stopped by Ewin in the eighth round. Rush Martiner won from Kid Joe in the eight-round semi-final event.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By SAM HART

AUSTRALIAN boxers have been kept quite busy. The game is going good here, considering conditions. The feature bouts of the month follow:

Snowy Breasly got a fifteen-round verdict over Tommy Cribb; Togo Robinson outpointed Young Gilds; Herman Bundren of Los Angeles, knocked out Libert of Belgium; and then knocked out Bernasconi of Italy, in a round; Young Lew Edwards outpointed Togo Robinson; Jimmy Pearce knocked out Libert.

Jack O'Malley, Australia's best heavyweight, outpointed Leo Bandian. Ray Burns outpointed Dealer Wells. Wally Hancock outpointed Young Sam Langford; Gillespie won on a foul from Kid Lee of America. Bluey Jones beat Kid Lee. Jimmy Kelso was knocked out by Tommy Fielding of America. Fielding also won over Billy Grime.

Russ Critcher gave a severe drubbing to Young Sam Langford of America, then won a close verdict over Tommy Fielding. Freddy Welsh beat Nigger Reeves. Jack Heeney outpointed Freddy Welsh. Russ Critcher and Wally Hancock drew and then Hancock knocked out Jack Paul.

Brilliant Jack Haines, Australia's former middleweight king, is out of the hospital where he had been confined for six weeks following his collapse after a 12-round knockout at the hands of Young Palmer in a title bout. The opinion here is that Haines, with a most brilliant future before him, will never again don the gloves.

Herman Bundren knocked out Jimmy Pearce although Pearce claimed a foul which was not allowed. Frankie Jackson knocked out Billy McAllister, bantam king.

Billy Blay is still winning in New Zealand. He easily outpointed Johnny Leckie and then knocked out Tommy Donovan, the feather champion of New Zealand in fourteen rounds. He is by far the best feather in Australia. He may make a trip to America with his manager, Joe Campbell. If he does, watch this lad. He's great.

Billy Richards beat Alby Roberts. Reg Wilcox and Tommy Cribb boxed a fine draw. Jimmy Kelso beat Teddy Nelson in a fine mill. Herman Bundren outpointed Jack O.Malley. Reg Wilcox knocked out Bob Podesta in the second.

Fred Hannaberg knocked out Bill Singleton in the seventh. He and Wilcox are the two best-looking welters in Australia.

Tommy Fairhall, welter king, is boxing with success in New Zealand.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

WRESTLING has come to the front in jumps and bounds here, out-drawing boxing, two to one. Not long ago, very little attention was paid to the efforts of Charlie Loch, our mat promoter, to put the sport over, but now things have changed.

Paul Anthony, former Sioux City welterweight star, is developing the fistic sport in the smaller towns around Sioux City. Paul, besides acting as matchmaker for his numerous out-of-town enterprises, is manager of Hank Voss, heavyweight, who has won his last four starts by knockouts; Ray Newman, lightweight, and the fighting Neal brothers, Reddy, lightweight; Tuffy, feather; Joey, bantam; and Pep, flyweight. Paul can be reached c/o American Legion, Hawarden, Iowa.

Nate Dax, who is staging weekly shows, turned out some very good bouts during the past month. Here are a few: Young Tommy Corbett, sensational Omaha feather, won over Sammy Sacco, Sioux City veteran, in six. Ray Mann, Sioux City's star welter, whipped Johnny Lambert, also of Sioux City, in four. Ray Newman, Hawarden, Ia., lightweight, was knocked out in the first round by Paul Hamilton. Kid Ferguson, Sioux City junior welter, and Reddy Adair, veteran lightweight, drew in four. Tommy Corbett outpointed Francis Gatewood in a fast six-rounder. Whit Burtsit knocked out Donald Wright in the second round. Billy Goodyear won over Nick Slater in the first on a technical knockout.

Akron, Ia.—Bat Slater, Sioux City lightweight, lost a close eight-rounder to Matt Smith, Elk Point, South Dakota, scrapper.

Buzz Griffith, older brother of the Sioux City "tuff one," has taken over the management of a large stable of prospects. Buzz has Paul Hamilton, a lightweight, who looks like the best prospect for the month.

A new boxing enterprise, composed of Leo Morris, brother of Eddie Morris, former Sioux City middleweight star, and L. L. Blake, of Watertown, S. D., will start promoting boxing shows at the local Auditorium. Morris and Blake manage Jimmy Wilson, former Denver, Colo., scrapper, and Jimmy Johnson, local lightweight star.

The following small towns near Sioux City are doing fairly well with boxing and wrestling shows. Akron, Ia.; Estherville, Ia.; Norfolk, Neb.; Eagle Grove, Ia.; Remson, Ia.; Hawarden, Ia.; Spencer, Ia. Regardless of the fact that Iowa has no boxing commission, boxing and wrestling are handled in a clean-cut fashion.

Looking Over the Mail Bag—Word received from Andy Jensen that his light-heavyweight, Louie Dunkak, who broke his hand in bout with Shot Nunn, when he knocked the latter out, is now ready to go again . . . Chick Hanscom intends to promote boxing shows for the American Legion at Rochester, Minn. . . . Louis Salerno, Omaha, manages Millio Militti, welter; Baby "Tiger" Flower, feather; and Young Tommy Corbett, bantam . . . Sam Porcelli of Rochester, New York, would like to show his stable in Sioux City . . . Young Dandy Dick Griffin is requested to get in touch with Bobby Paul, c/o Sportsman Gym.

Eagel Grove, Ia.—Gordon Stewart of Dows, Ia., knocked out Billy Flockhart of Bussey, Ia., in six rounds. Tuffy Anderson of Charles City outpointed Bud Rule in six.

Charley Loch, local wrestling promoter, has two fine prospects in "Nip" Satterlee, heavyweight wrestler, and Roy Boyd, a light-heavyweight boxer.

Last Minute Sparks—Freeman Pepper, local light-heavy, is managed by his wife, fistically speaking and otherwise . . . Bobby Paul has taken over the management of the Sportsman Gym . . . The scribe would like to hear from Sam Slotsky, former Sioux City promoter and manager . . . Art Stokes and Ralph Anderson are two youngsters that look good in their gym workouts . . . Connie Curry, former Sioux City star bantam, coaches Jimmy Thomson, local feather . . . Thomson is our best prospect right now.

IOWA WRESTLING NEWS
By BILL HAWKINS

OVER 1,500 wrestling fans saw Joe Stecher, former world's heavyweight champion, toss Pietro Dacimi of Italy on Charley Loch's met show at the Sioux City Auditorium. Stecher won in straight falls. "Nip" Satterlee tossed Frank French of Renwich, Ia., in three minutes and 42 seconds with a half nelson. Dug Lindsley of Sioux City threw Curly Smith of Enid, Okla., in 20 minutes and 15 seconds with a toe hold. Ray Richards, former Nebraska star, won over George Kogut, Chicago, in two falls. Cliff Kauffman refereed all the bouts.

Cherokee, Ia.—Bobby Bylund, Minneapolis, defeated Johnny Hofer, Dakota wrestling champion, two falls out of three. In the boxing bouts "Doty" Turner, Cherokee, won over Con Gerdes, Dickens, Ia., in five rounds. "Mitts" Gerald Hayes of Sutherland, Ia., beat Emmett Lyman of Cherokee in three rounds, while George Keene of Sutherland shaded Louis Shea, Cherokee, in a fast four-rounder.

In another good wrestling show staged by Charley Loch, Ray Richards of Nebraska threw Jack McCarthy of Chicago in two falls. Joe Krauer of Dodge City, Neb., tossed Doug Lindsey of Sioux City and Ernie Hasson, Omaha, won from Favor Loberdale of Lincoln in 15 minutes and 27 seconds.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

IN the first show at Clinton during the past five years, Duke Barry staged an all-star card of 40 rounds of boxing before a capacity house. In the feature, "Lefty" Martler, the "Belgian Assassin," knocked out Hard Oil Lehr of Waterloo, in the first heat. Harvey Carothers, Moline, Ill., defeated Joe Doll, Savanna, Ill., in eight. Bert Viscioni, East Moline, Ill., defeated Kid Lehr, Waterloo, in eight. Lou Taylor, Moline, Ill., knocked out Young Jack Sharkey, Sterling, Ill., in the first of a scheduled six.

Roy Williams, substituting for Ted Ross, knocked out Del Fontaine, in the sixth of the feature ten at Davenport. Phil Ross, clever Chicago welter, beat Kid Leonard, pride of the Quad-Cities, in ten heats. Angus McDonald, the new giant heavy from Winnipeg, Canada, smacked down Knute Dane, Chicago heavy, in four frames.

Bill Black, manager of Del Fontaine and other Canadian fighters, reports that Red Henaghan, Davenport promoter, is through with the fight end of the game and will hereafter promote only wrestling shows.

Duke Barry is elated at the crowds that patronize his shows at Clinton. . . . Watch that veteran's shows when he goes to bat at the new Municipal Stadium at Davenport this summer season.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—The National A. A. U. Boxing Tournament sponsored by the Cudahy Athletic Club and directed by S. W. Cooper, was a great success. Mr. Cooper was assisted by Sutro Pearl, Mike Curran and Jack Slattery. Winners: Heavyweight, Kenneth Schaeffer of Wichita; light-heavyweight, Gordon Motts, of Oklahoma; middleweight, Lefty Schaeffer, of Wichita; welterweight, George Muskovsky, of Oklahoma City; lightweight, Benny Pierce, of Erie, Kansas; featherweight, Louis Newfer, of Wichita; bantamweight, Benny Duran, of Pratt, Kansas; flyweight, Frankie Carr, of Duncan, Oklahoma.

The youngsters who participated in the National A. A. U. at Wichita cannot praise too highly Mr. S. W. Cooper, Sutro Pearl, Jack Slattery and Mike Curran for the royal treatment accorded them during their four-day stay in their city. Jack Slattery, super trainer of boxers, had boys from his stable to go to semi-finals and finals in seven classes. Jack has a strong stable of amateur boxers. His bantam, Freddie Raigoza, won three knockouts in four starts. Freddie will turn pro in the near future.

Pratt, Kans.—Chick Rains defeated Bob Hamilton in 10 rounds. LeRoy Peak won a 6-round decision over Walter Page.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Cowboy Owen Phelps, heavyweight of Phoenix, Arizona, knocked out sailor Enright of Philadelphia in the first round.

Atchison, Kans.—Dick Roles beat C. S. Wild in 3; Ray Grantham lost to James Walsh in 3; Bus Stringly knocked out Al Gullen in 2; Tony Urbansky beat Dick Ochemche in 3; Doc Thompson beat Mitch Malinoski in 3; Ernie Verschelde beat Pat Patton in 4; John Ward beat Ray Stremel in 3; Red Blastell beat Porky Gottchalk in 4; Doc Westlake beat Kid Loy in 4; Gus Glazer beat Bob Dudley in 4. These bouts were between St. Benedict's and Manhattan College, St. Benedict's winning 6 out of 9 bouts.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Paul Swiderski won by a small margin over Babe Hunt in 10 hard-fought rounds. Earl Wise knocked out Battling Woodward in one. Jackie Goldman won over Mickey Moran in 6. Spec Friend and Pete Regel drew in 6. Kid Granite defeated Gyp Zarro in 6 rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Chester Paash knocked out Buck Weaver in the first round. Arthur Harzman knocked out Neil Bruce in 2. Bud McCray knocked out Everett Parks in 3. Jack Leslie beat Charley Evans in 4 rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Mickey Dunavan and Chick Rains, middleweights, fought 10 slashing rounds to a draw at Convention Hall.

Sedalia, Mo.—Joe Trabon defeated Joey Abrams in 10 fast rounds. Carl Lawton won on a foul in the ninth round from Danny Long in the 10-round semi-final.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook knocked out Moro Dimitris in 5 rounds of the main event. Babe Barnes and Kid Monterey drew in the 8-round semi-final.

George Muskosky, Oklahoma City welter, piloted by W. H. Carpenter, made a decided hit in the Wichita A. A. U. when he knocked out every opponent that faced him, four in all. Billy Hemphill, lightweight of Chanute, Kans., was another youngster that won the fans with his flashy brand of fighting.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Wildcat Monte defeated Chet Clemmons in 10 fast and exciting rounds. Roy Jacks knocked out Charley Arthurs in 6. Jack Gibbs knocked out Kid Williams in 3. Everett Bird knocked out Blas Montemore in 4. Joffee Terry knocked out Frankie Garcia in 2 rounds of the opening bout.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Chet Shandel in the fifth round. Tiny Powell knocked out Earl Wise in 4. Powell had a 31-pound weight advantage. Kid Granite beat Jackie Goldman in 6. Lloyd Martin defeated Joe Rich in the 6-round opening bout.

Joplin, Mo.—Clyde Chastain won by a small margin over Jack Gibbs in 10 rounds. Sonny Boy McGuire and Joey Abrams drew in 6. Jackie Fell defeated Bobby Carter in 6. Bat Drummond beat Sherril James in 6. Frisco Linda defeated Flash Ramsey in 6 fast rounds.

Loose and Drifting—Johnny Husong, Wilbur Cooper and Sutro Pearl, clever promoters, have combined and head the Cudahy Athletic Club. . . . Max Schmeling, heavyweight champion, staged some exhibitions in Springfield and Joplin, Mo., and Tulsa, Okla. . . . Jack Slattery still reigns supreme as having the strongest amateur boxing stable in Kansas. . . . Ira Krueger of Neodesha has a wonderful stable of amateur boxers. . . . Alec Ross, the congenial Tulsa promoter, has hit his stride again. He has several good shows scheduled for the spring. . . . Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the Kansas Boxing Commission, attended all the Wichita A. A. U. bouts and was highly pleased. . . . Boxing in Kansas, after a decided slump, is showing signs of improvement. . . . Karl Applegate of Joplin has several good bouts in view for the future.

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Read Page 3
The World's Marvel as a Developer of Champions

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

WRESTLING has taken a great hold in Connecticut with Norwalk, Ridgefield, Middletown, Stamford, Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven and other towns putting them on weekly or bi-monthly.

George Hagen, Norwalk Marine, threw Nazzarino Poggi, Italian wrestler in 51 minutes of a finish match.

Holuban, Roly Poly Hungarian wrestler, disposed of Wilcox, the Cherokee Indian in short order.

Herbie Friedman, Jewish star, wrestled to a draw with his opponent, a Turkish grappler.

Mike Nazzarian, Armenian champion, threw his rival, a Belgian wrestler.

This show was run by the Lion's Club of Stamford, and the Armory was packed to capacity.

At Stamford, Rudy Marshall, Stamford middleweight won over Eddie Moore of Bridgeport in eight rounds.

T. C. Hayes, lightweight, beat Johnny Mack of New Haven in the semi-final. Johnny De Stephano, New Haven heavy, stopped Gus Holmes of Bridgeport.

Phil Baker of Norwalk, shaded Joe K. O. D'Andrea of Stamford in a six.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute lightweight, whipped Tommy Brown of Norwalk all the way and the referee handed Brown the duke. This marks the fourth time in a row the writer has seen Barrett lose that way.

At Bridgeport, Midget Wolgast gave Pinkey Silverberg a fancy shellacking and Wolgast stopped Al Beauregard of Taftville in three rounds. Both were non-titular fights.

At Waterbury, Lee Wykoff won two out of three falls from Abe Kaplan of New York at Buckingham Hall. George Vassell, California, threw Rex Smith of Boston in the semi-final. Sailor Jack O'Neil, Cleveland and Jack Supple, of Hartford wrestled to a draw.

At Willimantic Bill Peno, the Flying Frenchman, threw Julius Turner of New York, two out of three falls; the first in 14 minutes and thirty seconds, and the second in eight minutes. Fred Bruno of Hartford threw Frank Miller of New York in twenty-one minutes and thirty seconds. Bobby Brooks of Hartford was pinned by Connie Mack. Tony Pirrone of Springfield won from Jack Burns of New Haven in ten minutes.

Leo Larivee, the sensational young middleweight of Waterbury is proving very popular up Boston way where he recently outpointed Addone Piazza of Italy.

At Middletown Steve Passas of Providence beat Fred Bruno of Hartford in straight falls.

Paddy Mack, Hoosier wrestler, won from Jimmy Trephue of Florida.

Burt Kentz of New London tossed Julius Turner of New York.

Sulleyman Abey, the Ferocious Turk, won from Charlie Paltos, Grecian wrestler from Boston.

Willie Lewis, Stamford junior welter and Gerry Emard of Holyoke, Mass., fought an eight-round star bout at Stamford, with Lewis getting the decision.

Billy Jenkofsky, Polish champion, whipped Jimmy Rossi, of Rhode Island in the semi-final. Bill Dube, Norwalk feather, won from Phil Baker of Norwalk. Jimmy Driscoll, Portchester middleweight, stopped Billy Husted in the third round. Ray Davis of Norwalk won the opener from Roy Sweppie Malbou of Stamford.

At Stamford George Hagen, popular Norwalk grappler, won in a finish match from Nazzarino Poggi of Italy, in 49 minutes, 51 seconds. This was a return bout. The Siberian Caveman, Serge Kalminkoff threw Zelesniak in seven minutes and twenty-three seconds.

Mike Nazzarian, Armenian wrestler won from Ernie Stephens, the Canadian Bearcat. Jim Heslin, Australian grappler, made Mike Chaplin, of Chicago, quit in twenty minutes and fifty-five seconds with a double toe hold.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport welter whipped Tony Travers of New Haven for the state welter title at Bridgeport.

Al Beauregard, self styled New England bantam champ and Pinkey Silverberg, Ansonia bantam, stepped out of their class in meeting Midget Wolgast. How about Morgan and Beauregard for the New England championship or Wolgast and Morgan? Morgan would give the champ the fight of his life and stands a good chance of stopping Wolgast.

Will Henry Janco, lightweight of Boston or vicinity communicate with the writer. I have news for him.

Bat Battalino, world's feather champ won in an uninteresting bout from Leonard Young Zazzarino of Jersey City.

Al Gainor, Connecticut lightheavy champion, is on the mend, having injured his right hand in a bout with Leo Larivee at Waterbury.

Mike Esposito, Stamford feather has shifted his battle grounds to New York.

Kayo Morgan, state bantam champ and runner-up for the New England title, decisively outpointed Tommy Dell at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City.

Myron Bradley, "Kid Sports Writer of Toledo," keeps the writer well informed of fistic happenings in the Southland.

Address all communications to the writer, Steve Kelly, 42 Cedar Street, Stamford, Conn.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WITH the coming of spring, and the opening of the local outdoor arena, Westerly scrappers expect to be busy hereabouts.

Joe Wucik, amateur lightweight was the only Westerly boy to engage in a bout during the past month. Joe lost a three-round decision to Johnny Major of Woonsockett.

Jimmie Rossi's match with Rudy Marshall was called off early in the month, when the Westerly welter contracted a bad cold. Julio Rossi, Jimmie's kid brother, is at present making Mt. Vernon, N. Y., his home.

Despite the fact that they have been unable to get any bouts, most of the local fighters have been working out in the local gym.

Johnny De Stephano, heavyweight, who was handled by Linn and Salimeno, local managers, last summer, has had a very successful winter. In fights, in and around Hartford, he chalked up eight straight victories.

Many local fans are watching with interest the meteroic rise of Lou Brouillard of Worcester. The Bay State boy is well known in Westerly.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

ROXEY ALLEN has started training after a long lay-off. Roxey scored kayoes over Pat Haley and Young Terry and is under the management of Jimmy Coster.

Midget Fox, Sam Slato, Eddie Hudkins, Battling Craven, Pete Pantaleo, Jackie Revello, Big Boy Perry and Eddie Provost are boys under the tutelage of Jimmy Coster.

Tony Falco is still winning in easy fashion. His latest victories were scored over Arthur De Beve, Tony Loftus and Al Gordon.

Jimmy Steelman, south Jersey's congenial announcer, is making a host of friends and is very popular with the fans. He announces in Millville, Vineland, Bridgeton, Wildwood, Atlantic City and Salem. This is quite a job, but Jimmy is doing it well.

Danny Ordille of Gibbstown, looks like the most sensational knockerout seen in Jersey for years. He has had 14 knockouts in 16 encounters.

Anthony Georgetti, Camden's hustling manager of fighters, is getting together a good stable of boys. Amongst them are Mickey Blair, lightweight; Johnny Lucas, lightweight; Davey Taylor, featherweight; Frankie Robinson, lightweight; and Jim Priestly, light-heavy.

Joey Hatfield, Conshohocken, defeated Puggy Snyder in Vineland, and Willie Smith in Trenton.

HUDSON COUNTY AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

YOUNG TERRY helped to establish New Jersey on the fistic map when he registered in big style at Madison Square Garden against Vincent Sereci. Terry hails from Trenton and recently came into prominence when he kayoed Pal Silvers in nine rounds. Terry, Vince Dundee and Ralph Lenny have been coming along rapidly, all hailing from New Jersey and incidentally, happen to be Italians.

Harry Carlton pounded out a hard-earned victory over Nat Arno at the Oakland A. A. Carlton made one of his rushing, aggressive fights and had no trouble in winning.

Tony Galento, chubby Orange heavyweight, has joined up with Max Waxman to handle his affairs and with his new manager guiding him, expects to make up for lost time. Waxman brought Vince Dundee into the position of leading challenger for Mickey Walker's title.

Carmen Roman of Bayonne has been coming along swiftly and is expected to be fighting star bouts in the next few months. His progress has been steady and there doesn't seem to be any stopping this youngster.

Harry Kinney is promoting at the Laurel Gardens of Newark . . . Cliff Smith runs shows at the Trenton Arena . . . Skip Broadbent is the man at the helm of the Paterson Armory . . . There are plenty of good live clubs around New Jersey if they give the Jersey fans good fights . . . You can't fool the public and they manage to detect a poor attraction and stay away.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK
By TERRY J. BATTLES

CARRYING every one of the ten rounds, Steve Halaiko, Auburn lightweight, won over Eddie Elkins of New York, at Rochester, before a capacity crowd.

Tommy Russo, rugged Buffalo welterweight, lost a close six-round decision to Harry Pinti, of Rome, at Syracuse. Matty Matheson, of Buffalo, stopped Jock O'Reilly, of Rochester.

Tom Walsh, Chicago boxing manager, has offered Bert Finch $5,000 for the contract of Joe Doctor, Buffalo heavyweight champion. Doctor is the best looking heavyweight prospect Buffalo has turned out since the days of One Round Davis, and Finch knows it, so he has flatly refused the offer.

Primo Ubaldo, light-heavyweight from Italy, who is now making his home in Buffalo, won a rough six-round bout from Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls.

Johnny Ciccione, from Schenectady, upset the dope by handing Johnny Spagnolo, of Buffalo, a neat lacing. Ray Kellar, of Buffalo, knocked out Lou Bourassa, Canadian heavyweight in the third.

Eddie Williams, former amateur star, made quite a hit in his first professional start in his home town. Williams beat Ray Rollison, Buffalo negro. Jimmy Guarnier, Buffalo, won from Frank Biggie, Buffalo.

Joe Trippe, of Mount Morris, was outpointed by Jimmy Belmont, of Braddock, Pa., 10 rounds, at McKeesport.

At Rochester, Yamie Katz, 132, Buffalo, scored a technical knockout victory over Freddy Dawson, 130, Jamestown. Johnnie Perrine, Buffalo, knocked out Mike Staffo, Little Falls, in the fifth.

At Toronto, Tony Tozzo, Buffalo, defeated Chuck Long, Detroit, eight rounds. Billy McBeigh, Vancouver, defeated Eddie Williams, Buffalo, six rounds. Joe Corey, Buffalo, lost to Frank Brown, Toronto, four rounds.

At Rochester, Elmer Weidrick's inaugural boxing show opened with a bang. Elmer, who is operating his club in competition to the Rochester A. C., staged a main event that was a thriller. Louis "Kid" Kaplan, former featherweight champion was declared the winner on a technical knockout in the sixth round over Tommy Crowley of Pittsburgh. Osk Till of Rochester, outpointed Garfield Johnson, Buffalo Negro. Joey Manuel, Rochester, won from Joe Mandell, Buffalo. Dominick Angelo, Rochester, knocked out Eddie Connors, Buffalo in one round. Leroy Smith, Buffalo, outpointed Pete Pellitere, Little Falls.

Cousin A. Russell Battles has taken over the Utica Pharmacy, and the first thing he did was to order a flock of magazines. Russell reports that THE RING is about the best seller.

Pete George, up-and-coming Buffalo lightheavy, stopped Oke Okesson of Jamestown, in the third round of a scheduled six.

Why don't—Dan Rogers rise from bed before noon—Jimmy Slattery stop buying expensive cars. It's just as easy and much cheaper to hit telephone poles with a flivver—Boxing Promoters use stop and go signals when Eddie "Dummy" Connors fights—"Iron Hat" Joe Timmons pick a dry night instead of a wet one for his long walks, Hic, hic—Charley Murray match Tommy Ryan with Hugh Shannon, and use Grant Quale as referee—"Gag" Galiigan and "Mooney" Leddick quit telling everybody how they won the world war—Rocky Pearle stage a comeback; Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell did—Abe Lichenstein and Jack Singer take up Latin—Some one show a certain party where Delaware Park is—And last but not least, Why don't some one inform the writer where that box of cigars went to. That's all, till next month.

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